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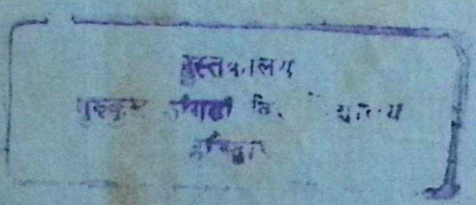

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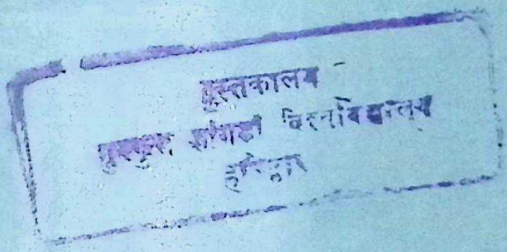

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VII 9 FORTNIGHTLY No. 18

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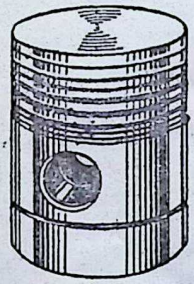

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER
BHARAT BHET
Artist: Kumari Jyoti Tolat

Editorial & Business Offices :
BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7.

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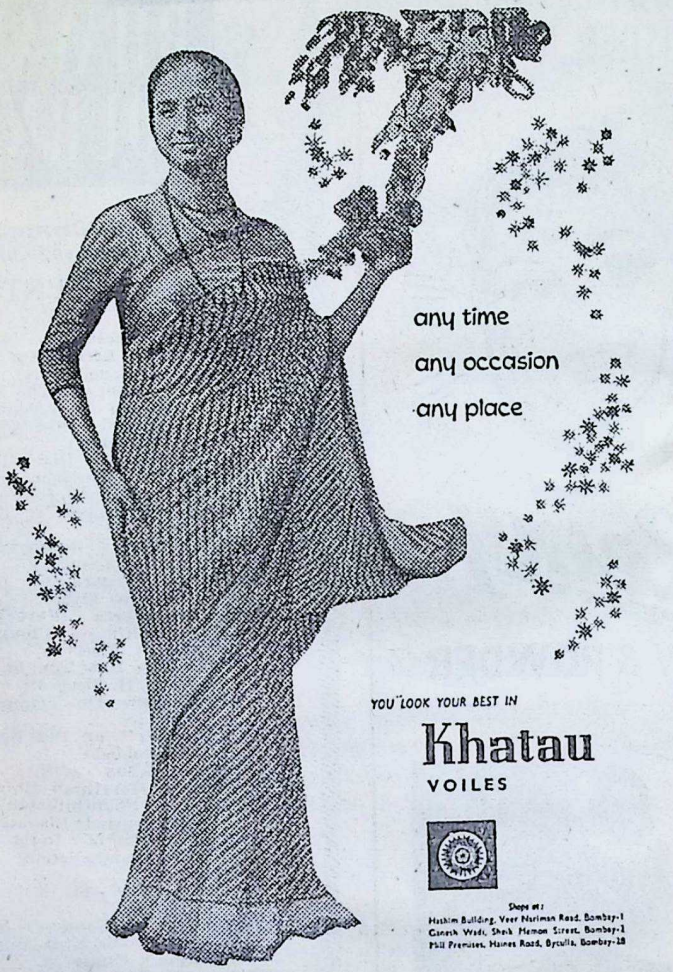

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

NINE KINDS OF BHAKTI

कृष्णस्य श्रवणे परीक्षितिरभूत् वैयासिकः कीर्तने
प्रह्लादः स्मरणे तदंघ्रिभजने लक्ष्मीः पृथुः पूजने।
अक्रूरस्त्वभिवन्दने च हनुमान् दास्ये च सख्येऽर्जुनः
सर्वस्वात्मनिवेदने बलिरभूत् कैवल्यमेषां समम् ॥

Parikshit by listening to the stories of Krishna, Shuka by singing His praise; Prahlada by constant thoughts about Him; Lakshmi by devotion to His feet; Emperor Prithu by His worship; Akrura by prostrations; Hanuman by service unto Him; Arjuna by comradeship with Him and Bali by absolute dedication to Him obtained Moksha.

—Anon

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE
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No. 228

• THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE • THE VEDIC RISHI AND HIS ASHRAM • THE COLLECTIVE URGE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

APRIL 2, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my last letter I dealt with *Rita* and *tapas* as the Central Idea of Indian Culture. The idea did not remain a philosophical concept nor a theory. It was translated in life through social institutions and norms of conduct and above all, through a discipline which lifted the daily conduct into a consecrated act of *yajna*.

The *ashram* of the *rishi* was the key institution in which this discipline was learned and practised.

Though the Aryan kings fought with the Dasyus and among themselves, the *rishi*, unhampered by the fortunes of war, lived among his pupils in an atmosphere charged with learning and righteousness. He bodied forth the message of the gods in sacred *mantras* and worshipped them through sacrifice. He taught his pupils how to perform the rituals ; how to converse with the gods ; how to chant the *mantras* with mystic accents ; how to inspire men to follow the ordinances of *Rita*. When duly invited, accompanied by his pupils, he went from the court of one king to another, performed sacrifices and was honoured by the gifts of cows.

Each *ashram* was a closely knit family bound by reverence for the presiding *rishi*. It was a little university ; it was not a service station supported by the people for utilitarian ends. It rested on the collective support of the community, which looked up to it as the source of inspiration for a life well lived. In its turn, it helped in uplifting the individual and collective life through *yajna* or sacrifice ; *diksha* or consecration ; *brahmacharya* or disciplined studentship ; and brahman or prayer.

• • •

In Vedic India, the *rishi* was not a priest ; he was a holy man whose life was dedicated, a teacher, an apostle owning allegiance to the Gods and to *Rita*. Gifts made to him were not benefactions, but tributes, for the kings were no more than representatives of *Kshtra*, the instrument to regulate social order according to the Eternal Law.

In contrast the modern Western culture has made money and success

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the fundamental values in life; they are the only passport to social leadership. Under its influence, the character and status of everyone is at the mercy of the successful salesman, who only can secure this passport. He could buy the services of the warrior, the poet, the literary man, the scientist and the teacher, and thus dictate what everyone should do and live for.

In the modern universities in some of the countries of the West, we find that men of learning can live in unwavering allegiance to a higher law, but, denied the prestige which a social order based on spiritual foundation can give to dedicated men, few of them can live independently of the salesman.

●●●

The first step in the direction of translating *Rita* in life was *diksha* or initiation into a consecrated life through a preliminary training in self-disciplined behaviour under an *acharya*, who in Vedic times was a *rishi* of repute.

In our Culture the institution of *acharya* was a vital one. He was the spiritual parent of his pupils to be revered. In later times this led to the tradition of *guru-parampara*, spiritual descent from teacher to pupil, which gave continuity to educational tradition, techniques and ideals.

Atharvaveda compares the *acharya* to a spiritual mother carrying the pupil within him. Later the *Upanishads* were to describe him as a deity, for after three days of strict discipline under the *acharya*, the pupil became 'a spiritual wonder, whom even the Gods came to see'.

At an early stage of consecration, a young person had to learn how to conform to the *Rita*, through *vratas*, pledges of disciplined behaviour. 'I will observe the *vrata*', says the pupil, 'and through it I approach truth by crossing untruth'.

These pledges were considered of great importance. 'Through observances of *vratas*, one gets consecration (*diksha*)', says the sage. 'Through *diksha* one obtains grace. From grace one gathers faith. And by faith alone is the truth reached.'

Diksha stood for a life of discipline dedicated to prayers, to learning and teaching and to the due performance of *vratas* enjoining discipline.

When an Arya was consecrated, he became a brahmachari and remained one for years, sometimes for 12 or 24 years, observing strict discipline and studying the *Vedas* in the *ashram* of the *rishi*.

A brahmachari was a pupil who devoted himself to Vedic prayers. *Brahman*, in its primary sense, was prayer; Brahamanaspati was the lord of prayers. A Brahmana was one who followed the vocation of prayers; 'My prayer is the armour of my soul', was his faith.

In the succeeding ages our culture maintained its sense of mission, and our social order, its vitality, because it depended on this class of self-disciplined, dedicated students for its creative vigour. Says the sage: 'It was only through the power of *tapas* of a brahmachari that the king protected the realm, the teacher won the pupil, the maiden won a youthful husband, and the gods attained immortality. And through it alone, the great god

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Indra filled the gods with divine lustre.'

As I stated before, we know the lessons of history. A culture flourishes only when its educational system imparts a sense of mission to the youth and trains them to lead a consecrated life.

If the youth grow up in self-indulgence, then the system fails to achieve its principal objective and the new generation fails to capture the values of the culture afresh. In consequence the institutions and the norms lose their vitality, decay follows, bringing in its wake social, moral and spiritual disintegration.

Brahmacharya was only a period of training; the *tapas*—self-discipline—was to be carried into the married life, when begetting children became part of the duty to carry forward the tradition.

To secure this end, the disciple of a *rishi* who fulfilled himself by translating *Rita* through *tapas* and *brahman*—self-discipline and prayer—was also accepted as the leader of society. This enabled consecrated men dedicated to *Rita*—so long as they sought fulfilment by living up to it—to play the role of the dominant minority in society. As creators of durable values they provided the insight, judgment and sanctions necessary to translate them in life.

In thus conceding leadership to the creators of ethico-spiritual values, social order was given a psycho-social foundation of great vigour and durability.

The *rajanyas* were the leaders in war; those who took to arms were the Kshatriyas. The bulk of the Aryans who took to agriculture were Vaishyas, the village dwellers. The non-Aryans who were yet not absorbed in the fold of culture were Shudras.

In the heyday of Vedic Culture, these four groups were not hereditary; they were occupational groups, who, by their interdependence formed a single social organism.

Vasishtha, the greatest of Vedic sages, was born of a courtesan. Vishvamitra, the son of a king, was another pre-eminent *rishi*. Even a *rajanya*, if duly qualified, could officiate as a Purohit. There are references also to *rishis* born of non-Aryan mothers.

The highest function which the *rishi* had to perform was to compose, preserve and transmit the *richas*, sacred hymns. The *Vedas* were divinities themselves, for the gods lived in them. The Word was sacred; *yajna* was only a step. Brahmans versed in the *Vedas*—*brahmanah veda paragaha*—were its living symbols.

The divinity of the *Vedas*, the Word, very early became one of the most potent fundamental values of the Vedic Culture. It bound the communities together. It secured for those devoted to the Sacred Word—and incidentally to also those who dedicated themselves to creating values through learning—a pre-eminence in life. It was the Rock of Ages on which the culture rested, giving a base, a unity and a source of perennial inspiration. It provided a sense of mission to the community of Aryans.

The chanting of *Vedas* was not the

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exclusive privilege of the Brahmans, as it came to be believed later. Everyone was entitled to be taught the Sacred Word. 'So may I teach these blessed words to all persons; to Brahmans and Rajanyas; to the Shudras as well as to Aryans all; to my own people and to the aliens as well', says the sage.

The Vedic Culture, as we see from *Rigveda*, had its home on the banks of the Sarasvati, where sages like Vasishtha and Vishvamitra lived. They commanded the allegiance of kings. They received, by way of presents, hundreds of cows, which enabled their disciples, unattracted by worldly prosperity and success, to spread the mission for which their masters stood.

Above material comforts, beyond the lure of wealth and success, stood the firm determination of the Vedic *rishis*—

Let the source of high knowledge,
The intelligence and the resolute will
And the deathless flame within the hearts of men without which no action can be done—
Let all these inspire my mind
To will the good of all.

And the mission inspired them to collective action to bring the world to their way. They prayed to the gods—

Give free play to our bodies;
Give wide spaces for our homes;
Give full scope to our lives.

And the clarion call which led forward the Aryans to conquer was inspired by the urge—

To Aryanise all—
To drive away the lawless.

The *rishis* established *ashrams* not only in the centres of Sapta Sindhu but on the extending frontiers of Aryan territories, thereby absorbing aliens into the Aryan fold. At the same time they made, by the very nature of their mission, adjustments with alien customs and creeds. As a result, the Aryans, the Dravidians and other races, who freely mixed their blood through inter-marriages, fused their tribal traditions and customs to become a community dominated by a single vital culture.

The kings warred on. Dynasties rose and fell. But the dominant minority continued the conquest of the mind and the spirit. Perhaps before the Age of Vasishtha and Vishvamitra, an early wave of Aryans had colonised parts of the South and of the West Coast. With them, as the race memory testifies, generations of disciples of great *rishis* pushed forward the frontiers of Aryan Culture. Generations of disciples of *Rishis* Lopamudra and Agastya crossed the Vindhya and brought Aryan culture to the South and carried it to South East Asia. Agastya himself was credited with being the father of Tamil grammer and poetry.

About the same time the Bhrigus appeared to have set up colonies in the West Coast. The Brahmanas from Cambay to Cape Comorin even today trace their descent to Parashurama. One has only to go to Kerala to find what cultural influence the Namboodiri Brahmanas—claiming descent from Parashurama—have exercised in that far corner of the land and how, in spite of centuries, they have preserved the Vedic lore.

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While creating conditions for the fusion of tribal cultures on very broad lines, the *rishis* kept alive the common tradition of the Aryans, placed the institution of *kula* and *gotra* on a country-wide basis and made the fundamental values of the Vedic culture acceptable to the non-Aryans. At the same time, they maintained the vitality of cultural activities by insisting on the social leadership of the creators of value who devoted their life to translating *Rita* in individual and collective life.

During the advance of the Aryans through the country, the races mingled, customs and beliefs were adjusted, a new harmony was evolved. Despite the fusion, the collective consciousness that the Aryans—wheher by descent or by adoption—were the elect and their ways God-ordained, and hence unalterable, persisted. 'Let us make the whole world Aryan' remained the collective urge. Thus the Vedic Aryan Culture broadening out into the Aryan Culture of India gave to all activities power and unity, drive and direction and above all, a sense of mission.

The vicissitudes through which the culture of the Vedic Aryans passed can be traced in certain race memories preserved in the *Rigveda*. Sudas, the son of the Aryan conqueror Divodas, assisted by his preceptor, the great Vedic Rishi Vasishtha, fought a war against a federation of ten tribes, some of which were non-Aryans led by the Aryan King Purukutsa and guided by another great Rishi Viswamitra. The war is called *Dasharajna*, the Battle of Ten Kings. It indicates how adjustments were being made between the Vedic Aryans and the non-Aryans under the leadership of Aryan Rishis and kings.

Another episode preserved in the Puranas symbolises a still more cataclysmic vicissitude through which the culture passed. King Sahasrarjuna of the Haihayas, possibly a branch of Aryans who had arrived in India before the Vedic Aryans, invaded Sapta Sindhu. Defying all sacred canons, he burnt the *ashram* of Rishi Vasishtha and killed another Rishi, Jamadagni, a nephew of Rishi Viswamitra. Jamadagni's son, Parashurama, the head of the warrior priests of the Bhrigu tribe, rolled back the invasion. He destroyed the invaders and re-established the supermacy of Aryan values.

These protracted wars—the memory of which is preserved in the tradition of Parashurama having destroyed all kings in twenty-one wars—appear to have ended the Vedic period.

Yours' sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Religion is the divinity within us reaching up to the divinity above.

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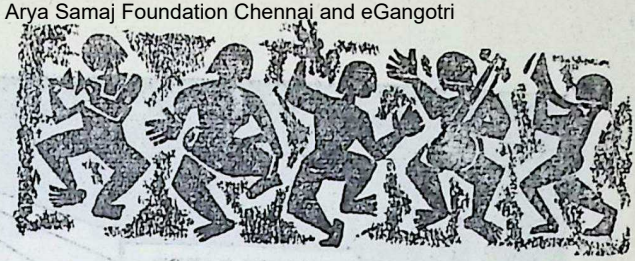

NAMA-SANKIRTAN

Uttering of the Lord's name without intent, as an involuntary sound, by association, in joke, or even out of derision or spite is completely destructive of sins.

—Srimad Bhagavata

I crave not for happiness, nor am I in need of salvation. Let there be nought but devotion at Thy feet, let my mouth recite Thy name.

—Shankaradeva

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious. His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

—The Psalms

O Mind! Giving up attachment to the world, adore the name of Krishna. Repeat the name of Krishna and you will discover an invaluable treasure.

—Bhajan Song (*Anon*)

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

—Hymns

By hearing the Name (God revealed) sorrow and sin are no more.

—Guru Nanak

Utter the name of Vaasudeva: all your miseries perish root and branch.

—Sri Madhvacharya

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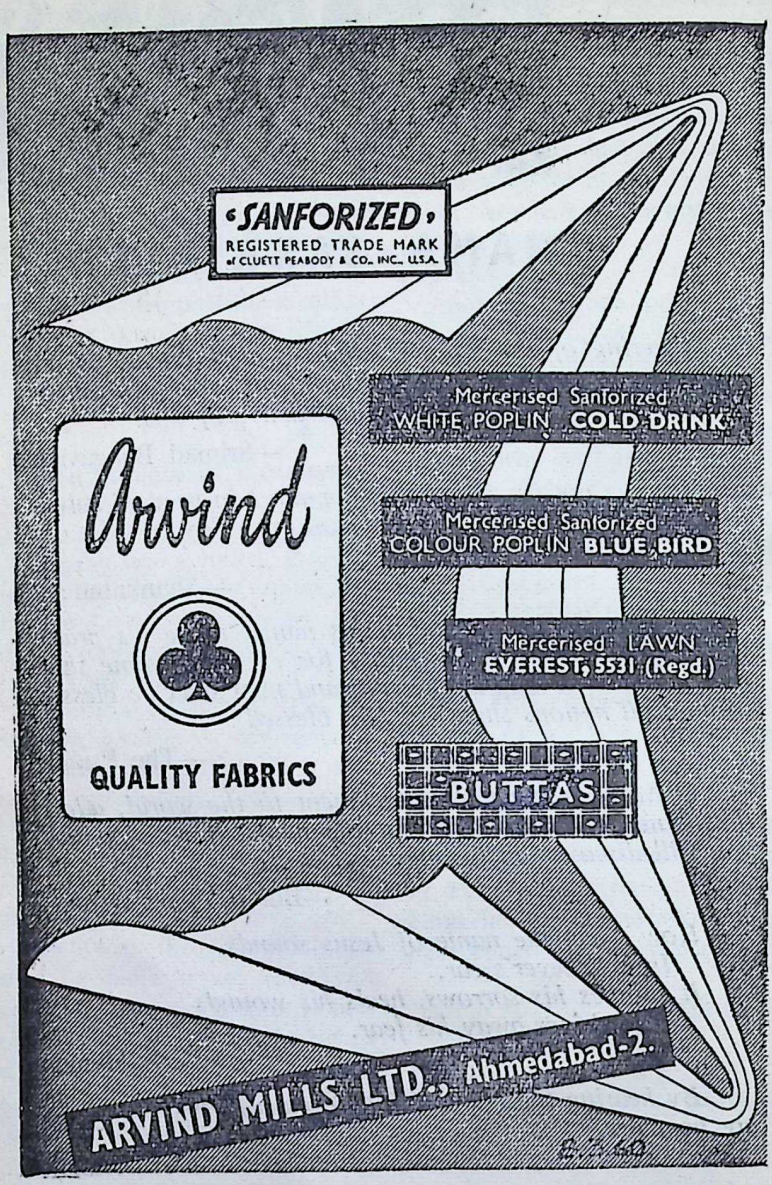

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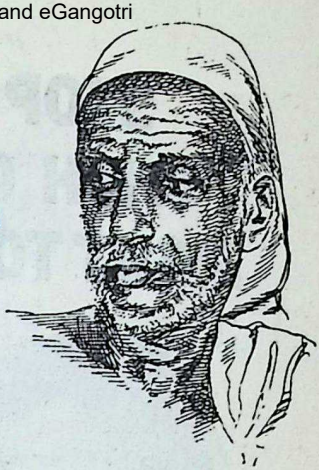
Courage and Discipline



H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

Question:

कोन्वस्मिन् सांप्रतं लोके गुणवान् ? कश्चवीर्यवान् ? धर्मज्ञश्च ? कृतज्ञश्च ? सत्यवाक्यः ? दृढव्रतः ? चारित्रेण च को युक्तः ? सर्वभूतेषु को हितः ? कश्चैकप्रियदर्शनः ? आत्मवान् ? को जितक्रोधः ? द्युतिमान् ? कोऽनसयकः?

Answer:

इक्ष्वाकुवंशप्रभवः रामो नाम जनैः श्रुतः ॥

THE question is by Valmiki and the answer is by Narada.

Valmiki inquires about a human being who understands Dharma (कः धर्मज्ञः ?): but later in the epic he exclaims '*Ramo vigrahavan dharma*', (रामोविग्रहवान् धर्मः) i.e., Rama is the *embodiment* of Dharma and not merely one who understands Dharma.

According to Valmiki, for one to become the embodiment of Dharma there are two requisites. They are courage (धृति) and discipline (नियम).

Rama is ready to start for the forest renouncing the crown out of respect to his father. He approaches his mother to take her blessings before leaving. She blesses him in the following words:

यं पालयसि धर्मं त्वं धृत्या च नियमेन च।
स वै राघवशार्दूल धर्मस्त्वामभिरक्षतु ॥

She did not direct him to tread the path of *dharma*, for she knew that by nature he was an upholder of *dharma*. But she indirectly exhorts him not to be unmindful of *Dhriti* and *Niyama* which alone will keep him from swerving from his nature. She blesses him: "Let that *dharma* which you uphold with courage and discipline protect you always!"

Rama is the ideal of the Indian.

Ramanama is the *mantra* for the Indian.

Ramanamamrita is the ambrosia to cure all ills.

Let *Ramanamamrita* give us courage and strength to preserve the discipline which leads us to *dharma* i.e., to *Rama* himself—रामोविग्रहवान् धर्मः.

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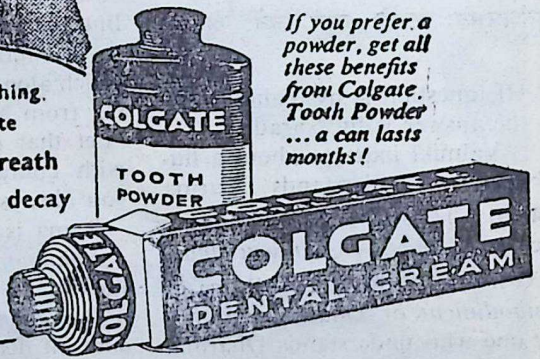

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Be one in Christ!....All that is good and true and beautiful—the meekness of Hindu Asia, the truthfulness of the Mussulman and the charity of the Buddhist—all that is holy is of Christ.

—Keshab Chandra Sen

JESUS CHRIST

Sadhu T. L. Vaswani

JESUS, like Krishna and Buddha who preceded him, was full of compassion and sympathy. "I have compassion on the multitude," said Jesus, "because they have now been with me three days and have nothing to eat, and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way."

Wonderful was the spirit of sympathy in Jesus' heart. While he was being nailed to the Cross, he prayed: "Father! Forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Yes; they did not know how much pain they were causing him. With every blow of the hammer struck to fix the nails on his hands and feet, they were inflicting torture on the delicate body of one of the purest among the sons of men. Yet he pleaded for them before the Throne of God!

Jesus spoke, again and again, of his Kingdom. They understood him not.

His was no earthly kingdom. His Kingdom was the Kingdom of the Heart, the Kingdom of love and charity, of sympathy and forgiveness.

Jesus aspired, Krishna-like, to be a flute-player, to soothe the minds and hearts of wanderers in this world of tragedy and tears.

Judas was his disciple. Yet this disciple delivered Jesus up and they crucified him, but in his heart was compassion for Judas. And Judas knew it. After the crucifiction of Jesus, Judas, in a non-biblical saying, is reported to have said: "In my heart I know Jesus will forgive me."

Jesus distinguished his Kingdom from the world. Be not slaves of the world, he said. This slavery, he explained, was surrender to desires, surrender to the lower self. Be in the world,—yes; but be in it as a free man, not as a slave of appetite or passion.

They asked him one day: "Master! How may we be ready to enter the Kingdom of God?" And he said: "Be detached from the world."

On another occasion Jesus said: "Water and fire cannot stay in one vessel. So the love of the Kingdom of God and the love of this world cannot co-exist in the heart of the disciple."

The law of the Kingdom of God is Love. The entire code of him, who would belong to the Kingdom, was summed up by Jesus in these two

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thoughts: (i) love of God; and (ii) love of man.

The basis of the Kingdom of God is love.

They, who build in power, become what Jesus calls "slaves of the world." Such men act according to desires. They gather power. They do not purify their hearts.

Love your enemies, said Jesus, again and again. And, therefore, he said to his disciples: "Resist not evil." Jesus asked them to renounce all violence. And Jesus pointed out that the laws of governments and states did not really reform the criminals. The laws only made them more criminal. He taught that there was only one way to eliminate evil,—return good for evil.

In his own beautiful life Jesus showed how we may give love to the sinner in our dealings with him. The sinner-woman is forgiven by Jesus and she washes his feet with tears. She is a changed person.

This love, of which Jesus speaks, is not a liking, a fancy, which is no better than attachment or *moha*. This love is self-abandon, self-renunciation. In this love there is abandon in self-giving. You give yourself to another in love for him. And when you really serve another in love, you shun publicity.

Jesus teaches avoidance of publicity. Do not seek the applause of men (1) when you pray to God, (2) when you do an act of mercy or serve, and (3) when you fast.

"And what is the purest of deeds?" they asked Jesus. And he said: "This, to work for God and never wish anyone to give praise for it."

[From *Little Lamps*]

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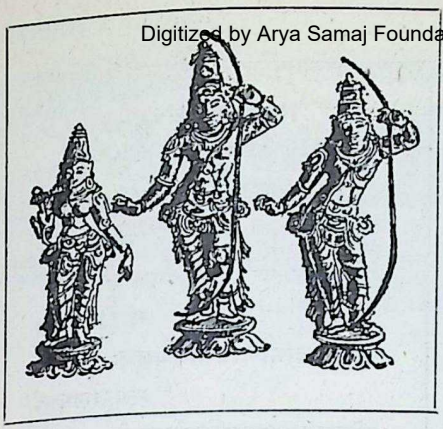

Sri Rama, followed by Sita and Lakshmana, enters Dandaka. The first to confront him is the demon Viradha. Sri Rama kills him. Liberated from his demonhood Viradha worships him. Then Sri Rama and party reach Sage Sarabhanga's ashrama.

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

SARABHANGA-MUKTI

शरभङ्गस्ततो दृष्ट्वा रामं सौमित्रिणा सह।
आयान्तं सीतया सार्धं सम्भ्रमादुत्थितः सुधीः॥
अभिगम्य सुसम्पूज्य विष्टरेषूपवेशयत्।
आतिथ्यमकरोत्तेषां कन्दमूलफलादिभिः॥

Seeing Rama arrive in the company of Lakshmana and Sita, the learned Sage Sarabhanga rose excitedly. Receiving them and honouring them properly, he worshipped them and seated them on proper seats. Then he fed them with bulbs, roots and fruits.

प्रीत्याह शरभङ्गोऽपि रामं भक्तपरायणम्।
बहुकालमिहैवासं तपसे कृतनिश्चयः॥
तव सन्दर्शनाकाङ्क्षी राम त्वं परमेश्वरः।
अद्य मत्तपसा सिद्धं यत्पुण्यं बहु विद्यते।
तत्सर्वं तव दास्यामि ततो मुक्तिं व्रजाम्यहम्॥

Feeling overwhelmed, Sarabhanga addressed Rama, the lover of his devotees: "Rama! For long have I been doing penance here intent upon seeing you. You are Lord Parameswara himself (omnipotent). I am surrendering all the *punyas* accumulated by my *tapas* at your feet and seek *moksha*."

समर्प्य रामस्य महत्सुपुण्य–
फलं विरक्तः शरभङ्गयोगी।
चितिं समारोह्यदप्रमेयं
रामं ससीतं सहसा प्रणम्य॥

Unmindful of the fruit of the enormous *punyas* earned by him, he dedicated them all to Rama and prostrating before the boundless Rama-Sita pair entered his own pyre.

ध्यायंश्चिरं राममशेषहृत्स्थं
दूर्वादलश्यामलमम्बुजाक्षम्।
चीराम्बरं स्निग्धजटाकलापं
सीतासहायं सहलक्ष्मणं तम्॥

For long did he contemplate in his heart on the omnipresent Rama—dark-green hued like *durva* grass, with lotus-like eyes; clad in bark-

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clothes; with matted hair; in the company of Sita and Lakshmana.

को वा दयालः स्मृतकामधेनु–
रन्यो जगत्यां रघुनायकादहो !।
स्मृतो मया नित्यमनन्यभाजा
ज्ञात्वा स्मृतिं मे स्वयमेव यातः ॥

Who else in this world, besides the Lord of Raghus, can be such prompt bestower of our wishes like the Kamadhenu? Knowing that I had unceasingly been contemplating on him, steadfastly, he deigned to come to me of his own accord!

पश्यत्विदानीं देवेशो रामो दाशरथिः प्रभुः।
दग्धवा स्वदेहं गच्छामि ब्रह्मलोकमकल्मषः ॥

May Lord Rama, Lord of Devas and son of Dasaratha witness my self-immolation in the fire and reaching immaculate Brahma-loka.

अयोध्याधिपतिर्मेऽस्तु हृदये राघवः सदा ।
यद्वामाङ्के स्थिता सीता मेघस्येव तडिल्लता ॥

May the Lord of Ayodhya, Raghava, on whose left is seated Sita like a streak of lightning embedded in a cloud, eternally reside in my heart.

इति रामं चिरं ध्यात्वा दृष्ट्वा च पुरतः स्थितम्।
प्रज्वाल्य सहसा वह्निं दग्ध्वा पञ्चात्मकं वपुः ॥
दिव्यदेहधरः साक्षात् ययौ लोकपतेः पदम् ॥

Having contemplated thus for long on Rama seated before him, Sage Sarabhanga kindled the fire and quickly set fire to his own body composed of the five elements (earth, water, etc.,) Emerging from it in a divine body, he attained Brahmaloka.

RAMAYANA— THE MILKY OCEAN

वाल्मीकिस्मृतिमन्दरेण मथितः सीता
रमासम्भवः
सुग्रीवामरभूरुहोऽङ्गदगजस्सौमित्रि-
चन्द्रोदयः ।
वातोत्पन्नमणिर्विभीषणसुधः पौल-
स्त्यहालाहलं
श्रीरामायणदुग्धसिन्धुरमलो पाया-
त्सनः श्रेयसे ॥

May the milky ocean of the Ramayana bless us—the ocean which was churned by the rod of the memory of Valmiki and which as a result of the churning brought forth Lakshmi in the form of Sita, the Kalpa-taru in the person of Sugriva, Angada as the elephant, Lakshmana as the rising moon, Hanuman as Chitamani, Vibhishana as the nectar and which yielded the poison in the shape of Ravana.

RAMA THE KALPATARU

ब्रह्मामृतानन्दफलप्रदायिनं
वेदान्तविज्ञानसुगन्धपुष्पितम् ।
सीताशुभाङ्गाञ्चितबाहुशाखिनं
श्रीरामकल्पद्रुममाश्रयामः ॥

Let us take shelter at the feet of Rama the Kalpataru that gives us the nectarine fruit of knowledge of Brahman; whose fragrant flowers constitute the high knowledge of Vedanta; and whose boughs constitute the hands embracing the auspicous Sita.

—Ramakarnamrita

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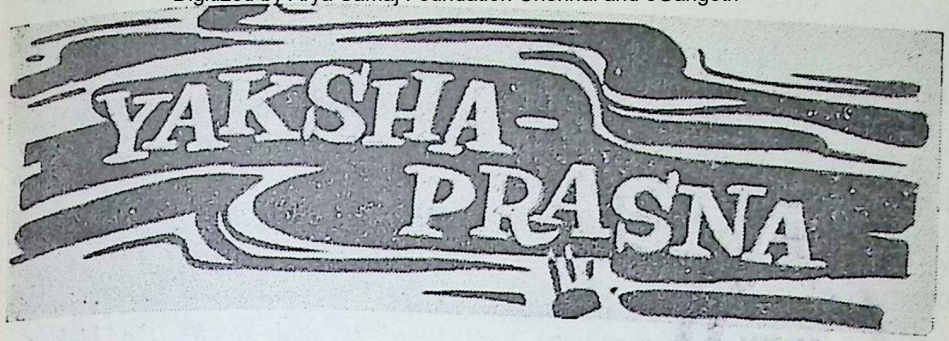

11

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

REFERRING to the statement in the *Chandogyopanishad*, 5th Adhyaya, 3rd Khanda:

पञ्चस्यां आहुतौ आपः पुरुषवचसो भवति

Sri Neelakanta in his commentary explains that in the fifth आहुति or sacrificial offering, आपः or the element water becomes a Purusha or man. Hence he says that the word जल here, according to the Upanishadic interpretation, denotes the phenomenal existence consisting of the individual and universe 'Pinda-Brahmanda.'

Philosophically it denotes the Jiva. The word Akasa is taken, according to the interpretation in the *Brahmasutra*: आकाशस्तल्लिङ्गात् and the Upanishadic text:

सर्वाणि हवा इमानि भूतानि आकाशादेव समुत्पद्यन्ते आकाशं प्रत्यस्तंयन्ति

to denote the Brahma and not भूताकाश Hence Neelakanta concludes that by stating that the जलं in question is Akasa, Yudhishthira is enunciating the well-known truth of Advaita, namely, oneness of the Jiva and Brahman, which is the knowledge that is attained by the meditation of the Mahavakya तत्त्वमसि adopting the principles illustrated by the sentence *Soyamdevadattah.*

In the next answer, गौरन्नं is interpreted by Neelakanta as referring to the senses deriving the meaning thus: गच्छतीति गौः इन्द्रियम्

By Anna is meant that which should be eaten. Therefore he takes it that the objects of the senses have to be entirely merged with the senses themselves, thereby destroying sense attraction altogether. By Prarthana is meant Kama or desire and that is considered to be विष or poison as it is the cause of the cycle of births and deaths.

कामएष क्रोध एष रजोगुण समुद्भवः ।
महाशनो महापाप्मा विद्धेचनमिह वैरिणम्॥
(*Bhagavad Gita III-37*)

The काम and क्रोध are considered in the *Gita* to be man's chief enemies and they should be conquered before one could attain the rea-

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lisation of Brahman and the cessation of samsara.

आवृतं ज्ञानमेतेन ज्ञानिनो नित्यवैरिणः ।
कामरूपेण कौन्तेय दुष्पूरेणानलेन च ॥

Know that काम and क्रोध born out of the रजोगण are the two enemies. They are great devourers and producers of sin.

The proper time for the performance of Sraaddha is when you get a suitable man, learned in the Vedas. It has been explained already that the efficacy of Sraaddha ceremony consists in the proper observance of ritual and the utterances of the *mantras* in the strict ordained manner. Only a man learned in the Vedas and having complete knowledge of the ceremony or ritual can officiate in it.

The next four questions put by the Yaksha are as follows:

तपः किं लक्षणं प्रोक्तं को दमश्च प्रकीर्तितः ।
क्षमा च का परा प्रोक्ता का च ह्रीः
परिकीर्तिता ? ॥

What is spoken of as the characteristic of Tapas?

What is known as Dama or self-control?

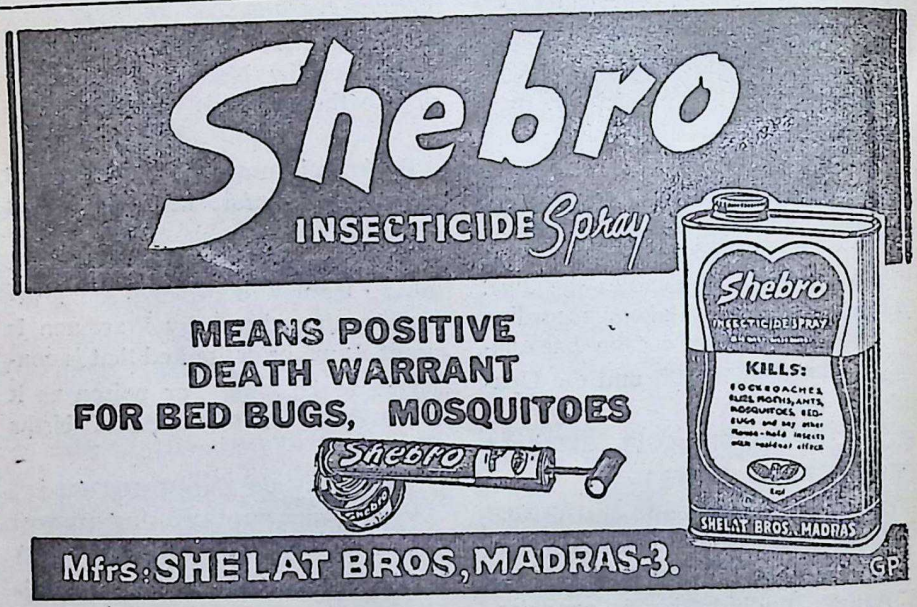
What is said to be the highest patience?

What is well-known as Hree or shame?

The answers of Dharmaputra are:

तपस्स्वधर्मवर्तित्वं मनसो दमनं दमः ।
क्षमा द्वन्द्वसष्हिणुत्वं ह्रीरकार्यनिवर्तनम् ॥

Tapas consists in the observance of one's own Dharma.



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The control of the mind is Dama. Patience is putting up with the dvandvas or the pairs of opposites. Shame is what restrains one from bad conduct.

The principle of Swadharma has been very well explained in the *Bhagavad Gita*. It is one of the cardinal principles of our Sanatana Dharma. Every person has his duties and suited to his status in society. The doctrine of the observance of the duties of Swadharma is greatly emphasised in the *Bhagavad Gita*:

स्वधर्मे निधनं श्रेयः परधर्मो भयावहः ।

If even one suffers destruction in his own Dharma, it is well for him, but the Dharma of another imports fear. That is why Lord Krishna says in the *Gita* that for the Kshatriya nothing is better than fighting in a virtuous battle.

धर्म्याद्धि युद्धात् श्रेयोऽन्यत् क्षत्रियस्य न विद्यते ॥

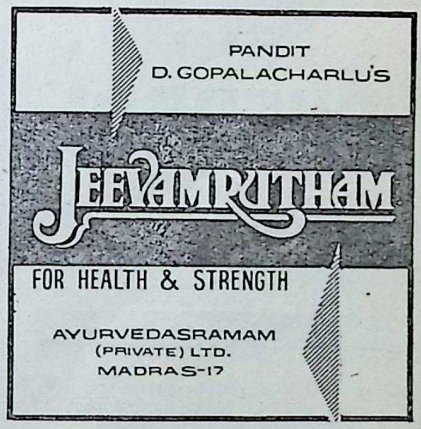
Adopting the same principle, Dharmaputra says that the observance of one's duty is Tapas. The control of the mind is emphasised as an absolutely essential qualification for the study of Vedanta and the pursuit of the knowledge of the Atman. यम, control of the mind, is differentiated from शम, which means शान्ति —cessation of all activities.

The pairs of opposites are शीत and उष्ण; सुख and दुःख; मान and अपमान The keeping of equilibrium unaffected either by cold or heat, happiness or sorrow, honour or disrespect is spoken of as *dvandvasahishnutva*. The *Bhagavad Gita* frequently emphasises the duty of persons to remain unaffected by these dvandvas. It refers to this in many contexts. In Adhyaya II-45 the Lord asks Arjuna to be निर्द्वन्द्व without being affected by the dvandvas.

निस्त्रैगुण्यो भवार्जुन ।
निर्द्वन्द्वो नित्यसत्वस्थः निर्योगक्षेम आत्मवान् ।

In the fifth Adhyaya, Sloka 3, निर्द्वन्द्वो हि महाबाहो सुखं बन्धात् प्रमुच्यते । Getting rid of the dvandvas, the person easily gets freed of his बन्ध or fetters. Again in VII-28 द्वन्द्वमोहनिर्मुक्ताः भजन्ते मां दृढव्रताः । Steadfast in their wills, they are devoted to me devoid of the delusion of the dvandvas. In XVth Adhyaya 5th Sloka also द्वन्द्वैर्विमुक्ताः सुखदुःखसंज्ञैः गच्छन्त्यमूढाः पदमव्ययं तत् ॥

The feeling of shame in doing a wrong successfully prevents a man from doing it. In the *Gita* ह्रीः



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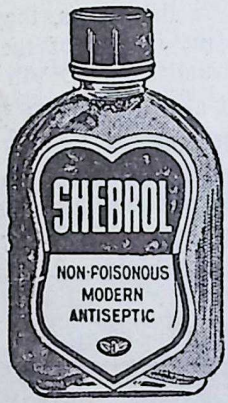

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shame is mentioned as one of the qualities constituting the दैवीसंपत् divine attributes; दया भूतेष्वलोलुप्त्वं मार्दवं ह्रीरचापलम् ।

The Yaksha further asks the following questions:

किं ज्ञानं प्रोच्यते राजन्, कः शमश्च प्रकीर्तितः ।
दया च का परा प्रोक्ता किं चार्जवमुदाहृतम् –॥
कः शत्रुर्दुर्जयः पुंसां कश्चव्याधिरनन्तकः ।
कीदृशश्च स्मृतः साधुः असाधुः कीदृशः स्मृतः ॥

What, O king, is said to be knowledge?
What is the highest compassion?
What is referred to as straightforwardness?
Who is the foe invincible to man?
What are the endless desires?
What is said to be goodness? and
What is said to be badness?

Dharmaputra replies as follows:

ज्ञानं तत्वार्थसंबोधः समाधिश्च प्रशान्तता ।
दया सर्वसुखैषित्वं आर्जवं समचित्तता ॥
क्रोधः सुदुर्जयः शत्रुः लोभो व्याधिरनन्तकः ।
सर्वभूतहितः साधुः असाधु र्निर्दयः स्मृतः ॥

Knowledge is the perception of the Truth.

Sama consists in the tranquillity of the mind.

Compassion consists in desiring happiness to all.

Straightforwardness is equality of mind towards all.

Anger is the most invincible foe.
Covetousness is the endless desire.
Goodness is seeking the welfare of all beings, and
Badness is absence of compassion.

[*To be continued*]

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PART II

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

18. Balaram's Plough

JARASANDHA came. His principal allies, among them Damagosh, Rukmi, Anuvind, Dantavakra, Darad, came with him too—kings whom he was too astute to leave behind him. With them came select warriors from different kingdoms.

The adventure was in the nature of a gay hunting party, with the set purpose of killing the quarry. As the party pushed forward through the friendly and hospitable kingdoms of Usinara, Chedi and Vidarbha, the kings or princes of which had joined it, the evenings were spent in enjoying food and drink, in exhilarating boastful talk, and in burning incense to the might of the Magadhan emperor.

It had been a triumphant march. Everywhere he was welcomed, honoured and his 'victory' shouted by the crowds. He knew for certain—as Shrigalava Vasudeva of Karvirpur had assured him in advance—that the two sons of Vasudeva had hid themselves on a solitary hill in the midst of a dense forest. It would be a child's play to capture them and set an example to all those who defied his power.

However, the journey from Vidarbha through jungle tracks and over high mountains proved a tiring one. It was difficult to replenish the stock of food and drink and the mountainous terrain made progress difficult. The patience of everyone of the princes, who formed the hunting party, was coming to an end. Some of them, between themselves, even began to question the wisdom of undergoing all this trouble to hunt out two young men who were living in an inaccessible forest, already lost to the world. But Jarasandha was unrelenting and they had to submit to his wishes.

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Jarasandha and his friends camped at the foot of the Gomantak Hill, hoping to complete the adventure in a couple of days. But the next day, as they studied the steep, unscalable slopes of the hill, their hopes turned to doubts. How long will the siege take? And if there was water and fruits in plenty on the hilltop, will it ever surrender?

Attempts were made to find out a way to climb the hill. One narrow, tortuous path, where barely two persons could climb abreast, wound itself to the top, crossing pointed rocks and fringing deep ravines. Some adventurous spirits decided to reconnoitre and began to climb the hill. They had barely gone a little way when those in the camp saw some men coming to the edge of the plateau at the top and pushing down boulders, which hurtled down on the path. The rocks rolled down, hit the climbers and carried them into the ravine below.

As things were, two men on the hill could defy a whole army for days, and there appeared quite a few hundred on the top.

For two more days Jarasandha held a council of war. His allies had lost their zest for an unrewarding hunt. They were tired by the arduous journey. The supply line to the camp from Karvirpur was far from easy. There was little chance of the hill being captured or a siege, however long, being successful.

Jarasandha saw that his friends had lost heart. But he did not want his enemies to escape. He told them of what the world would say if they ran away before two young men. He humoured, cajoled and exhorted them, even gave indirect threats. But the kings, who had joined him in the hunt, declined to risk an attack on the Hill.

Of all the members of the party, Damagosh, the King of Chedi, was the only one who was cool and collected. He enjoyed the discomfiture of his friends, for he had joined this adventure out of a different motive.

When he had been vanquished by Jarasandha, he had to accept the position of a subordinate ally. After he had entered into the alliance, the Emperor had come to his help on more than one occasion and saved him from disaster. However, he was clear-sighted enough to see how the growing power of Jarasandha was a menace not only to kings like him, but even to the whole way of Aryan life. Where his ambition or success was involved, the Emperor had no inhibitions. Some day, the King of Chedi feared, if fortune continued to favour him, he would try to smash the great kingdoms of Panchal and Hastinapur, subjugating the whole Aryavarta and leaving no hope of independence for any other king.

Inspired by this fear, Damagosh was always thinking of bringing some balance of power into existence which would impose a restraint upon Jarasandha. Then had come the death of Kamsa as the first blow to the uninterrupted growth of Magadhan hegemony. When Krishna and Balaram had risen to the leadership of Mathura, Damagosh had begun to entertain the hope that they might be able to establish a counter-balancing power.

Things, however, had proved otherwise. The two promising young men

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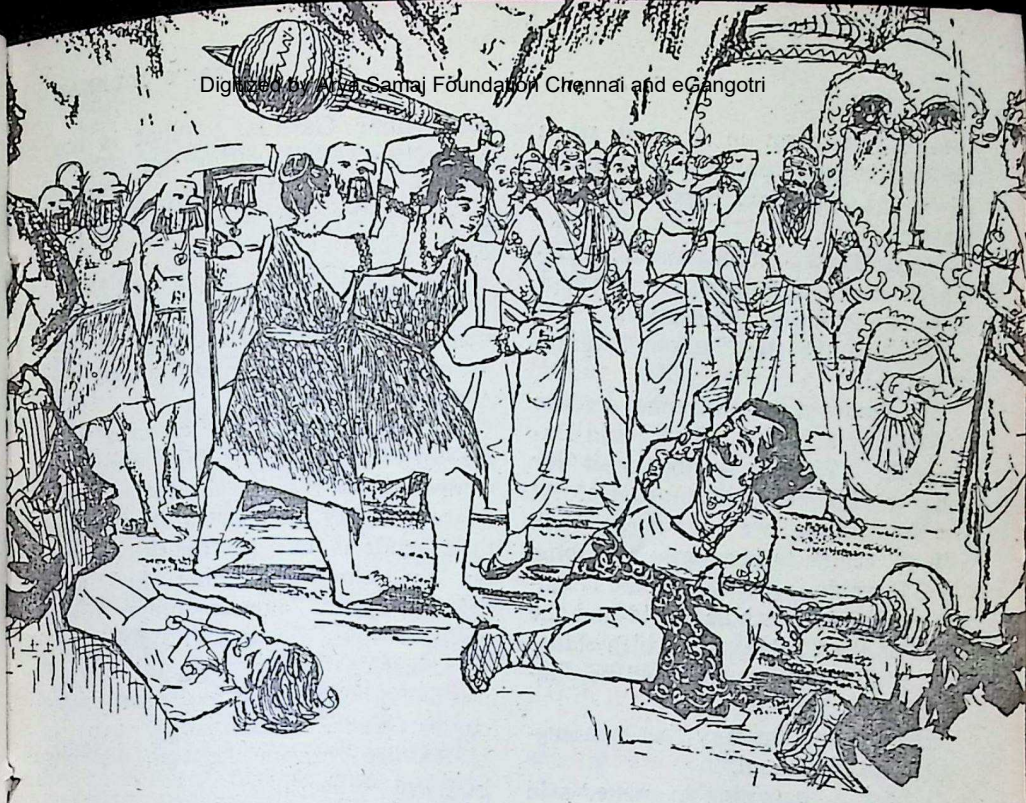

were now on the run, and his main object in joining the hunt, apart from not incurring the displeasure of the Emperor, was to wait for some opportunity when he could save their lives. The opportunity which he was waiting for seemed to present itself now.

When everyone was at his wit's end, he intervened by making a suggestion to show a way out of the impasse.

'Let us not give up our purpose, noble kings. If we do so, we would expose ourselves to ridicule. The honour which our King of kings enjoys will be tarnished. We must find a way out', he said.

Jarasandha had always looked upon Damagosh with suspicion. He knew that though in the past he had thrown the cloak of his protection over Chedi and often saved Damogosh from disaster, the loyalty the latter professed could not be taken at its face value. Chediraj was always correct in his behaviour; his cleverness was unfathomable; it was never possible to see the working of his mind. He, Jarasandha, had also sensed that as the husband of Vasudeva's sister, Damagosh had more than a lurking sympathy for Krishna and Balaram.

Jarasandha would have preferred to have his son, Shishupal, join this party. But Damagosh had readily agreed to join this adventure and there was no way to get rid of him without creating an open rift in the alliance. He was a highly-respected prince and his defection might cause

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incalculable harm in a crisis when his own imperial power was threatened by the unavenged assassination of Kamsa.

When Damagosh intervened, offering to make a suggestion, everyone turned to him with curiosity.

'What is the way?' asked Jarasandha.

'We know that we cannot reduce the Hill by a frontal attack,' said Damagosh. 'We also cannot wait for long in this beast-ridden jungle. At the same time we cannot go back without achieving our purpose in some way. If we do so, we will be the laughing-stock of the whole world and the fame of the Chakravarti, which shines bright all over the world, will be dimmed.'

'But what is the way that you suggest?' asked Rukmi.

'I have a suggestion to make,' said Damagosh. 'It is summer now. The slopes of the Hill right upto the top, are full of dry grass. Let us set fire to it tonight from all sides. By tomorrow, the forest on the top would have caught fire and destroyed everyone there. Then we could claim that we have secured our purpose and could return in triumph. And the V*aa*sudevas, even if they are not burnt to death, would never be able to show their face to the world.'

Jarasandha considered the suggestion for a while to discover whether there was any catch in it. The other kings saw a way out of their difficulties and promptly accepted the suggestion. Jarasandha had no choice but to agree.

Krishna was awakened by a screech from young Garuda. 'What is the matter?' he asked, sitting up.

'They have set fire to the grass on the slopes. We will be burnt to death,' said Garuda.

Led by Garuda, Krishna and Balaram who had also woke up in the meanwhile, rushed to the edge of the plateau. They were soon joined by Arteya, the Chief.

A strong breeze was blowing and the approaches to the Hill were enveloped in a rapidly devouring conflagration. Cry of distress arose from the Garuds as they saw the dried grass on the slopes catching fire and lighting up the dark moonless night by its leaping flames. The chief fell at Krishna's feet, praying for mercy, for, as he believed, he had some miraculous power. 'Oh, Krishna, save us. If the fire reaches the top, we will be burnt to death.'

'Come with me, all of you, men and women. Light your torches. Take whatever you have—clubs, maces, plough, whatever is handy. We will quench the fire. I will show you how,' said Krishna and added: 'Balaram, let us put on our armour and take up our arms.' As cool as ever, he was now issuing instructions in a voice of command. 'Vainateya, lead us to the path by which we reached the sea the other day.'

Led by young Garuda and Krishna, all ran down the zigzag path in the rear leading to the sea, which, it being the moonless night of the month, was in roaring tide.

Krishna led them to what looked like two ridges but which ages ago were man-made dams. A little scraping uncovered the walls of unhewn

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stones. Everyone, under Krishna's direction, applied himself to forcing a breach in one of the dams.

At last a breach was made in the dam and the sea rushed in. Then they all ran to the other side of the Hill. A breach was made on the other dam also and the water rushed into the moat-like depression which surrounded the Hill. Before the dam on either side disappeared, Krishna and Balaram, with the trained Garuda youngster, had crossed it.

●●●

Jarasandha, his allies and their men were jubilant when the conflagration, which they had lighted, began to spread round the base of Gomantak.

For a time they enjoyed the sight of hares, deers, bears, rushing out of the thickets for fear of approaching fire. Then they dined heartily, for the next day opened the prospect of an early departure from this beast-infested wood, and went to sleep.

It was past midnight when the hiss and roar of rushing waters woke them up. They rubbed their eyes and looked on helplessly as the base of the hill was being girdled from both sides by torrents of sea water, quenching the fire. A panic seized them. No one said a word, though all felt that the son of Vasudeva, who was reputed to possess miraculous powers, had done this. Jarasandha's brow was clouded. His enemy seemed to be a demon.

The morning star shone bright on the horizon. Above the noise of the torrent, they heard what sounded like long, weird screeches of angry eagles. And before they could realise what was happening, a giant form, wielding a mighty weapon looking like a plough and followed by lithe forms uttering terrific screeches, was upon them. Bowmen and servitors ran for their lives; chariots crashed under the heavy blows of the giant's plough. Horses, wildly neighing with fright, broke loose and galloped away into the forest.

Before Jarasandha and his friends could collect their arms, from the other side came the blows of a mace, deftly wielded by an expert hand, every blow crashing a skull. The screeches of eagles continued to be heard, now rising in fearful clamour, now trailing off into ghastly wails. And darkness was still over them all.

Jarasandha, his allies and his men were thrown in utter confusion.

When the eastern horizon was tinted by the rising dawn, the dazed kings and their men saw in their midst the giant Balaram, spreading terror and destruction with a plough.

And on a rock on the other side stood Krishna, now stringing a mighty bow. Every arrow sped from it with unerring precision and claimed its victim.

Rukmi, from a distance, recognised Krishna and pointed him out to his friends. 'There is Krishna. Let us go at him.' Anuvinda of Avanti took up his bow and arrow, and stepped in front of others. Prince Gonard got hold of his mace and made a dash for the rock on which Krishna stood.

Krishna handed his bow to young Garuda, who, with some of his companions, stood behind him, and took *Sudarshana Chakra* in his hand. The discus slipped from his agile finger.

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Whirling, it sped like a flash of lightning, slit the throat of Gonard; still revolving with unabated speed it returned to Krishna's hands. Those who saw this miraculous discus—for no one so far had seen it being used with such terrific effect—were stunned.

Anuvinda was stringing the arrow to his bow when Krishna spoke to him in a friendly voice. 'Anuvinda, we are brothers, both pupils of Guru Sandipani. We can't fight each other.' And again the discus sped, whirling on; circled over the head of Anuvinda and returned to Krishna's hand. The bow dropped from Anuvinda's nerveless hand.

Rukmi sprang forward, bow and arrow in hand, and took aim. The *chakra* flashed; the arrow, intercepted, fell in pieces.

'Go back, Kaishik's grandson,' said Krishna. And again snatching the mace from Garuda's hands, he jumped down from the rock and rushed at those who would attack him.

At that moment a conch sounded, almost a few paces away from where Krishna stood. He heard the rich notes of *panchajanya*. His conch, it was there! And as the sun rose, Uddhava, with whom he had left it, was seen blowing it as he stood on the chariot of Damagosh, which was rooted immobile on the spot, its horses having bolted.

As the sun rose, the allied kings saw the weird-looking, walking eagles with flint arrows and hatchets rushing forward with wild screeches towards the bowmen and servitors of the party who were hiding behind trees and bushes.

Damagosh was watching the fray

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from his chariot. Now that it was light, he could see what a miracle the Vaasudeva brothers had worked. The bowmen, servitors and the footmen had run away; the horses had fled. Krishna and Balaram were wielding weapons of miraculous power as never seen before. This was the chance which he had been waiting for. He jumped down from the chariot, gathered his Chedi warriors and rushed between Rukmi and Krishna, with joyous shouts of 'Jaya Vaasudeva, Jaya Vaasudeva.' Uddhava, with his weapon in hand, followed Damagosh and stood by the side of Krishna.

On the other side, Balaram, intoxicated by his own valour, had dashed into the very midst of Jarasandha's men. Nothing could withstand the might of *Samvartak,* his terrible plough.

King Darad rushed forward with his mace, trying to hit Balaram on the side. Balaram turned round; *Samvartak* descended like a thunderbolt; Darad lay on the ground, his head smashed.

'Where are you, Jarasandha? I have come for you! Come on, Jarasandha,' rose the stentorian voice of the giant.

Everyone heard the challenge—so did Jarasandha. Among warriors of that rank, the etiquette of war was inexorable; once challenged the warrior of repute had to accept the challenge. Jarasandha took his heavy mace and came forward.

Balaram handed *Samvartak* to the waiting Garuds, took his mace from them and attacked Jarasandha.

The two combatants were well matched. If one was tall, the other was sturdy. Furiously, the combat continued, all others surrounding them standing still to watch it. It would have been a disgrace if so renowned a warrior as Jarasandha was helped out by other warriors. And if he died, an empire would collapse.

Soon Jarasandha felt the terrific weight of the arms of his antagonist. The folly of such a stupid adventure as he had undertaken flashed on his mind. If he was killed by this young man, all his achievements and hopes would have shrunk into a ludicrous tale. He tried to look round for some escape. But before he could find a way, a shattering blow came from Balaram and his own mace fell away from his hand.

Suddenly *panchajanya* sounded the note of victory. The bystanders parted. Krishna, Damagosh and his men, with Uddhava at their head, surrounded the combatants. A hush fell on those standing there.

'Brother, stay your hand. His time has yet to come,' said Krishna, arresting Balaram's arm ready to bring down the mace on Jarasandha's head.

Jarasandha saw the threatening arm of Balaram arrested and stood awed as never before in his life. He had heard of Krishna, but had never seen him before. Now he felt the Presence—the graceful body, the face of charm and dignity, the eyes flashing an irresistible smile of triumph, all enveloped in a halo of light—and shrunk away.

'Anuvind, take the Chakravarti in your chariot. He is not well,' said Krishna.

Jarasandha felt humiliated as never

(continued on page 33)

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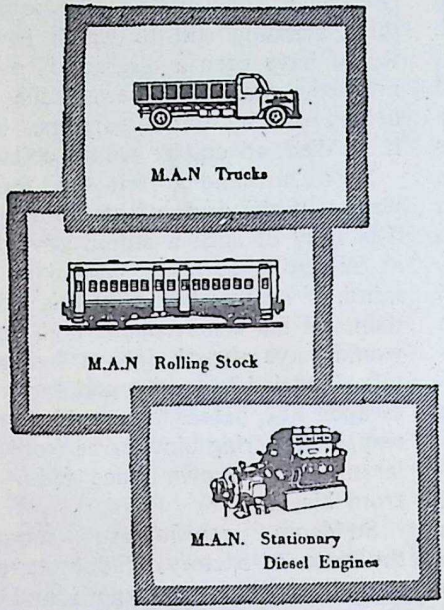

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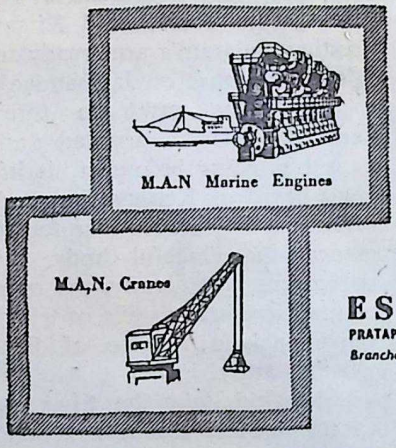

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....It is not merely innate intelligence nor flashes of intellect, it is solid work, unstinting work, that brings you success.....

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What Life has Taught me

N. H. BHAGWATI

[*Born in 1894, educated in Baroda and Bombay; sometime Professor, Government Law College, Bombay; formely Vice-Chancellor, University of Bombay, Judge, Bombay High Court and of the Supreme Court of India; and presently Vice-Chancellor, Banaras Hindu University.*]

WHEN one looks back upon the events of a life extending over 65 years, one naturally skips over minor details and fixes his attention upon broad aspects, and when one is asked to record what life has taught him, one concentrates on a few salient features, leaving the others well alone.

Both during my student career and my professional career, I have found that hard work and industry are the essential prerequisites of success. It is not merely innate intelligence nor flashes of intellect, it is solid work, unstinting work, that brings you success. All persons are not endowed with first-rate intelligence. Intelligence is God-given but industry is one's own. With even second-rate intelligence combined with first-rate industry, one can put forward a result which mere first-rate intelligence cannot achieve. Genius is infinite capacity for taking pains and one can make up the deficiency in intelligence by putting in a lot of hard work. A person who is fortified by hard work and industry is far better equipped than one who merely relies upon his innate intelligence; whether one is a student or one is practising a profession, one who is best equipped in this manner has greater chances of success than the others.

The tendency which has of late developed amongst the students of confining their studies to the bare essentials for passing the examinations is much to be deprecated. The student period is the only one when one imbibes a lot of knowledge and infor-

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mation and that is the period when one is fresh, receptive and full of energy. There are vast opportunities of furnishing one's mind with the stores of knowledge which have been conserved in books and tomes. Whatever time is spent by the students in libraries acquiring knowledge from these storehouses is well-spent. One should not rest content with merely doing up the text books which have been prescribed for examinations but must utilize these storehouses of knowledge for acquiring all possible information on the subjects concerned. Even from the utilitarian point of obtaining marks in the examinations, one wonders why one should aim merely at obtaining pass marks and should not acquire as many marks as possible and thus obtain distinction in examinations. All this pays one in the end and in any event gives one a start in life and really helps in the future career.

More particularly so, when one is studying in order to qualify for the practice of a profession. The student period is the only period when one acquires the equipment for the professional career and that is the only period when one has time and opportunity for doing so. For once when you take a plunge into the active practice of the profession, you do not get enough time to study the principles with that zest and assiduity which are essential for acquisition of the same. No doubt there is normally a period of waiting in every profession which

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I can say with confidence that success in my case was not due to inspiration; it was all due to perspiration .... The other lesson is work is worship.

can best be utilised in keeping oneself abreast of all the developments in the profession, but that is not sufficient to enable one to acquire the background and equipment for successful pursuit of the profession. The student period is therefore the period which should be properly utilised for the acquisition of all possible knowledge essential for success in the profession and one should concentrate all his energies towards achieving that end. This is not meant to convey that during the student period one should not cultivate extra-curricular activities such as sports, debates etc. but the emphasis is on the proper equipment for the profession and acquisition of all possible knowledge relevant thereto, keeping a proper balance between the curricular and extra-curricular interests and activities.

I have been asked very often, having been a fairly successful lawyer and a fairly successful Judge, what is the secret of success as a lawyer. I have been at pains to find out what the secret of my success has been; the only thing that I have been able to discover is that even though I was not endowed with first-rate intellect, I brought to bear upon all the work that I did what I might presume to call first-rate industry. No brief which came to me was not thoroughly studied, no case which came to me for disposal was not considered in all its aspects. No effort was spared to master all the details and work up all possible points which arose for consideration. The one thing which I can say with confidence is that success was not due to any inspiration, it was all due to perspiration. That is the one lesson I have learnt in my life.

The other is that work is worship: *"Laborare est orare"*

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते माफलेषु कदाचन।

One should religiously and to the best of one's ability do all work which comes to him with conscience within and God overhead, without worrying about the result, leaving the fruition of one's efforts to the Lord Almighty. If one does his work with that spirit of *yoga*—योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्। one acquires real peace of mind and feels that he is but the instrument of the Almighty and is only working out the Divine Will. Efficiency in doing the work, putting forward one's best in whatever work he does, is of course the essential prerequisite, but once that is done, one should not be concerned with the result; one should not be elated with success; one should not be disappointed at failure; one should resign to the Will of the Almighty, make further efforts for the achievement of the goal without blaming any outside agency for the failure and without being dejected or disappointed at the result. One should acquire greater proficiency, plunge into the work with greater zest and ardour, and work out the Will of the Almighty with the same spirit of resignation.

As a necessary corollary of this, one should not expect

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anything. It is expectation or anticipation of the result that disappoints one when the desired end is not achieved. न मे कर्मफले स्पृहा। is the mental attitude which should be cultivated. If one does his work conscientiously, efficiently and to the best of his capacity and does not expect anything or anticipate the result, one acquires complete peace of mind and is not at all disappointed when one meets with failure. The same is the case all throughout in life. Advancement in life or achievement of distinction if it comes one's way, is no doubt welcome and highly to be desired. But if one sets his heart on it and if circumstances so develop or events so transpire that one's legitimate expectations are not realised, one should not get disappointed. If one sets his heart on a particular thing and that does not come about, disappointment will be the only result; but if one does not expect anything or anticipate it, one is free from worries and anxieties, but retains his peace of mind, which is more than anything else. Throughout my life, I have never banked on anything, never expected anything, never anticipated anything. Success in the profession, elevation to the High Court Bench and even to the Supreme Court Bench and last but not the least the Vice-Chancellorship of the Banaras Hindu University which I at present enjoy were not planned or expected or anticipated. My only aim in life was to do whatever work came across my path with efficiency, uprightness and to the best of my ability. Whatever success or recognition came in the wake of the same was by the Will of the Almighty and Divine grace and not by any supplication to any human being. I have always considered myself to be but the humble instrument of the Divine Will and I dedicate all my success and achievements humbly at His feet.

The last thing which I would advert to in this context is the ingratitude of human beings. It is a sore topic and I hope I am not guilty of any generalisation which is not warranted. To my utter regret, I have found this trait viz. want of gratitude very much prevalent, so much so that one is almost inclined to be a misanthrope. Are human beings incapable of any sense of gratitude? You do everything for the advancement of another human being, but a time may come when you are not able to do something for him; he then flares up, entertains a feeling of hostility towards you and all that you have done for him in the past is washed out. He becomes the greatest critic of yours and even wants to do some injury to you which you may not at all deserve, much less at his hands. But unfortunately such occurrences are very frequent in this world and set you wondering whether there is anything like gratitude in human beings. On a higher plane, man is more often than not ungrateful to his own Creator, but we shall leave that alone. On the material plane, one feels considerably when such manifestations of ingratitude do take place. Even so, if one follows what I have stated above, i.e. one should not expect anything, that principle can and does embrace within its ken the non-expectation of even gratitude from

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One should not expect anything from any human being, even by way of a good turn, for whatever good one may have done for him.

human beings for whatever good you may have done to them. In my own way, I have during my life tried to oblige persons, do good to them, but as fate would have it, have had a return from them of sheer ingratitude, a thing which I would have least expected from them. That, however, has taught me one great lesson of my life, that one should not expect anything from any human being, even by way of a good turn for whatever one may have done for him. It is very good to say: 'One good turn deserves another,' but in actual practice, one rarely finds that feeling of gratitude exhibited in human beings. This does not mean that you should forget your essential duty of doing good to others. The only thing to be noted is that even if you do that, you should do that without expecting any gratitude, any recognition from them and should not be surprised if you get in return a manifestation even of the greatest ingratitude from them. If man becomes ungrateful even to his own Creator, who are you to deserve any gratitude from him? He acts only in accordance with his true nature; what you should do towards him, your path of duty should not be deflected by how he would behave towards you; you must revert to your own nature, be good, do good, irrespective of what the object of your goodness would do unto you. Doing good to your fellow beings is your religion, your duty and you should discharge it without expecting any return or recognition for the same. This is true in all walks of life, whether domestic, social or any other. The innate goodness of a man should not cease to be manifested because of the ingratitude of human beings.

There are many more things which I could write about, but I believe this is enough.

I have pointed out the main lessons life has taught me and I would to God that He may guide my destinies in the way He thinks best, never forgetting me and never forsaking me in any times of need and that I may continue to deserve well of Him and be His humble devotee and servant that I have tried to be so far.

KRISHNAVATARA—(*Contd.*)

before. He, the great conqueror, was given the gift of his life by this young cowherd whom he hated most. A fury raged in his heart. But he felt impotent. He hurriedly climbed Anuvind's chariot; some straying horses were caught and yoked to the chariot, and the emperor was rapidly borne away.

And young Garuda, in wild ecstasy, let out a screech so full of triumph that it echoed from the slopes of Gomantak.

[*To be continued*]

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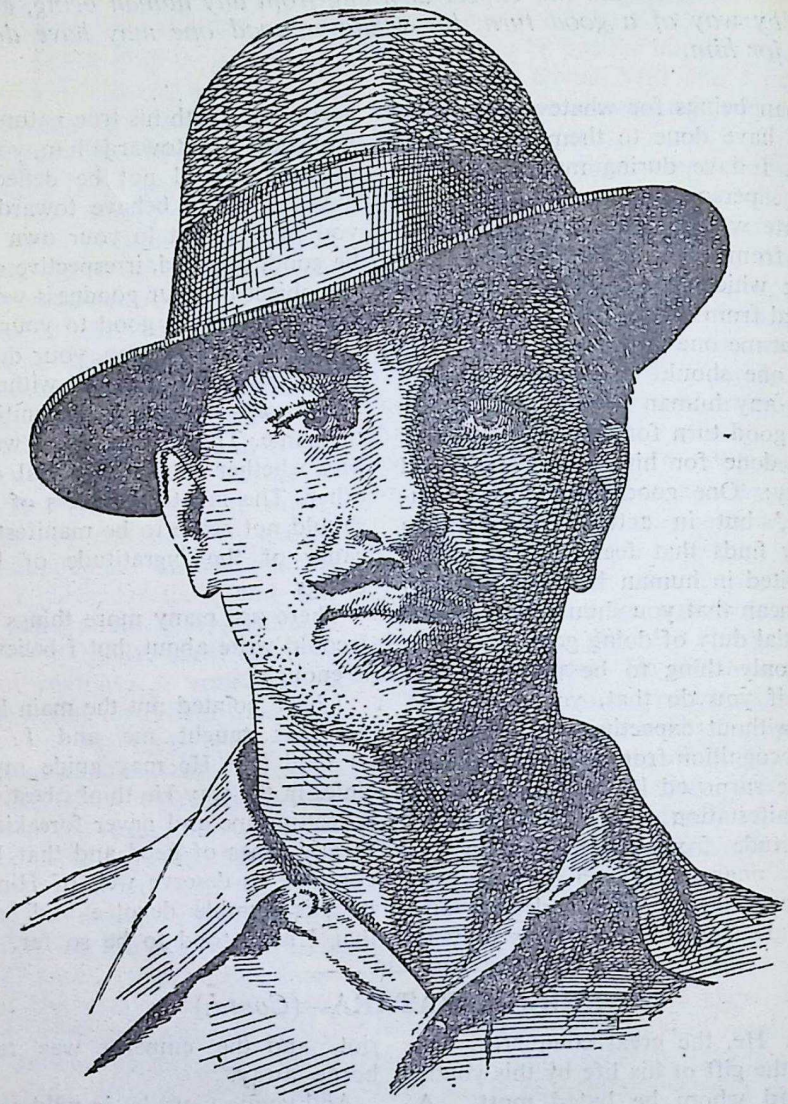
Homage



[Bhagat Singh, b. 1909; d. March 23, 1931]

....In Bhagat Singh, self-sacrifice and bravery had passed the upper limits....The lesson which we should learn from Bhagat Singh is to die in a manly and bold manner, so that the country may live ....

—Jawaharlal Nehru

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The Youthful Science of HYPNOTISM

Dr. George Fernandes

"RING-A-LING. Ring-a-ling." Suresh stirred in his bed, then reached out, flicked the bedside switch, quickly glanced at the electric wall-clock, then stared in amazement. It was 5 a.m.

For over half a decade, Suresh reluctantly woke every morning, only at the insistent ringing of the alarum-bell. The previous night, before going to bed, for the first time in five years, he had deliberately refrained from setting the morning alarm. And yet, at 5 a.m., this morning, at precisely the time he wished to wake, he heard the alarm go off, and was catapulted into consciousness.

No wonder he was amazed. But, though astonished, he was not bewildered. For only the previous evening, he had come to me for hypnotic planting of an "alarum" inside his subconsciousness. And the alarum had worked.

How did I do it?

Framed differently, your question reads: "What is hypnosis? How is it able to produce such astounding results?"

To answer these questions, I shall have to dispose of two fallacies: (1) Hypnosis is magic or occult. Like any other science hypnosis obeys laws which have been investigated, mastered and used. (2) Hypnosis is sleep or unconsciousness. Tests prove that it is, in fact, more related to the waking state. The knee-jerk reflex which is present in hypnosis and the waking state, is absent during sleep. Far from being unconscious, a hypnotised patient is aware of all that has occurred during trance and can frequently remember this on awakening. Essentially, hypnosis is an artificially-induced super-concentration in a state of extreme relaxation. In this state, whatever is suggested to the subconscious mind is immediately translated into fact, provided it is within the power of the brain and nervous system to accomplish it.

A technique of the greatest antiquity, hypnosis was used in ancient Egypt and in the "sleep temples" of ancient Greece. It gained a degree of notoriety not long ago through its use by stage magicians and as a party

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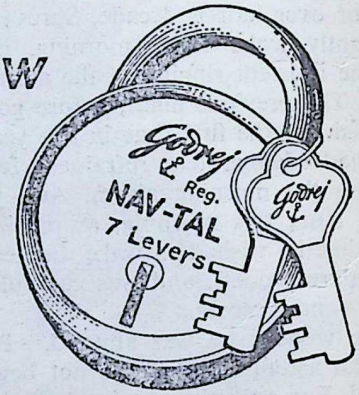
stunt. Sometimes, this "hypnosis for entertainment" has had disastrous results, bringing nervous and mental derangement in its wake. In the U.K., it was not long before Parliament itself was seized of the matter, and, to safeguard hypnosis from disrepute at the hands of stage magicians, and the public from irresponsible use of the technique, hypnosis was banned from the entertainment world of Great Britain by Act of Parliament.

Only recently has hypnosis gained respectability in medical circles. It was recognised as an orthodox part of medical treatment by the British Medical Association in 1955, and by the American Medical Association only in 1958. One of the youngest branches of medical science, it is also one of the most versatile of therapeutic factors, and reaches with equal facility the hidden depths of body and mind. It is a valuable adjunct to the other therapeutic measures in current use. It speeds up the cure of physical or mental illness, makes it more permanent, helps the patient regain confidence and is an assured means of rehabilitation. One of its greatest benefits springs from its ability to remove tensions and unwanted inhibitions and to instil courage and confidence.

Not long ago, there came to my clinic a science student whom we shall call Prabhakar. An intelligent young man, Prabhakar was nevertheless

The New



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acutely nervous about his approaching examinations. He had been sent to me by his family doctor. To dispel the false notions the lad might have about the nature of hypnosis and its effects, I explained to him that hypnosis was essentially the placing of a picture in the sub-consciousness which the sub-consciousness immediately translates into fact; that it would not involve the domination of my will over his, but would merely re-orientate his imagination; that it wouldn't weaken his will, but would actually strengthen him mentally and emotionaliy by restoring his self-confidence. Prabhakar took three sessions from me. At the end of the third session, his nervousness disappeared, Prabhakar was buoyant and confident and eagerly awaiting the very examinations he had feared only a few days before.

What was the trouble with Prabhakar? The same thing that troubles the novice cyclist, the stutterer and the budding orator. The novice cyclist cannot swerve away from the lamp post. His mind is so centred on his fear of the collision that he cannot control the handle-bar. The stutterer cannot bring himself to talk smoothly. His mind is on the stutter he is trying to avoid, not on the ideas he is trying to express. The budding orator trembles nervously as he rises to speak. His mind is anticipating a critical audience, not concentrating on the message he has to deliver. What all these people have in common is this: They want desperately to do certain things, but they fear they can't. And in their effort to do so they are pitting their imagination against their will, unaware that in any conflict between the two, no matter how strong the effort, the imagination always wins.

What these people need is a redirection of their imagination, and hypnosis, by suggesting positive desirable thoughts into minds made receptive by relaxation and concentration, is able to achieve just that.

Relieving nervous tensions and unwanted inhibitions is only one of the benefits hypnosis can give. For instance, this new science of the subconscious can go much further than the confines of the human mind. It is able to affect and heal even physical man.

Recently I demonstrated before a doctor-patient the ability of hypnosis to anaesthetise, that is, to make the human body or any part of it insensible to pain. Told while in trance that he feels no pain, a hypnotised subject can be pricked, cut or burnt —in absolute comfort! This fact is increasingly being used in Western countries in surgery, dentistry and obstetrics.

Particularly valuable is its use in obstetrics. Most mothers would like to be aware of the birth of their children. Under hypnosis, this awareness can be freed from the fear, anxiety and pain that normally accompany it. Many medical authorities agree that this comfortable awareness is not only a pleasant sensation: it strengthens the bond of affinity between mother and child.

My doctor-subject plans to use hypnosis on fearful patients to anaesthetise them prior to injections! He

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could also use it for patients needing surgery.

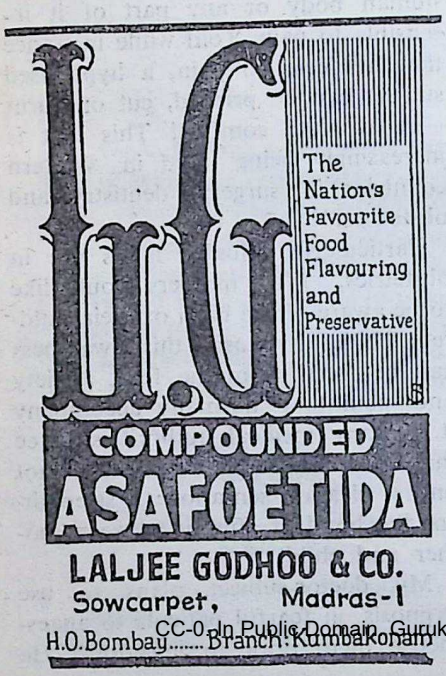
The only drawback of hypnosis in major surgery is that people vary in their ability to "go under." Not everyone can be hypnotised to the required depth of trance, and some cannot be hypnotised at all.

Surprisingly, even doctors are often unaware of the amazing versatility of this therapy. Many of them don't know, for instance, that besides abolishing pain and dread, hypnosis is also a great power making for health and vitality of body and mind. With only a mild degree of trance repeated through several sessions, it can cure not only mental states ilke neurasthenia, anxiety, hysteria, depression, irrational fears, emotional instability and so on; it is also able to cure or alleviate such physical ailments as insomnia, sexual difficulties, impotence, bed-wetting, stammering, blushing, and even duodenal ulcer, blood-pressure, asthma, migraine, cardiospasms, rheumatoid arthritis, skin diseases, etc. In every case of physical illness, hypnosis can be a valuable adjunct to ordinary medical methods.

What my doctor-patient wanted to know after listening carefully to my explanations, was this: How is hypnosis able to achieve so much? The answer is simple: because it operates through the sub-conscious, i.e., through the brain and nervous system, and between them the brain and nervous system are able to affect every physical and mental state.

Because hypnosis is able to do so much for suffering humanity, it is regrettable that misconceptions about the subject still prevail. For instance, there is a notion that hypnosis makes the subject unduly susceptible, an easy prey for evil-minded hypnotists, that it can cause even mental or emotional derangement. The fact is it may, if practised by irresponsible amateurs or theatrical stage magicians. In the hands of a qualified and responsible medical man it will do neither. Rather, by giving the subject increased self-mastery, it will render him able even to resist hypnosis should he desire to do so.

Hypnosis in itself is neither enfeebling nor a sign indicating a feeble mind. For, the ability to be hypnotised is intimately related to the intelligence of the subject. The more intelligent the subject, the better he can co-operate, the more easily is he



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hypnotised. Very young children, idiots and insane people are virtually unhypnotisable. That is why I say that if I tell you, you can be easily hypnotised I am not insulting you: I am complimenting you.

Could hypnosis be used for immoral or criminal purposes? Practised by evil-minded persons, hypnosis could be misused to instigate immoral or criminal acts, *provided* the subject is already inclined in that direction. If the subject has a strong and clear moral sense, he will reject outright all wrongful suggestions. For instance, in trance, a respectable girl might be induced to remove her shoes. But let the operator go beyond that and she will either awake with a start, or simply refuse to carry out the command. The point to remember is this: that medically hypnosis is used to heal, not to harm, and you are as safe with the medical hypnotist as you are with the dentist, the anaesthetist, or the man who removes your appendix.

So much has been made of its dangers and limitations that I have stressed its benefits right through this article. Properly used, it has no dangers. Its only limitations are the limitations of the brain and nervous system, which control the whole bodily and mental economy.

So strong is the influence of the mind over bodily functions, that in a suitable subject a blister can be raised on the skin, by merely touching it with the finger, suggesting to the subject that it is a lighted cigarette butt. Properly used this influence can give you better health and organic co-ordination. It can clear away the emotional roots of physical illness and emotionally aggravating factors.

It can help you slim or put on weight. By toning up the nervous system or heightening the effects of drugs administered, it can help the body rid itself of even organic diseases. It can improve observation, memory, reasoning, imagination, powers of expression; give confidence, cheerfulness, enthusiasm; eliminate nervous tension. Adding strength to the will, it can help break habits of drink, smoking or sex perversion.

As yet hypnosis is only on the threshold of a grand and exciting future. As we launch into the age of sputniks and the marvels of space engineering, this science of the subconscious is destined to play a role of vital importance not only on earth, but in the high heavens as well. A round trip to Mars, for instance, would take about two or three years and would be fraught with technical hazards, physical difficulties and psychological strain. To overcome the problems of breathing, weightlessness, nervous strain, sleep, space sickness, boredom, etc., which space-travel might involve, would be impossible, feels Dr. Van Pelt, President of the British Society of Medical Hypnotists, without the aid of hypnosis. And so this youthful Science, yet ancient Art, now moves upwards to the stars. "It is," as Andrew Salter, one of the most eminent research workers in the field, says, "an instrument of the most fantastic power."

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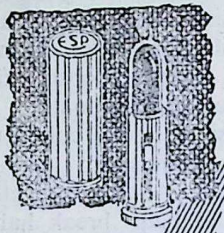

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"AHANKAR" OR THE EGO

SRI AUROBINDO

THE meaning of the word, "Ahankar", has become so distorted in our language that often a confusion arises when we try to explain the main principles of the Aryan Dharma.

Pride is only a particular effect of the *rajasic* ego, yet this is the meaning generally attributed to the word "Ahankar"; any talk on giving up "Ahankar" brings to the mind the idea of giving up pride or the *rajasic* ego.

In fact, any awareness of "I" is "Ahankar".

The awareness of "I" is created in the overmental Self (the Self of the higher mind) and in the play of the three principles of Nature, its three modes are revealed: the *sattwic* ego, the *rajasic* ego and the *tamasic* ego. The *sattwic* ego brings knowledge and happiness. "I am receiving knowledge, I am full of delight"—these feelings are actions of the *sattwic* ego.

The ego of the *sadhak*, the devotee, the man of knowledge, the disinterested worker is the *sattwic* ego which brings knowledge and delight.

The *rajasic* ego stands for action. "I am doing the work, I am winning, I am losing, I am making effort, the success in work is mine, the failure is mine, I am strong, I am fortunate, I am happy, I am unhappy"—all these feelings are predominantly *rajasic*, dynamic and generate desire.

The *tamasic* ego is full of ignorance and inertia. "I am wretched, I am helpless, I am lazy, incapable and good for nothing, I have no hope, I am sinking into the lower nature, my only salvation is to sink into the lower nature"—all these feelings are predominantly *tamasic* and produce inertia and obscurity.

Those afflicted with the *tamasic* ego have no pride though they have the ego in full measure but that ego has a downward movement and leads to death and extinction in the void of the Brahman.

Just as pride has ego, in the same way humility also has ego; just as strength has ego, in the same way weakness also has ego.

Those who have no pride because of their *tamasic* nature are mean, feeble and servile out of fear and des-

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pair. *Tamasic* humility, *tamasic* forgiveness, *tamasic* endurance have no value whatsoever and do not produce any good result.

Blessed indeed is he who perceiving Narayana everywhere is humble, tolerant and full of forgiveness. Delivered from all these impulsions coming from the ego, one who has gone beyond the spell of the three modes of Nature has neither pride nor humility. Satisfied with whatever feeling is given to his instrumental being of life and mind by the Universal Shakti of the Divine and free from all attachment, he enjoys invariable peace and felicity.

The *tamasic* ego must be avoided in every way. To destroy it completely by awakening the *rajasic* ego with the help of knowledge coming from *"sattwa"* is the first step towards progress.

Growth of knowledge, faith and devotion is the means of liberating oneself from the grip of the *rajasic* ego. A person predominantly *sattwic* does not say, "I am happy"; he says, "Happiness is flowing in my heart"; he does not say, "I am wise;" he says, "Knowledge is growing in me." He knows that this happiness and this knowledge do not belong to him but to the Mother of the Universe.

Yet when in all kinds of feelings there is a bondage to the enjoyment of delight, then the feeling of the man of knowledge or the devotee is still proceeding from the ego.

Simply by saying, "It is happening in me", one cannot abolish the ego-sense. Only the person who has gone beyond the modes of Nature has completely triumphed over the ego. He knows that the "jiva", the embodied being, is the witness and enjoyer, the Supreme is the giver of sanction, and that Nature is the master, and that there is no "I", all being a play in knowledge and ignorance of the Shakti of the sole Brahman without a second.

The sense of ego is only a feeling born of illusion in the nature established in the "jiva", the embodied being. In the final stage this feeling of egolessness merges into Sachchidananda, Existence-Consciousness-Bliss.

But having gone beyond the modes of Nature one who still stays in the divine play by the will of the Lord respects the separate existence of the Lord and the "jiva", the embodied being, and, considering himself a portion of the Divine in Nature, he accomplishes his work in the Lila, the divine play. This feeling cannot be called the ego. Even the Supreme has this feeling. There is no ignorance or attachment in Him, but His state of beatitude instead of being self-absorbed is turned towards the world.

One who possesses this consciousness is indeed a soul liberated in life. Liberation by dissolution can be gained only after the fall of the body. The state of liberation in life can be realised in the body itself.

[*Translated by Niranjan from the Bengali essay in "Dharma o Jatiyata."*]

The ego that has been burnt in the fire of Knowledge cannot injure anybody. It is an ego only in name. —Paramahamsa

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

874

Sri K. S. Boliya, Bhilwara.

Q: *Supposing a man commits sins all through his life, I am told that if he remembers the name of God Sri Rama at the time of his death he is absolved of all sins. Can I take this literally?*

A: (1) When we confess our sins and ask to be forgiven, we purge ourselves of egotism and, therefore, become purer. Taking God's name and praying for His forgiveness therefore raise us spiritually.

(2) If, however, God's name is taken, without true repentance, without humility and in search of some benefit, it does not absolve the sins.

875

Sri Atluri Ranga Rao, Ghanpur, Warangal.

Q: *Bhishma knew very well that Pandavas were right. But he worked in the War on the side of Kauravas. Was it his* Swadharma*? When* Swadharma *conflicts with one's conscience, what has one to do?*

A: (1) For Bhishma's action see my reply to Question No. 853 in B.J. dated 25th December, 1960.

(2) Conscience is the faculty which prompts us to distinguish between right and wrong. But often what we call conscience, is an impulse. In such a case, *swadharma* should be preferred unless it is sinful or calculated to harm others.

(3) When we have trained ourselves to distinguish between impulse or self interest on the one hand and the voice of the conscience on the other what is dictated by the conscience is *swadharma.*

876

K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore-2.

Q: *Is there any special language called God's language? Can any one study it?*

A: God informs the whole creation. He speaks to each man in his own tongue and has no language exclusively His own. Some languages by their characteristic literary wealth lead us to God; but that is not the same as its being the exclusive language of God.

877

Dr. Syamsundar Sathpathy, Parikud, Puri.

Q: *I saw during the last Car Festival at Puri, the Car of Subhadra. Who is this Subhadra? Is her life story narrated in the* Bhagavata? *I ask this of you because the people at Puri were unable to explain it.*

A: What wonderful ignorance! Subhadra was Sri Krishna's younger sister who was married to Arjuna.

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878

Sri B. Babu Rao, Hyderabad.

Q: *I do not like to marry and I want to spend my whole life as a bachelor. Please let me know if it is a sin to spend our whole life as a bachelor?*

A: Human nature being what it is it is very difficult for a normally developed man to do without the joy which the company of a woman gives. It is a sin to remain a bachelor and flirt with other women or hanker after sex indulgence in imagination. Unless you are specially gifted with a natural aptitude for *vairagya* it is better to marry.

879

Sri Miganashi, Mercara.

Q: *All the Ministers say that our country is becoming rich. But invariably I end up with a minus balance at the end of the month. Why is it so? Why is the cost of living so abnormal?*

A: The country looks rich because the Government is pumping in enormous quantity of currency in the economy. This creates inflation and prices go up. In terms of real value, we are not better off.

880

Md. Yakub, Parvatipuram.

Q: *What is the difference between mind and conscience?*

A: (1) The function of the mind is to receive impressions, to think, to reason, and to come to conclusion. It is more or less a mental instrument, which does work for evil as well as good.

(2) Conscience is the faculty which judges between what is morally right and wrong and prompts you to do the right.

881

Sri K. Ramachandra Rao, Madras.

Q: *Einstein defined the relationship of energy and matter with the equation $E=MC^2$. Sages declared that the root of energy is thought only as thought in motion is action. If some future mathematical sage establishes the exact relationship between thought and energy, how happy the world would be! What is your valuable opinion?*

A: Mind, if properly trained, does release concentrated energy. In my view a time will come when thought-energy will be accepted by modern scientists as the subtler and more powerful form of energy.

882

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: *Do you believe in the theory that there is a 'nation in the making' in India?*

A: Not only a nation in the making, but a nation in being except that it is struggling against a few powerful anti-national forces.

"Which is the way to God?"

"When you vanished on the Way, then have you come to God!"

—Makubat-i-Sadi.

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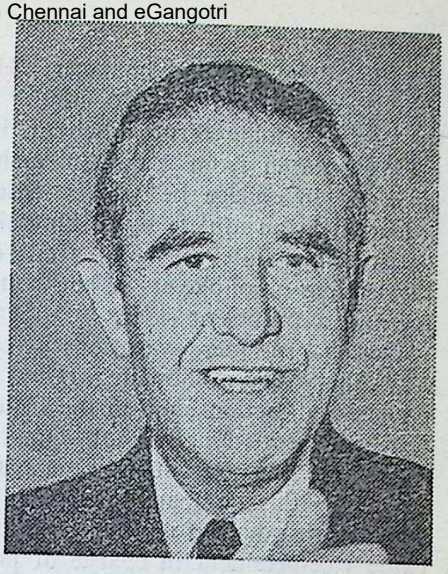
Our Fortnightly Profile—151

AVERELL HARRIMAN



IT can justifiably be said that Mr. Averell Harriman, the U.S. Ambassador-at-Large, who visited New Delhi last month is that man who had led the Second World War to victory; because, but for the efficient and successful administration of the 'Lend-Lease', the Allies would have been short-supplied to defeat.

And as 'Lend-Lease expeditor', Harriman bore the strenuous responsibilities of Front-Line Leadership of the War, travelling between Washington, London and Moscow; Quebec, Casablanca, Teheran and Yalta; speeding up the production and the transport of the sinews of war to front-line armies spread all over the Middle-East, Europe, Russia and Far East.

During the Second World War, there was no other front-rank statesman than Harriman who went to many a country and met and discussed with many a leader the life-line problems connected with the actual execution of the war, and as such his knowledge of the various problems of requirements confronting the post-war development-needs of the under-developed countries is so immense that in the Democratic administration, he has been rightly named Ambassador-at-Large by President John F. Kennedy.

And as Ambassador-at-Large, Mr. Harriman will be shouldering the tremendous responsibility of surveying the needs and prospects of implementing President Kennedy's Foreign Aid Programme. It is in this regard that his services will greatly contribute to the preservation of peace in the world through economic advance and development.

There is no doubt that Mr. Harriman is admirably suited to this stupendous task in the interest of the under-developed countries, because besides the rich experience of the war years, he has the background of a successful American businessman.

Averell Harriman was literally born with a silver spoon in his mouth as he is the son of Edward Harriman who amassed a large fortune as

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a railroad builder and financier. He was born on November 15, 1891.

After attending Groten School, he was graduated from Yale University in 1913. In college he first attracted attention as an athlete by making the varsity crew. Later he became one of the leading polo players in the country and a proficient skier.

During summer vacations from Yale, the young millionaire worked as a clerk and section hand in the Union Pacific Railroad yards at Omaha, Nebraska. Upon graduation, he again went for this company founded by his father and the following year became vice-president in charge of purchases and supplies.

Before the United States entered World War I, Harriman bought a small shipyard in which he built the first partially prefabricated ships in the country. Out of this developed the Merchant Shipping Corporation of which Harriman became chairman of the board. In 1920 the 29-year-old railroad and shipping magnate established W.A. Harriman and Company, a private bank.

Harriman became chairman of the Board of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1932 and during the ensuing years while other railroads were retrenching, spent millions of dollars introducing streamlined aluminium cars, low-priced diner meals, and staffed with trained nurse-stewardesses. In 1936 he investigated the possibilities of establishing a winter resort on Idaho Valley land owned by the roalroad. The result is the famed Sun Valley playground.

Previously a Republican, Harriman joined the Democratic Party in 1927. His formal entry into public service was during the first year of President Franklin Roosevelt's first administration when Harriman was appointed state administrator for the National Recovery Administration.

Harriman joined the Business Advisory Council of the U.S. Department of Commerce in 1933, eventually becoming its chairman from 1937 to 1940. The next year he was made chief of the raw materials branch of the Office of Production Management and introduced a speed-up system of armaments production that enabled American industry to reach a wartime footing.

President Roosevelt then appointed him "defence expeditor" in London shortly before passage of the Lend-Lease Act in March 1941. Gradually the orbit of his activities widened and he was shuttling to the Near East to make surveys for installation of American supply bases and to Russia to discuss Lend-Lease aid with the Soviet Union.

When Churchill and Roosevelt met on the Atlantic to frame the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, Harriman won both the respect of the British leader and the affection of Roosevelt. He was an active participant in the meetings between Churchill, Roosevelt and other world leaders at Washington, Quebec and Casablanca, and also was present at the Big Three Conferences at Teheran and Yalta. When President Truman assumed office after Roosevelt's death, he drew upon Harriman's experience for his own meeting with Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam.

On October 1, 1943, Harriman was

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named Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He also served briefly as Ambassador to Great Britain before returning in September, 1946, to enter President Truman's Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce.

As Governor of New York from 1955 to 1958, he advocated increased state and federal contributions to education, including grants to local public schools and colleges; raising the salaries of state employees; enlarging the scope of social benefit laws; "substantial reduction" in personal income taxes, and extension of rent ceiling laws.

He has also urged the Federal Government to take steps to bolster farm income, raise the federal minimum wage from one dollar to $1.25 hourly to assist low-income families, and establish a national programme of health insurance. He frequently has publicly placed himself on record for measures to eradicate racial discrimination.

Like many Americans born to wealth, Harriman has always felt that material privileges impose a great obligation on the individual. Whether in business or in government service, he has tried to live up to his personal code: "That any man with money has a special responsibility to do something constructive in the world." It is this approach to life that has crowned every one of his actions with success.

The tall, rangy man, slightly stooped, with dark, gray-streaked hair, is regarded as a public servant who has always been dedicated to his job—studious, indefatigable, utterly honest and intelligent, hard-working executive.

Harriman is the father of two daughters by his first wife, the former Kitty Lanier Lawrence. In 1930 he was married to Mrs. Marie Norton Whitney. His hobbies are riding, skiing and swimming.

The following is a passage the for New English Bible published last month.

The Sermon on the Mount

"Our Father in heaven,
Thy name be hallowed;
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us the wrong we have done,
As we have forgiven those who have wronged us.
And do not bring us to the test,
But save us from the evil one."

For if you forgive others the wrongs they have done, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if you do not forgive others, then the wrongs you have done will not be forgiven by your Father.

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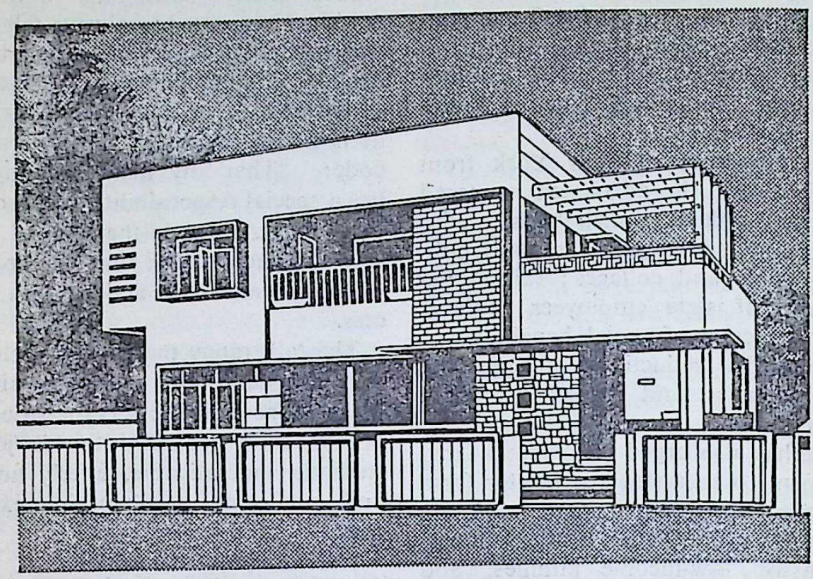

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...Yatra Visvam, bhavati eka nidam...

A Day At Shantiniketan

• SUDDHANANDA BHARATI •

WE went by the Gaya Mail to Bolpur and as we alighted, a messenger received us and we motored straight to the Guest House. It was early dawn and the blossoms around were feasting the humming bees as they wafted in the gentle breeze, welcoming the sun.

We strolled here and there breathing the beauty of that Abode of Peace. Orphaned of the Poet's physical presence, yet the hand of a God-Father was visible in the ashram's life. Our beloved Premier Jawaharlal Nehru, as Chancellor of the Visva Bharati, is taking every care to keep the Tagore atmosphere alive in the Abode of Peace which has considerably widened its activities as a Central University.

The words of the Upanishad written in Bengali characters greet us at the very entrance to each department. The collective universal ideal of the Visva Bharati is summed up in the Vedic dictum *"yatra visvam, bhavati eka nidam"* which means "where the universe of beings gather in one nest of soul-consciousness". This magnificent ideal meets our eyes and also the ideals of peace, beauty and felicity—*shantam, sundaram, mangalam.*

We go to the Shanti Kala, where under the Saptaparna tree, Maharshi Debendranath, the Poet's father, had sat in meditation. We feel the thrill of a calm presence when we read the Bengali words on the cement seat of Debendranath: *Tini amar praner aram, maner ananda, atmer shanti,* which means "this place has granted us serene ease for the life, bliss for the mind and peace for the soul." This was the nucleus of *Shantiniketan* conceived by the great Maharshi and fulfilled in his poetic dreams by his famous son.

The whole of Visva Bharati is indeed an artistic creation beaming a multi-coloured rapture of existence. Beauty, beauty everywhere, smiling with the glow of inner satisfaction—beauty in the flora, in the orchards, beauty in the lives of professors, boys and girls and even in the subtle rhythm of their walk and talk.

THE POET'S EDEN

The good guide takes us to Uttarayan where we see four buildings depicting the aesthetic rapture of the Poet's imagination. It fairly reminds us of the Silent Palace at Potsdam where Frederic and Voltaire lived together. Tagore himself was very fond of mud-walled homes and we see *"Shyamilin"*, the mud cottage where the Poet lived for a long time. Its

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paintings and decorations attract our eyes. We see there Tagore the painter, Tagore the sculptor, Tagore the artist.

Udichi and Punascha near it are cement buildings with decorative nuances and the towering mansion of Visva Bharati is the "Udayan" otherwise called Tagore Sadan which is a sight to see. In the drawing hall we see the Darbar of the universal poet, his high seat, chairs, quilts, sofas, the things he used, and crossing this is the high elevated silver chair of Debendranath.

This hall contains the collection of Tagore's works—his lyrics, dramas, novels, stories, essays, sketches, books containing his introduction etc., etc. We come to know here that the Poet was also a doctor of medicine, an actor, a dancer, a botanist, a student of natural science besides being a painter.

He has given a Pygmalion touch to everything handled by him. He was dead against ascetic bareness and he set life-values to everything he imagined. "My heart throbs to mingle with the heart of humanity—*Hridaye hamara krandan kare manava hridaye milite*", says the Poet.

There is a special almirah containing the editions and translations of the *Gitanjali* which brought him the Nobel Prize and world recognition. Tagore's autoscripts are also preserved there. One script says: "We give our heart to things and they reveal their hearts to us". Another says: "Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger". Still another says: "There are seekers of wisdom and seekers of wealth, but I seek Thy company so that I may sing."

Nearby there is a collection of famous letters written to Tagore. A card from Gandhiji says "Of course wherever I am, Shantiniketan is always in mind...Babu". The words of Nehruji are kept prominently. We wonder how one human brain can weave so many lines in verse and prose enriching universal life.

Our surprise increases as we go around the Poet's garden. It is really a pleasing poem of leaves, tendrils and flowers. The Poet by his botanical ecstasy has given new twistings to creepers, to mango and guava branches and has tried new methods of graftings and buddings and cross polinations. The lotus pool in the centre is a memorial to his fanciful dreams of love and beauty.

●●●

There are so many Bhavans in Shantiniketan—Patha Bhavan which gives instruction up to the Xth class, Siksha Bhavan where students study up to the Inter-arts and sciences, Vidya Bhavan where graduates are trained, research scholars get diplomas and certificates; Sangeet Bhavan humming with music and jingling with dance; Kala Bhavan where students are trained in arts and artistic crafts. There are Hindi Bhavan and Cheena Bhavan teaching these languages. These are beautified by the murals and frescos of Nandalal and Abinindra and we feel as if we are in Ajanta or Ellora. There is an Agro-economic research centre too.

The Central University, as it is called now, is an excellent co-educatio

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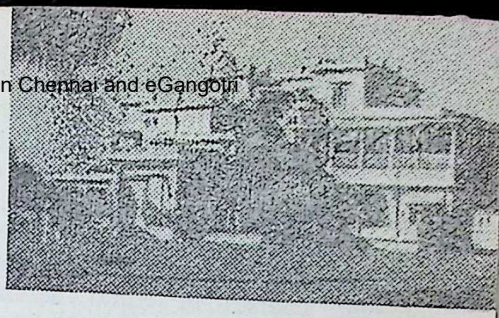
centre, building up the art of colourful life in the youth of Asia.

Co-education is a perfect success here. Though lady students have separate quarters, they study together and behave very decently with due decorum and courtesy to each other. The morning classes begin at 8 a.m. with a mass prayer and silent meditation in the open. Every process of life is directed by a ding-dong Simharavam.... After a few seconds' silence, the Poet's songs are sung by the music students. And then they disperse for their classes.

The classes are held under shady mango trees where students sit in a circle in front of the teacher who also sits on the ground with them. Classes are held inside rooms during the rains. The painters are allowed the freedom of drawing any scenery in the University campus. They go on with their work concentrating upon producing the best.

The Kala Bhavan is a veritable feast for the eyes. There we see the symbolic paintings of the Poet and the exquisite workmanship of the lady students and the attractive handiwork of the boys. Art plays an important part in the life of the students who had decorated even their quarters with beautiful clay models, sculptures and paintings. The Dandi Yatra of Mahatmaji has been painted on a wall and the painter has written under it "Awake, arise and stop not until you have reached the goal—*Uttishtata, Jagrata, Prapya Varan Nibhodata...*" We saw in the Kala Bhavan a student painting Krishna's smiling face and a lady painting a lotus opening at sunrise. The teacher was never a taskmaster there, he was a close friend and brother. The object of education



Sri Niketan

is not stuffing the brain with information but drawing the obscure kernel of genius from the soul. We remember Rousseauian Emile when we see the youthful genius budding naturally and opening to the light with the hue and fragrance of Nature.

The library of Shantiniketan contains a vast collection of useful volumes in all languages of the world. Tamil and Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada books are at a dingy corner where it is difficult to reach. English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Hindi and Bengali books are within easy reach and the card system can bring you any book easily. I was glad to see among them my treatise on Tagore and also in Tagore's own library, *Varakavi Tagore*.

The residential system, rather the Gurukula system, brings the teacher and the taught close together and there is sympathy and enthusiasm on both sides. There is no tendency to strike or create disturbance among the students who are amiable friends of the teacher. The University has yet to enlarge its science section but yet students learn elementary knowledge in physics and chemistry with the very limited number of apparatus at their disposal. English and Bengali media are kept here, and Hindi is duly encouraged.

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SRINIKETAN

Now we turn to another grand creation of Tagore—SRINIKETAN. It has well organised departments of Rural Reconstruction, Social Education Organiser's Centre, Institute of Rural Higher Education which offers diploma courses in Rural Service, Agricultural Science, and National Extension Service and a Leprosy Control unit which treats and controls leprosy.

Seasonal festivities are a special feature of Shantiniketan. Sriniketan festival is a sight to see.

We see mural paintings and drawings on the floor. We hear thrilling songs dedicated to the PALLI JANANI, Village Mother. The paintings of Nandalal Bose give us a picture of Tagore blessing the cultivator and singing "Go back to the Soil which is the breast of the land, and life blossoms from the dust...."

The Rural festival begins by lighting an oil lamp placed in the centre of an ornamental circle with flowers smiling around it. Kamini greets the flamy Simoli which overlooks Malati smiling from the green bushes. The museum-hall in Sriniketan gives us all in a place, the work of fruitful art produced by the inmates, beautiful clay models, textile goods and ornamental wood work. All these are put to sale and they bring returns which turn smoothly the wheel of Sri, wealth, in this institute of art and artful life.

We see students going in groups for the rural service and they do their national duty cheerfully. Tagore in a speech defines the object of Sriniketan thus:

"The object of Sriniketan is to bring back life in its completeness into the villages, making them self-reliant and self-respectful, acquainted with the cultural traditions of their own country and competent to make an efficient use of modern resources for the physical, intellectual and economic condition."

"Our aim must be to give these few villages complete freedom, education for all, the winds of joy blowing across the village, music and recitations going on as in the old days."

The Poet gave the world a new pattern of life and kept his door open to all. The Visva Bharati is really a fulfilment of the Poet's famous prayer:

"Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been
broken into fragments by narrow
domestic walls;
Where words come out from the
depth of Truth,
Where tireless striving stretches its
arms towards perfection,
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way into the
dreary desert sand of dead habit,
Where the mind is led forward by
Thee into ever-widening thought
and action;
Into that heaven of freedom, my
father,
Let my country awake."

The life in Tagore's Visva Bharati is progressing towards this ideal, and its atmosphere opens the heart to the Poet's famous prayer; "Bring Light to my Heart, O Heart Dweller, and awaken the flames of beauty and purity in my life—

Antara mamo vikasita karo antara
dare he
Nirmalo karo ujwala karo sundara
karo he."

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BIRD MYTHS OF INDIA

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

VEDIC literature is replete with references connected with bird life. The life of the bird was closely knit together with that of the Vedic Aryans. Thus in the *Rigveda* the sage Gritsamada addresses the sweet-voiced Kapinjala (of tawny brown colour) to always warble with auspicious sounds or notes in all directions, in the south, the north, in front and at the back.

It was considered as a prognostic if a bird sang carol at the commencement of any undertaking. The Sakuna bird is compared to the *udgatr* who sings the *saman* chant. The skylark (Bharadvaja) which sends its notes from high altitudes often becomes a subject of description to the poet.

We see in an episode of the *Mahabharata* that the *sakuntas* (blue jay) took care of the daughter of the sage Vishvamitra by the celestial damsel Menaka, when she was cast away in the solitary groves by her parents, from which incident she was known as Sakuntala. The pathetic sound of one of the herons (curlew) that was separated from its mate by the cruel act of a fowler touched the great seer Valmiki who in turn whispered on him a curse in numbers.

The Chakora or the Grecian pheasant is described by Sanskrit poets as being fed on the moon-beams. The handsome she-pheasants drunk with the feed of moon-beams appear to be languid with passion, says the author of the *Viddhasalabhanjika*.

The Chataka is supposed to quench its thirst by rain drops only. The Alamkarika takes this subject for purposes of literary embellishment. This bird, it is said, does not partake of any water that falls on the ground. As at the fall of rains the Kadamba trees sprout with their blossoms, so also the Chataka birds attain satiation from thirst. In the science of poetics, it is described that this bird does not approach any one other than Indra, even for a drop of water. So, the rain-water trickling down from the sky serves as the merciful bounty of that Lord of rain.

The Baka or the Indian crane is regarded in Sanskrit literature as the example of a cheat or rogue. It is the very embodiment of a rogue or hypo-

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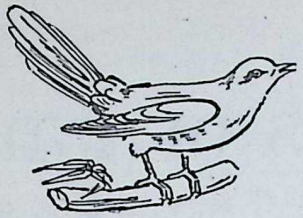

crite who knows very well that art of drawing others into his clutches. The occupation of a false devotee or religious hypocrite is described as *bakavritti* and a person who follows this is known as *bakavrati*. In *Manu Smriti* is given a description of this type of a pretender, who sits with his head lowered as though rapt in meditation, though always engaged by carrying out his selfish ends, by putting up false appearances and behaving in too polite a manner. It is common knowledge that this bird sits up with closed eyes on the sides of a water-pool waiting for its prey in the form of the fish or other acquatic creature, and when at the right opportunity, it snatches away its victim. A fiend by name Baka appeared before Krishna in the form of a crane when he was vanquished.

The cuckoo is the favourite bird of the poets. Though of the same colour and appearance as of the crow, it is recognised only in the spring when it coos. Rhetoricians take this as an example for a figure of speech (Viseshalamkara). The cuckoo has a special attainment in this respect when it produces a melodious note—the fifth of the Indian gamut corresponding to note *G* of the European staff notation (*Kokilo rauti panchamam*). By virtue of its sounding the *panchama* note it is known as Pan- chamasya. With the advent of the spring season, the cuckoo is generally seen associated with the mango-grove. The rhetorician takes a pretext in mocking at the crow (*Vyajaninda*), whose voice is hoarse, at the same time showering praises on the cuckoo when it sends forth its melodious note from the grove (*Kuvalayanda*).

The crow is generally treated as symbolical of a contemptible or base fellow. The word Kaka (which stands for a crow) is onometopoetic (derived from *ka u*). The crow has for its credit three maxims in literature. The first of these is known as *Kakakshigola-nyaya*. This bird is supposed to have one eye from which incident, it is styled *ekadrishti, ekaksha,* etc. As and when occasions arise it can move the socket from one side into the other. This maxim is also applied to a word or phrase, which though used in a sentence, may if occasion requires, be used to indicate another meaning (*Anvaya*).

There is a story in the *Ramayan* according to which a fiend in the form of a crow (Kakasura) entered the hermitage of Rama during his peregrinations. Rama was relaxing on Sita's lap and was immersed in deep sleep. The crow-demon pecked on Sita's breasts and caused her injury. Rama was disturbed, being moistened by the drops of blood falling down from Sita's body. In rage he directed his arrow on the crow which flew in the sky in all direction to escape. But, these efforts proved futile. At last, he was constrained to make amends and seek pardon at the hands of Rama. In turn, the arro

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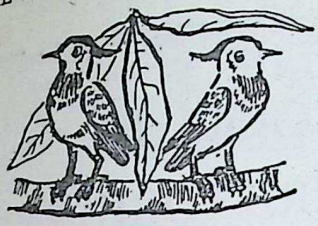

impaired the sight of one of its eyes. This incident is usually alluded to as being the cause of the crow being one-eyed.

Now coming to the second maxim, any useless or unprofitable task (scheme) undertaken by one is described as *Kaka-danta-gaveshana* i.e. a search after or indulgence in counting the teeth of a crow. As it is impossible for a crow to possess teeth, the task undertaken is also useless. The maxim of the crow's teeth is generally applied for purposes of illustration of any useless endeavour.

A third maxim connected with the crow is the *Kakataliya nyaya* or the maxim of the crow and the palm fruit. In *Chandraloka* and *Kuvalayanada,* this is described thus: *"Tadetatkaka aleeyam avitarkita sambhava."* An unexpected event or happening which may either be favourable or unfavourable may occur any time serving as a chance or accident. This maxim has its origin from the story of a crow which sits on the branch of a palmyra tree. At the very moment it perches on the branch, a fruit falls on its head, so as to kill it thereby denoting a very unexpected occurrence (beyond one's control—or an act of God).

The crow's sitting upon the pinnacle is taken up as a stock example for purposes of identification of the unknown from the known. (*Kakopalakshitam devadattagrham*—The dwelling on which a crow sits belongs to Devadatta).

In the sixth *prakarana* of the *Vasishta Ramayana* is mentioned the infinitely long and healthy life that was led by a certain crow Kakabhusunda by a mastery of the vital airs as also the Kundalini energy. Vasishta approaches this bird perched on a Kalpa tree on the mount Kailas. The bird narrates the wonderful experiences of its life (in having witnessed eight births of Vasishta, a hundred of Vishnu, one thousand of Buddha, eleven of Rama and ten of Krishna).

The crow serves as the vehicle of Saturn in Indian Iconography.

An impecunious person or a grainless ear of corn is known as *Kakayava.*

The owl and the crow are adversaries and in *Panchatantra* is narrated the story of their fight with each other. It is believed that these birds live a very long life. In obsequial rites, offerings intended for the Manes are generally given to the crows.

In the Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata,* an owl which lived a very long life bears witness to the good deeds of a righteous king by name Indradyumna. The *Adbhutaramayana* contains an episode in which it is said that the vainglorious sage Narada was once curbed of his pride by Krishna, when he had to receive lessons in music from an aged owl!

It was believed that such birds like the owl, the kite and the osprey portended evil. A Vedic seer offers prayers to Indra to see that these are driven away from the surroundings.

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PATHWAY TO GOD IN KANNADA LITERATURE

By

R. D. Ranade

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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

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[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES IX

Smt. Yamuna V. Shenoy, Bombay.

1. *I have rivers without water,*
I have towns without people,
I have railways without tracks,
I have a border, but I am not a Sari.
Who am I?

★

Kumari Uma Appanna, Bikaner.

2. *I have two legs, but I am not a human being,*
I have a head and a mouth, but no eyes;
I take things in my mouth and grip them fast,
I am a friend of the housewife whom I aid and protect.
Who am I?

★

Sri S. Umachandran, Aravankadu, (Mysore).

3. *When people sit on me, I move and enjoy, but I am no vehicle.*
They use their legs to make me move, but I am not their slave;
I am always in the company of the young, though the aged too get fun out of me;
Yet I am lifeless.
Who am I?

★

Sri M. Rama Murthy, Bangalore.

4. *We live in cages, but we are not parrots,*
We are guarded, but we are not kings;
We judge the right, but we are not juries,
We photograph everything, but we are not cameras,
Without us life is vain and sorrowful.
Who are we?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series VIII

(1) Cloud (2) Forehead (3) Egg (4) Food.

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G 2	**Socialism of My Conception** by Mahatma Gandhi

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

CHAUPATTY ROAD, BOMBAY 7

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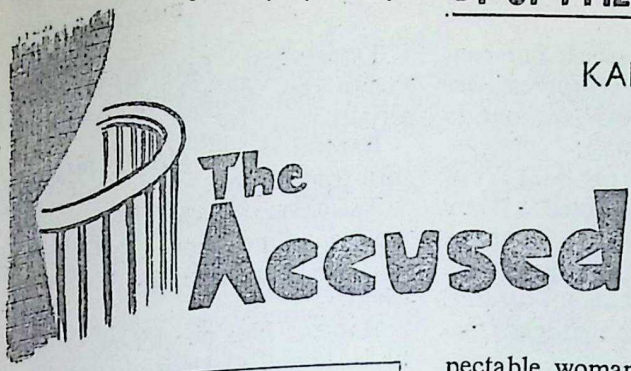

KAIWAR RAJA RAO

[The story so far—Gopal, the accused in the case, a graduate, snatched the golden mangal-sutra from the neck of a respectable lady and tried to run away with it when he was caught hold of by some passers-by and taken to police custody. At the trial, Gopal defended himself and while admitting that he snatched away the mangal-sutra, *said that the lady had no right to wear it as it belonged not to her, but to her divorced husband.]*

[Continued from the last issue]

TANGAVELU: (*To the Constable*) Call the lady! (*He goes out*) I am glad that the accused has accepted the charges.

RADHA: (*Coming*) Oh! It is such an ordeal.

TANGAVELU: (*Getting her seated in a chair*) Yes, madam. More so for a respectable woman like you. But the criminals do not stop robbing ladies!

RADHA: Has the man there accepted your charges?

TANGAVELU: Yes, madam. He has accepted the charges of open robbery and hurt to an unknown lady. Dames-

pectable woman.

RADHA: I am glad.

TANGAVELU: Permit me to sum the case, Your Honour.

JUDGE: Yes, proceed.

TANGAVELU: This accused, by name Gopal, son of one Seshadri, aged 32 years, a graduate, stated to have tried earn his living as a teacher, business manager, agriculturist, liaison officer, etc., etc., but failed in every line due to his fantastic, peculiar, impracticable, idealistic views of life; even worked unashamedly as a coolie and sometimes begged also—driven to desparate circumstances laid his covetous criminal hands on the neck of Srimati Radha, daughter of Diwan Bahadur Raghavendra, unknown to him, and plucked the valuable gold-roped diamond-studded *mangal-sutra* of the lady, causing grievous hurt to that lady in the act and also wounding her sentiments by pulling out the symbol of her married life. Having been caught in that criminal act, he is produced in this Court and has accepted the above charges made by this respectable lady and peculiar as it is, has asked for the maximum punishment admissible under the law...

(*During the above speech made with vigours, Radha is overpowered*

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with emotion, tries to speak, but cannot. Making efforts to suppress her emotions, she faints and is about to fall down from the chair).

TANGAVELU: (*Observing her*) Your Honour, the lady has fainted. (*There is commotion in the Court. The clerk gets some water, which is sprinkled on her face. The lady gradually recovers*).

TANGAVELU: Are you alright, madam?

RADHA: Yes, Yes. For heaven's sake, stop this trial. Please stop this trial.

TANGAVELU: (*Confused*) Why? What is the matter?

JUDGE: What does she say?

TANGAVELU: She requests that this trial be stopped.

JUDGE: Why? What are her reasons?

TANGAVELU: Take it easy, madam. Please rest for a while. You will be alright.

RADHA: I am alright. Please stop this trial, I say.

TANGAVELU: Why, why madam? He has done enough harm to you. Such persons should not go unpunished.

RADHA: No, no. I now know who he is. (*Loudly*) He is my husband, my husband. He has every right to do anything to me... (*There is commotion in the Court. Noise increases*).

JUDGE: (*Tapping his table with the gravel*) Silence, Silence! (*Gradually the Court-room becomes silent*).

TANGAVELU: Calm yourself, madam. How can he be your husband? He looks like a criminal, a lunatic. He cannot be the husband of a cultured lady like you.

RADHA: No, no. He is my husband. He is a peculiar man, still a noble man, I did not understand his noble qualities. I was not a good wife to him. Please leave him. Free him.

JUDGE: This is very embarrassing.

TANGAVELU: What does the prisoner say?

GOPAL: I am not her husband now. I am only her divorced husband.

RADHA: No...I have not divorced him.

GOPAL: I sent my written consent for divorce. The Gramsevaka agreed to marry you and you ran away with him.

RADHA: Yes. But I soon realised that while you wanted all my love and affection but not a *paisa* of my wealth he wanted all my wealth and possession and none of my love or affec

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tion. Fortunately I realised it before it was too late and dismissed him.

GOPAL: I am glad to hear that. I knew you would not be happy with that flirt.

RADHA: Since then I have been searching for you. I was unable to recognise you in your present dress and appearance. I am very sorry to meet you here, in such embarrassing circumstances. (*To the Judge*) Free him, free him. Let me take him.

JUDGE: I cannot allow that when the case is going on.

RADHA: What shall I do? I withdraw the case.

GOPAL: I do not want it to be withdrawn. I want to be punished.

JUDGE: What does the Public Prosecutor say?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. The case cannot be withdrawn by the lady.

RADHA: (*Surprised*) What! Can I not withdraw a complaint I have lodged?

TANGAVELU: No, madam. When you have handed over the case to the Police, it is for them to decide.

RADHA: I did not hand over the case.

TANGAVELU: Yet, in the interest of the general public, the Police have taken up the case and I will not allow it to be withdrawn.

RADHA: I say it is injustice.

JUDGE: Madam, calm yourself. The Police always work for the welfare of the community.

TANGAVELU: Thank you, Your Honour.

RADHA: But this is an affair between husband and wife.

JUDGE: (*Ignoring her*) Proceed.

TANGAVELU: I repeat, that this person, Gopal, is now proved beyond doubt, according to the testimony of the lady here...

RADHA: (*Interrupting*) No! No!

TANGAVELU: (*Angrily*) Madam! If you do not control yourself, you will have to be sent out of the Court for obstructing the proceedings of this Court. You have given the testimony under oath and should not protest now. In fact, you will not be permitted. (*Radha sits down helpless. Mr. Tangavelu continues*) According to the testimony of the lady here, he has violated the personal security and safety of a respectable woman, protected by the Constitution of this country. He has committed the crime of open robbery and grievous hurt. His crime is all the more serious, since he is an educated man. He knows the consequence of such crimes and he is ex-

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pected to behave better in society. I therefore demand that he should be given the maximum sentence admissible under the law.

JUDGE: But is it not his first offence before this Court?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. This is not his first offence. According to his own statement, he has deserted his wife, has been responsible for the loss of a heavy amount of his boss while he was a liaison officer and being an able-bodied person has resorted to begging—each one of which is punishable under law. Of course, those charges are not before this Court. But this is only to prove that he deserves maximum punishment. However, Your Honour cannot forget the sentimental value attached by a woman towards her *mangal-sutra* and the sanctity of the physical body of an Indian married woman, both of which have been violated by the accused at the dock, which amounts to molestation.

JUDGE: But she says she is his wife.

TANGAVELU: That is the crux of the problem, Your Honour. According to him she was divorced and consequently he has no right to touch her.

JUDGE: The fact is she is still his wife. Does this not mitigate the degree of offence?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. The understanding at the time of the occurrence of the offence is the criterion for judging the seriousness of the offence. It is therefore proved that the prisoner has robbed and molested a woman in public. Such cases of bad behaviour among educated persons are on the increase. It is therefore necessary for awarding maximum punishment in these cases as a deterrent.

JUDGE: Has the prisoner anything more to say?

GOPAL: Till now I was not aware that I had committed any crime. The plain facts are: My child was separated from me when it was five months old. When I saw it after five years, I forgot myself and embraced and kissed the child. I then saw that Radha was wearing the *mangal-sutra* given by me in marriage. As I was under the impression that she had divorced me, I thought it was illegal for her to wear it still. So I pulled it and threw it away. This was simple reasoning. However that may be, I see that the Prosecutor is a very able man. After hearing the arguments of the Public Prosecutor I am inclined to think that I must have committed a serious crime. I deserve and demand maximum punishment, as he desires.

RADHA: (*Vehemently opposing*) No! No! I love him, I love him.

GOPAL: Madam, control yourself. You say you love me. If it is true, then try to help me. Tell this Court that I should be given the maximum punishment. I am determined to go to jail.

RADHA: Is sending you to jail love?

GOPAL: Yes, it is. To love is to make one happy. After becoming an accused it has struck me that I may be happier inside a jail than outside. No honest man can live under an administration where nepotism, bribery, corruption, casteism, etc., are rampant.

JUDGE: Our Constitution protects our citizens against such malpractices.

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GOPAL: It is a farce, Your Honour. The Constitution is a book for foreigners to read and is ideal. But actually the Governments are interfering in every walk of life. The relationship between employer and employee, individual and society, even husband and wife are interfered with. They have even penetrated into the private lives of individuals. No honest person can lead a decent life under such administration.

JUDGE: You have reasons to be bitter. You have been a victim of circumstances and I really sympathise with you.

GOPAL: No, Your Honour, not a victim of circumstances but a victim of maladministration.

JUDGE: Let us leave it there. These matters are not the subjects to be discussed in this Court and are irrelevant to the case on hand.

RADHA: (*To the accused*) You are too idealistic. You have not yet learnt that this world is not for idealists. It is a tragedy that such noble persons like you are denied an honest living.

GOPAL: One cannot change one's nature. It is inborn.

RADHA: I am unable to answer you.

TANGAVELU: That is enough. The Court has already wasted enough time over a small case. You will allow the Honourable Judge to pronounce his judgment without disturbance.

JUDGE: The Public Prosecutor has already summed up the case correctly. If the prisoner had laid his hands on the lady knowing that she was his legal wife at that moment, there would have been no case before this Court. But, at the time of the occur-

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rence, the prisoner's understanding was that the lady had divorced him and consequently he was laying hands on a lady not related to him. This subtle difference proves the charges of theft and molestation. This makes him punishable under law. This is a Court of Law. But still, having regard to the tragic circumstances of the case and this being the first offence of the accused before this Court. I am inclined to be lenient and therefore sentence him to the minimum punishment of six months simple imprisonment.

(*Rises and goes to his chamber*).

GOPAL: (*Disappointed*) Is that all? (*Gopal's voice is drowned in the uproar in the Court. The Public Prosecutor is beaming with a triumphant smile. As the Court rises and as the prisoner is taken out of the dock, Radha falls at the feet of Gopal, crying. Gopal controls his emotions*).

RADHA: You are not my husband. You are my God. I will wait for you to return.

GOPAL: Madam, do not wait for me. I am now a jail-bird. Our breedings are different and ideologies different. Due to these disparities in ideals, moods and ways of life, we will not be happy and I cannot make you happy. The Hindu Code Bill has come in handy. Please therefore marry another suitable man and find happiness in life. After completing my sentence I do not want to see you. I shall thank you for leaving me alone. I thank you and wish you well.

RADHA: (*Crying*) No! No!

SHOBHA: I am sorry for you, Radha.... (*To Gopal*) Sri Gopal, I am really very sorry for you and am full of sympathy. It pains me to see that the life of such an honest person has been a tragedy.

GOPAL: Thank you, madam. Not only my life but the present world itself is a tragedy. We make laws to protect us and make us happy. But in actual life we realise that they only blind us and make our life a tragedy.

(*Gopal is escorted away. Radha is crying. Everyone is looking at her sympathetically. The curtain falls slowly*)

[*Concluded*]

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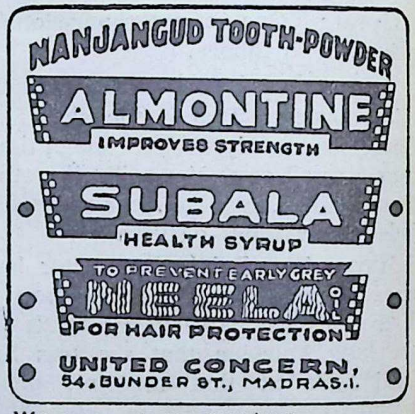

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or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

44. Gangoo's son, Krishna

DURLABHJI was at the Matheran Railway Station to receive Rajba and Raojibhai.

"How is my brother?" enquired Raj as soon as Durlabhji introduced himself.

"The doctor says that he has pneumonia," replied Durlabhji.

Rajba accompanied Durlabhji to the hotel and straightaway walked into Uday's room.

Kaviraj was sitting at a table in the verandah into which Uday's room opened. He was composing a poem; he had before him poetic lines which he had been inspired to compose during the night.

Early in the morning the poet had been told that Uday was lying seriously ill and that Sheela had left Matheran. In a mood of righteousness he felt that this was a condign punishment for a man of Uday's character, and did not go to enquire after his health. "It is but natural that such a wicked person should be a victim of divine wrath. If that were not so, how else could there prevail an atmosphere of righteousness in the world?" he thought.

As Kaviraj was engrossed in putting finishing touches to a verse, he saw a young woman of 22 or 23, astonishingly beautiful, coming into the hotel and going across the verandah into Uday's room. He was certain that she was a Gujarati. Various poetic phrases came to his mind. "...a vision of grace and beauty... in majestic grace she walked an empress...a beautiful vision that moved gently...a descending beauty from heaven..." The tired muse of Matamayur thus received fresh inspiration.

Rajba found Uday fast asleep. For a while she looked at him steadfastly. His eyes were swollen, his breath was uneven and fast, his lips were moving but could not articulate words distinctly.

"Brother," she said at last as she sat down on his bed and gently touched his forehead. Uday opened his eyes wide and with considerable effort in identifying her. "Ra

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Have you come?" he said in a feeble voice.

"Yes, brother, I have come. I, Raj," she said as she enveloped him in her arms.

"Really and truly!" he asked, trying to set his gaze on her.

"Yes, I have just arrived. Don't worry."

"Oh! Sister, I am most miserable." As he spoke, tears streamed down his eyes.

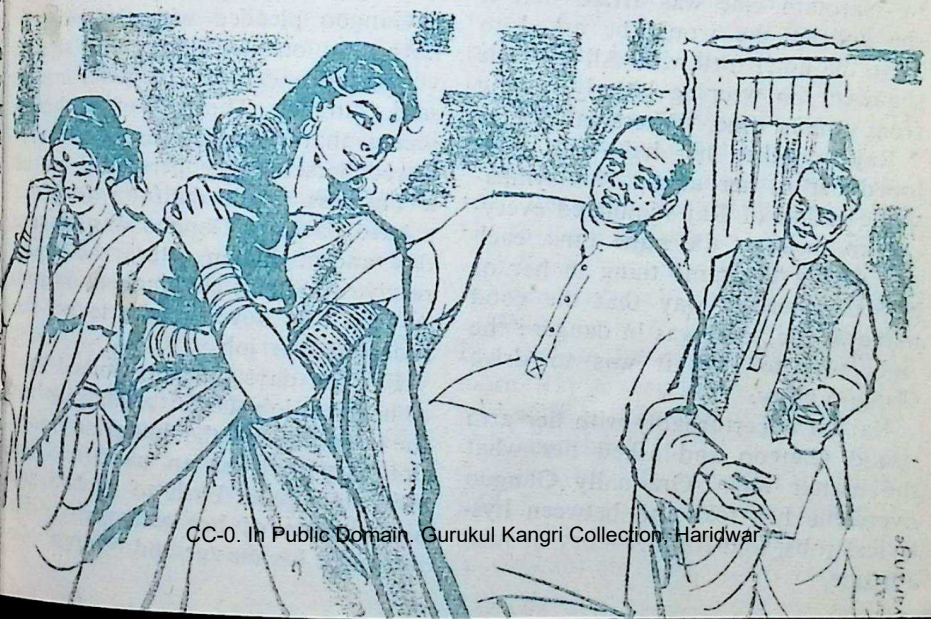
Durlabhji, the sensible man that he was, took himself away.

Raj, as she laid her palms on his cheeks, said: "Uday, God is great! He always helps those who are in distress. Nothing is going to happen to you. You see, I have come as quickly as I could. You had simply to think of me and I am here immediately."

For some time Uday was unable to stem the flow of his tears. Then imperceptibly he fell asleep.

Raj laid his head gently on to the pillow and straightened his bed. As she began to re-arrange the things that were lying in confusion on the bedside table, she saw the note that Sheela had left and also Mattamayur's article. She read them both and immediately understood what had happened. She went and stood in front of the window looking at the outside mountain for a little while.

A little later Durlabhji came to invite her to come to the dining hall for noonday meal. Uday was sleeping quietly, so she followed him. When she went down the steps of the dining room, a strange sight met her eyes. A storm was raging. Eighteen-year-old Gangoo was lying on the ground weeping bitterly. Durlabhji's wife, Kashi, was shouting at her at the top of her voice, while her son Narotam was standing brandishing a big stick at the poor girl. Kaviraj was



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also there, looking fierce, asking to turn the sinner out of the house.

Raj went straight towards Gangoo and took away the stick from Narotam's hand with quiet firmness. Kaviraj, Kashi and Narotam were taken aback by the vigour of Raj's intervention.

"Why do you want to help this miserable woman, sister? She fully deserves all that is meted out to her," remarked Kaviraj in a voice which he tried to make as gentle as his nature would allow him to. In the meantime Kashi had also got over her initial surprise and had resumed her abuse of Gangoo. Durlabhji intervened asking Gangoo to leave the hotel that very moment.

Raj ignored them all, sat down by the side of Gangoo and took her dust-covered head on to her lap. Gangoo made no attempt to get up from the ground to which she had been thrown by Narotam. She was afraid that if she got up she would be asked to leave the hotel forthwith. All the time she went on weeping bitterly, saying from time to time, "Where can I go?"

Raj smoothed her hair and enveloped her in her arms. This sympathetic action of Raj stimulated everyone to speak at the same time, each one saying the same thing in her or his characteristic way that the good name of the hotel was in danger; the only way to save it was to drive Gangoo away.

Raj sat imperturbably with her arm round Gangoo and asked her what the matter was. Gradually Gangoo overcame her fear and between hysterical sobs, told Raj her story of misfortune.

Gangoo's parents had died a year ago. Left an orphan she took a job as a maid-servant with a family. While living in the family she was seduced by the young son of the family. Her caste people were shocked when she, an unmarried girl, gave birth to a child. The caste *panchayat* in their indignation excommunicated her from the caste. For some time she went to live with her aunt who was living at some distance. When visitors began to flock to Matheran in October, Gangoo went out to look for a job and secured one with great difficulty. When asked about her family she replied that she was a widow and had no source of livelihood. "I have a little son which I will bring with me," she said. The lady of the house refused to employ a maid-servant with a child. "Her attention," she said "will be constantly diverted to the child and she would not do her work properly."

Gangoo pleaded with the lady to have pity on her. "My little son is very good and quiet. He never cries," said Gangoo. The lady of the house seeing that Gangoo was helpless allowed herself to be persuaded but as a business man's dutiful wife drove a hard bargain. Gangoo was to serve day and night. In return she would receive food and clothing, but no pay. As she had nowhere else to go, she accepted that job.

For ten days Gangoo worked hard at her new job. Unfortunately for her, the gardener of the bungalow found out that she was an unmarried girl who had given birth to a child and an outcaste of her community. He informed his master and mistress who

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were shocked at this news. They promptly turned her out from their house.

By this time the Parvatashram Hotel was filled to capacity by visitors who had begun to arrive for the holidays. Having left her child with her aunt, Gangoo applied for a job at the hotel. As there was scarcity of servants at the hotel, she was engaged on a salary of Rs. 5/- per month with food and clothing. Her duties were to clean the vessels, wash clothes and look after the needs of the women guests. She was allotted a small dark room at one end of the house near the store-room, to sleep.

After she got the job she brought her child at midnight and put it in a small trunk which her former mistress had given her. In order that the lid may not fall inadvertantly, she kept the lid open with a string tied to a nail. During the day, now and again she would snatch a few moments from her work to go and feed the child. At night she would take him out of the trunk and sleep with him on her side.

With the tips that she got from the women guests of the hotel whom she had served and the Rs. 5 that Sheela had given her, she purchased a woollen frock and a tiny shawl for the little child and was immensely happy with her new possessions.

During the Diwali holidays the hotel was so crowded that no one paid any attention to Gangoo. But when the holidays were over and the visitors had left the hotel, someone noticed that she went frequently to her room. The curiosity of Durlabhji's son, Narotam, was aroused and his suspicions were confirmed when he heard at night the cry of a child coming from Gangoo's room. Her secret was now discovered.

Durlabhji and his wife Kashi were shocked at Gangoo's behaviour. They felt that the reputation of the hotel would be ruined if it was discovered that they had employed a maid-servant who had an illegitimate child. No one of a respectable family would patronise the hotel again.

Durlabhji in his excitement mentioned the matter to Kaviraj, whose advice was stern: Drive Gangoo out of the hotel forthwith. Gangoo was in despair. She did not know what to do except to throw herself from the mountain-top.

As a possible alternative she threw herself at Kashi's feet crying "Where am I to go, where can I go?" Gangoo thought that Kashi being a woman and a mother would take pity on her. But she was a puritan, a devotee of Goddess Amba. She had no pity in her heart. She was only concerned with the awful crime Gangoo had committed. She had borne a child while still unmarried!

When Gangoo completed her narrative, Raj made her get up and asked her to show the boy to her. Durlabhji and Kashi were dumbfounded at the behaviour of such a respectable guest.

"What is this?" asked Mattamayur. But before he could say anything more Raj looked at him in such a way as if he had said something odd.

"I shall be happy to listen to whatever you have to say after I return" said Raj, as she left for Gangoo's room. She went there, picked up the four-month-old baby from the open

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trunk, removed the dirty rags with which it was covered and put on the frock and shawl which were lying in a corner of the room. Then she carried the baby to the dining room followed by Gangoo who was still sobbing, unable to understand what was happening.

"Durlabhji, bring me some milk" said Raj, in the most natural way possible. Durlabhji did not know whether he should comply with the request. He looked towards Kashi and towards Kaviraj and finally towards Raj, who showed clearly that she was waiting for him to bring the milk.

Kaviraj was overwhelmed with Raj's beauty. Beautiful women had always a great attraction for him and all those beautiful women had paid homage to him; he thought that this young woman would do the same. But the tables had been turned in this case. So overwhelmed was he by Raj's beauty and conduct that he could find nothing to say. Ultimately he summoned up a stern expression and asked: "What do you think you are doing?"

Raj looked at the poet with an expression so innocent as if to say how anyone could put such a question.

"What do you think mothers do when they look after their children?" Raj's voice was full of affection as if it was her own child that was concerned.

When Durlabhji brought the milk she started feeding the little one. For a while she turned to Gangoo and asked her to take the child into another room and feed it herself.

"Durlabhbhai, I want you to reserve the room next to mine for Gangoo and her child. They are my guests" she said.

"But Rajba Saheb, your guests!" exclaimed Durlabhji in complete bewilderment.

"Would you rather we went to another hotel?" asked Rajba sweetly. "If so we shall go to the Rugby Hotel after we have had our meals. But for the moment, please send dinner for me and Gangoo to our rooms. It is perhaps better that we dine there."

The atmosphere became quite tense. Raj walked towards her room with one of her hands on Gangoo's shoulder. Even Kaviraj could not find any words.

o o o

The rest of the day Raj sat by the side of Uday. Twice the doctor came to give injections so as to maintain his strength.

As she watched Uday breathing hard, Raj began to doubt whether Uday would get well. She stopped herself from being a prey to panic; she asked Gangoo to attend to Uday, had her bath and sat on the floor in *padmasana* (a yogic pose) and began to pray for Uday's life. Raj had complete faith in God. For months she had been training herself to achieve single-minded trust in Him. "He must live, Lord! You must save him" was Raj's refrain.

Slowly she closed her eyes, controlled her breath and concentrated on Uday. For a while in her mind's eye she saw Uday standing erect, laughing and cheerful. As she concentrated further the darkness before was illuminated by a green soothing light sometimes flashing across like light-

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ning, sometimes rippling like the waters of the lake. The light was transformed, it acquired radiance and completely hypnotised her. For a long time Raj remained in this state of meditation; she lost all count of time. Then she opened her eyes. The room was lit up by a soft light. She saw someone standing in front of her —a small dark figure in a yellow *pitambar*, a crown on his head, a flute on his radiant face. From the flute came forth the notes which filled her heart with delight as she had never experienced before. She became one with God.

Suddenly Raj became aware of her surroundings. There was darkness around her. The small figure which had radiated joy had disappeared but she could still hear the lingering notes of the flute.

Suddenly with her eyes open she saw an ancient sage standing in front of her. It disappeared as she fell prostrate on the ground to touch his feet. "Call Sheela," came a clear voice of command.

Raj felt that she had got the answer she had been seeking. God had told her what to do. She felt convinced that Uday would now live.

She returned to Uday's room and found him sleeping peacefully. She heard Gangoo's child crying in the next room. "Go and feed the child" she ordered "and then bring him to me."

Raj's heart was full of joy and confidence. As she stood by the bedside of Uday, Gangoo came and handed Krishna to her. The child had now been fed, given a bath and dressed in nice clothes. Raj took the child in her arms and went out into the verandah and began pacing it from one end to the other.

Kaviraj Mattamayur was torn by conflicting emotions. He was angry at Raj not paying him any attention. He was drawn to her and was anxious to add her to his numerous admirers. Seeing her walking up and down the verandah he approached her and tried to make conversation by enquiring with a smile how Uday was.

"He is better," replied Raj. "I hope he will soon get over his delirium."

Kaviraj saw the little child smiling at him and his poetic instincts were immediately stirred. He muttered under his breath a line. "It is not a smile, but half smile and half sunshine."

"I must say you are a wonderfully devoted nurse," the poet said, trying to make friends. "Your brother is a lucky one. Few men have the good fortune to have such a sister."

Raj did not reply but went on playing with the little child.

Kaviraj continued "Your are wrong to spoil Gangoo and her child in this manner. You are giving them too much importance, too much prestige."

For a minute Raj did not give any reply. Then she asked as if making a humble enquiry from a knowing person: "Prestige and importance. Where do they come from?"

"Prestige comes of good breeding, good manners and good morals. If we do not uphold prestige we go the way of disgrace and degeneration," replied Kaviraj.

"What do you think will happen if we do not take any notice of peo-

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ple who are in distress? Perhaps then we would have no need for compassion. Is not compassion intended for people in misery?" asked Raj.

Kaviraj was astonished at this reply. He had not expected such a thoughtful query.

"But how can we ignore sin?" the poet asked. "It must be condemned. How can we compromise with it?"

Raj kept quiet for a moment smiling at the little boy. Then suddenly she pointed at him and asked "Do you find a sinner in this boy?"

"He is the fruit of sin. If we accept him we would destroy the very foundation of Aryan culture."

Raj looked at the poet with an expression of surprise as if she had never heard such a remark. Turning to the child she asked the question "So you, little man, you are going to ruin Arya Dharma?" The child looked wide-eyed and innocently at Raj. Raj turned towards Kaviraj and said, "I am afraid I am not able to understand this. Indeed none of us three can understand you."

As Raj said nothing more, but just looked at him, the poet was forced to ask: "Which three people do you mean?"

"First of all myself" replied Raj. "I am of course ignorant. Then, this little boy Krishna."

"Who is the third?" enquired Kaviraj.

"Oh! the third? He is the founder of Aryan culture."

"The Founder of Aryan culture!" exclaimed Kaviraj somewhat excitedly. He thought that Raj was making fun of him.

"Yes," she said, "Lord Krishna Dwaipayan Vedavyas. When did the fisher girl, Matsyagandhi, marry his Rishi Parashar?"

Without waiting for a reply Raj quickly walked away to her room, tossing the little child from one arm to the other.

Kaviraj was very offended. He had never expected such conduct and such a retort. It had never struck him that the father of Aryan culture had been an illegitimate child.

He went into his room as was his habit, sat down to compose the rough draft of a poem. That very morning he had been inspired by this astonishingly beautiful woman. He had composed lines in which he had described her in terms of a goddess who had found her way to this earth. Now he found that the same young woman was responsible for his inability to compose a single line.

"Who was it?" he asked himself. "Who said that compassion was for those in misery? Was it Sri Krishna, Patanjali or Buddha? Why had she made a reference to Vedavyas, the Founder of Aryan culture?" The poet could not understand this young woman at all. Was she making fun of him? Was she trying to teach him a moral principle? Or, as he said to himself, was she only trying in her own humble way to clear the confusion in her own mind! After all, what sin had Gangoo's son committed? It was shocking, he thought, that she should have spoken of Matsyagandhi, the mother of Vedavyas and Gangoo in the same breath.

[To be continued]

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Rambha's Curse

FOOLS rush where angels fear to tread. This proverb had no better application than in our gambler who flogged the angels. Not content with what he had done, he walked home like a peacock to proclaim his achievements to Rambha.

It is easy to judge a person from the manner in which he starts a conversation. Like a fencer some beat about the bush before coming to the point which is only an index of their underestimation of the other man. But there are others who talk at point-black range with disastrous results. But halfwits and nitwits have their own ways.

Our gambler for instance chose a long ambit. As soon as he saw Rambha, he started laughing uproariously.

"What is the matter, lord?" asked she.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Are you all right?"

"Fine, much better than you are!"

"Thank God!" replied she feeling relieved.

"Rambha! I had my day."

"What do you mean?" asked she.

"Well; you remember those fellows in the Deva-loka who came to your help when you swooned?"

"Yes, what of them?" asked she feeling apprehensive.

"I met them down there."

"You did?"

"I beat them up!"

"What? You did so and for what?" asked she becoming nervous.

"They failed to salute me, your husband, when I accosted them at the river-bank."

"Good god! You have really upset the apple-cart. I am sure they will complain to Devendra who would assuredly take me to task and you too. May be, curse us!"

The gambler now became jittery and clinging to her, begged: "Rambha, hurry up to Indra, please, and try to save me from his anger!"

Rambha accordingly left for Deva-loka greatly agitated and stood before Indra bowing. On seeing her Indra who had already heard the complaint from the aggrieved party chastised her: "Not only did you think fit to live with a human, but made that chaff of a man beat my devas too! How dare you insult me thus? Take this curse!" roared he.

The aggrieved Devas, however, intervened and said: "Lord! Rambha is innocent. It is her husband who is wicked and is the culprit. Please be lenient on her!"

Indra relented and agreed to modify his curse which he pronounced as follows: "Rambha! You shall become an evil spirit and live in Bhooloka. Till such time as the present eleven

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tall towers of sacred Vishvanatha's temple at Kashi are pulled down and are reconstructed, you shall stay in that form!"

Submitting to the inevitable, Rambha requested Indra to stay that curse till she saw her husband and communicated this news. Indra agreed.

Running home Rambha related, amidst tears, to her gambler husband Indra's curse and said, "Lord! I shall soon become an evil spirit, but let me chalk out a way for our early reunion. After becoming an evil spirit, I shall "possess" the daughter of Kashi Raja. You come there and offer to de-possess the princess. I shall cooperate with you so as to convince the King of your ability. As a part of the treatment, prescribe to the King that all the eleven tall towers of the Vishvanatha temple be demolished and reconstructed. You will thus be aiding my early release and our reunion." Little do fools realise the consequences of their actions.

The king's favourite daughter was possessed by an evil spirit and as a result she behaved in such a way that she drew tears from all the people of the city. The royal parents wore their eyes out weeping. The princes tore her clothes, spat at people and jumped from balconies. The royal household became soaked in calamity.

The king widely made it known that whoever would de-posses his daughter of the evil-spirit could marry her.

A few who aspired to her hand without the requisite qualification learnt their mistake at an enormous cost.

When the gambler went to Kashi, therefore, the atmosphere was tense.

Walking into a hotel run by an old woman, he asked her "Mother! What is the news in this city? I am new to it."

"O, my son!" began the lady. "The latest news is that the King's daughter is mad. They say she is possessed by a devil. The King has offered to give her hand to whomsoever would cure her of her malady. Many a young man has come to do so; but failed miserably and the King is overwhelmed with sorrow!"

"Mother! In my early days I had travelled all over the country—from Malabar to Himalayas—and have sat at the feet of many sages who have taught me all the *mantras*. I have cured worse cases. Poor King!" said he.

The old woman smiled and asked: "Are you sure of what you are saying?"

"As sure as I am alive," replied he

"Look, my son! The King's order is to bring to him anyone who claims to have such knowledge, and failure to do so is punishable. Would you therefore accompany me to the King? If you have no objection, I shall call you my grandson. Now, come and have a wash and no one should go out on an empty stomach. Food will be ready in a few minutes." She went inside.

After providing a sumptuous food, the old woman took the gambler before the King. The latter who had of late seen a crop of pseudo *mantriks* was inclined to be sceptic. Asked he of his Minister *tete-a-tete*; "Doesn't

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he look a boor? Do you think he will have the stuff in him?"

"Who knows Lord, which snake-pit contains the snake? Appearances are often deceptive. I believe there will be no harm in allowing him to try," replied the Minister.

The King asked the gambler: "You know that I have offered to give the hand of my daughter to whomsoever cures her of her madness. Now I add half my kingdom to it. But I would also postulate that, having offered to cure her, should you fail to do so, you must answer it with your head. Are you game?"

Normal people look before they leap but gamblers do after leaping. Consistent with the character of his tribe our hero promptly put his signature to the agreement incorporating the strange clauses and started operations with gusto.

Ordering for a complete outfit of magic paraphernalia, he lighted a massive oil lamp with a large wick, incanted imaginary spells and uttered incomprehensible words and invoked Rambha on the large flame in token whereof he called for a cackling spark which, to the astonishment of all assembled, it did give forth.

Convinced as the King became of the power of the gambler, he caused his daughter to be brought into the room. When she did, our hero took a handful of the sacred ash and uttering some formula threw it on her face. True to her promise, Rambha who "possessed" the princess, co-operated,

and the latter tamed. The gambler then ordered her to follow him to a nearby hill. On the way he made her carry a huge piece of rock. The royal retinue which followed the strange pair felt panicky lest the rock should descend on their heads. But emboldened by the presence of the *mantrik*, they followed them at a distance.

On reaching the foot of the hill, he asked the princess to deposit the rock on the ground. She did so meekly.

When the gambler showed her a mirror, the princess blushed at her appearance and ran for shelter behind a tree.

It was clear that she had become normal.

Thereafter the royal retinue took charge of her and led her to the palace.

[*To be continued*]

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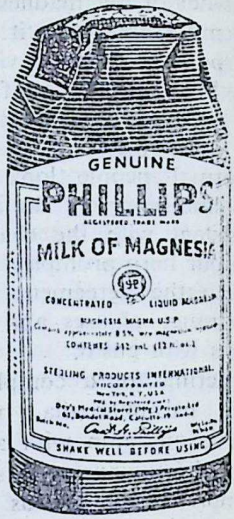

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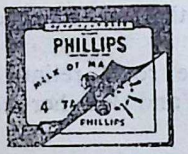

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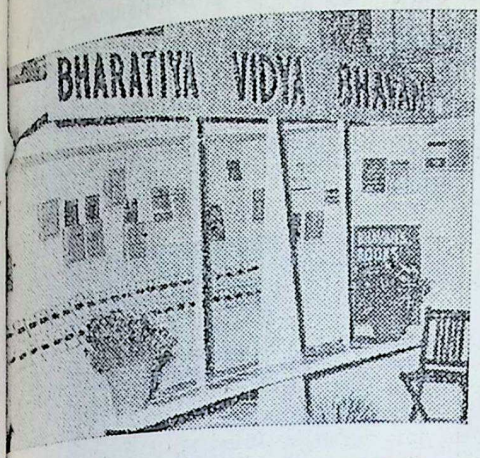
News & Notes



EXPORT PRODUCTS EXHIBITION

ON the occasion of the ECAFE Conference held recently in Delhi, the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Government of India, organised an Export Products Exhibition which was a very popular feature, as it gave to businessmen in the export-trade in our country a comprehensive idea of the products available for export and of the efforts being made by the Government for encouraging export promotion.

After the attainment of Independence by India the demand for Indian books throwing light on Indian culture, civilization and life has been on the increase and Bhavan's Book University and allied publications have been trying to meet this demand.

Above is the view of the Bhavan's Book Stall at the Exhibition.

SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

THE Shastriya Sanskrit Examinations conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will begin at the different centres spread all over the country on the 10th and end on the 15th of this month. The detailed time-table can be had either from the centres or from the Pariksha Sampadak, Department of

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SWAMI PURUSHOTTAMANANDAJI

SRI SWAMI PURUSHOTTAMANANDAJI of Vasishta Guha (14 miles from Rishikesh) attained Maha Samadhi on the night of the last Maha Sivaratri.

Hailing from Travancore, Swamiji was of a religious bent of mind from an early age and he was influenced by Sri Ramakrishna Movement. He worked under Swami Nirmalananda of the Ramakrishna Mission for more than twelve years. Initiated by Swami Brahmananda in 1916, he became a Sannyasin in 1923 under the name Swami Purushottamanandaji.

In 1929 Swamiji settled in Vasishtha Guha in the Himalayas and spent his life in prayer and meditation in that solitary cave in the midst of the dense forest.

An *ashram* gradually developed near the cave without any effort on the part of Swamiji. Many people visited him at the *ashram* and were influenced and benefited by him.

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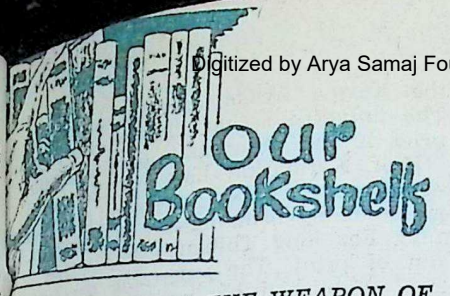

GANDHI WIELDS THE WEAPON OF MORAL POWER. By Gene Sharp. Foreword by Dr. Albert Einstein. Introduction by Bharatan Kumarappa. Published by Navajivan Publishing House. Ahmedabad. pp. 316. Price: Rs. 5.

THE book under review is a significant addition to Gandhian literature. It will be of value to future historians and research students. It is a faithful record of India's peaceful struggle for liberation under Gandhiji's guidance. It gives a vivid picture of the strategy and technique of non-violence as a moral-force pitted against brute-force. Though the facts marshalled are known ones, having been already reported in newspapers and magazines, there is a novelty of approach, which instead of philosophising on *Satyagraha,* narrates more effectively the practical application of it without hatred and malice. In his approach, the author, who is a confirmed pacifist and who had undergone imprisonment for civil disobedience to military conscription offers Gandhiji's moral-power as the only alternative for brute-force which in the context of the race among the nations for the manufacture and piling up of nuclear weapons, is bound to destroy the human race, if allowed to take its own course.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer.*

GUJARATI

SHAMBAL (Provisions for the Journey). By Pamnyas Dhurandharvijay Gani. Published by Jain Sahitya Vardhak Sabha, Ahmedabad. pp. 120. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.

A COLLECTION of diary jottings, consisting of stray thoughts, reflections, moral sayings and advices for the guidance of the individual traversing the path of life. The general outlook revealed by these is moral, optimistic, positive and balanced. Most of the pieces are commonplace, though doubtlessly there is a class of readers that finds some guidance, inspiration or solace in this type of writing. For a wider interest and appeal, the author would be well advised to devise a book which illustrates a truth or aphorism by means of some illustrative incident or anecdote chosen from actual life.

ABADI-NA MARGE (Pathway to Prosperity). By Keshavlal Motilal Vyas (Sri Sayaji Village Development Series, No. 26). Published by M. S. University of Baroda. 1959. pp. 102 + 12. Price: Re. 1.75. n.P.

A PRAISEWORTHY attempt to popularize the ideal of selfless service for rural upliftment. In the form of a simple but interesting narrative the author has described how a retired teacher devotedly applies himself to the task of uplifting his utterly backward village, and how, though single-handed to start with, he succeeds through sincere work, understanding and love, in banishing the evils of untouchability, illiteracy and superstition, and brings prosperity to all through co-operative efforts. The small book would certainly do its small bit in creating understanding and sympathy in its readers for the stupendous yet urgent task of village reconstruction.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

KANNADA

SRI BHASYA OF RAMANUJA, Part I, Catuh Sutri. Edited and translated by Prof. R. D. Karmarkar. Published by University of Poona, Poona. pp. 200. Price: Rs. 8.

THE volume under review is the first part of the translation of Ramanuja's commentary on the Vedanta Sutras, and it covers the first four *sutras. Sri Bhasya* is decidedly a difficult work full of astute logical subtleties and closely argued thesis. In fact in the very first *sutra* we gather all the im-

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portant tenets of Visistadvaita. Reality is a complete organic inseparable unity of Matter, Souls and God, the first two being subject to the control of the third in all the forms. The first two are the *visesanas* and the dominant one the *visesya*. The inseparable complete whole is the *Visistadvaita*. Matter and soul are sustained by God, subject to His control and absolutely subserve His purpose. The relation between these entities is that of the relation between the body and the soul. It is called *aparthak siddhi* relation. Devotion to the Lord and self-surrender to Him are the ways to *moksha*. There is unity between the *Karma kanda* and *jnana kanda*. The universe is not illusory. Such in brief is the philosophy of Ramanuja.

Prof. Karmarkar has laid the world of students under a deep debt of gratitude by bringing out this translation. For long Thibaut's translation is out of print. The venerable professor has established his reputation by his sixty years' work as the doyen of the profession. It is an invaluable boon to the students. It is an excellent introduction to the study of Ramanuja. The notes of 80 pages are valuable for study.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

Regard your neighbour's gain as your own gain and regard your neighbour's loss as your own loss.

—Tao

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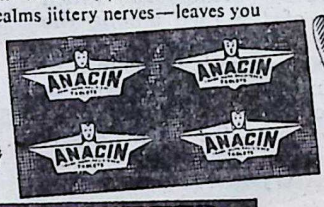

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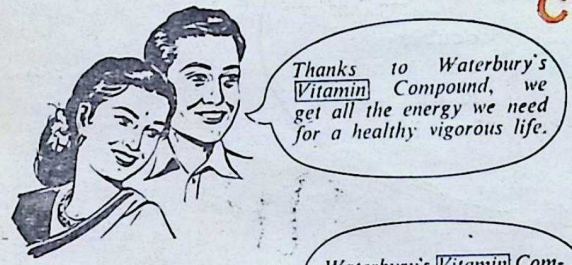

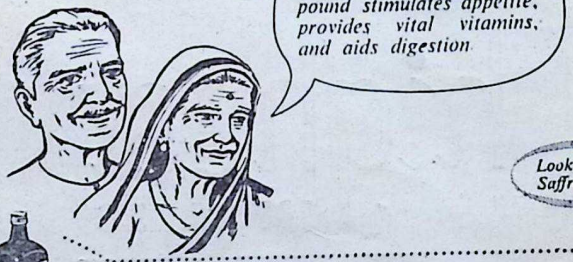

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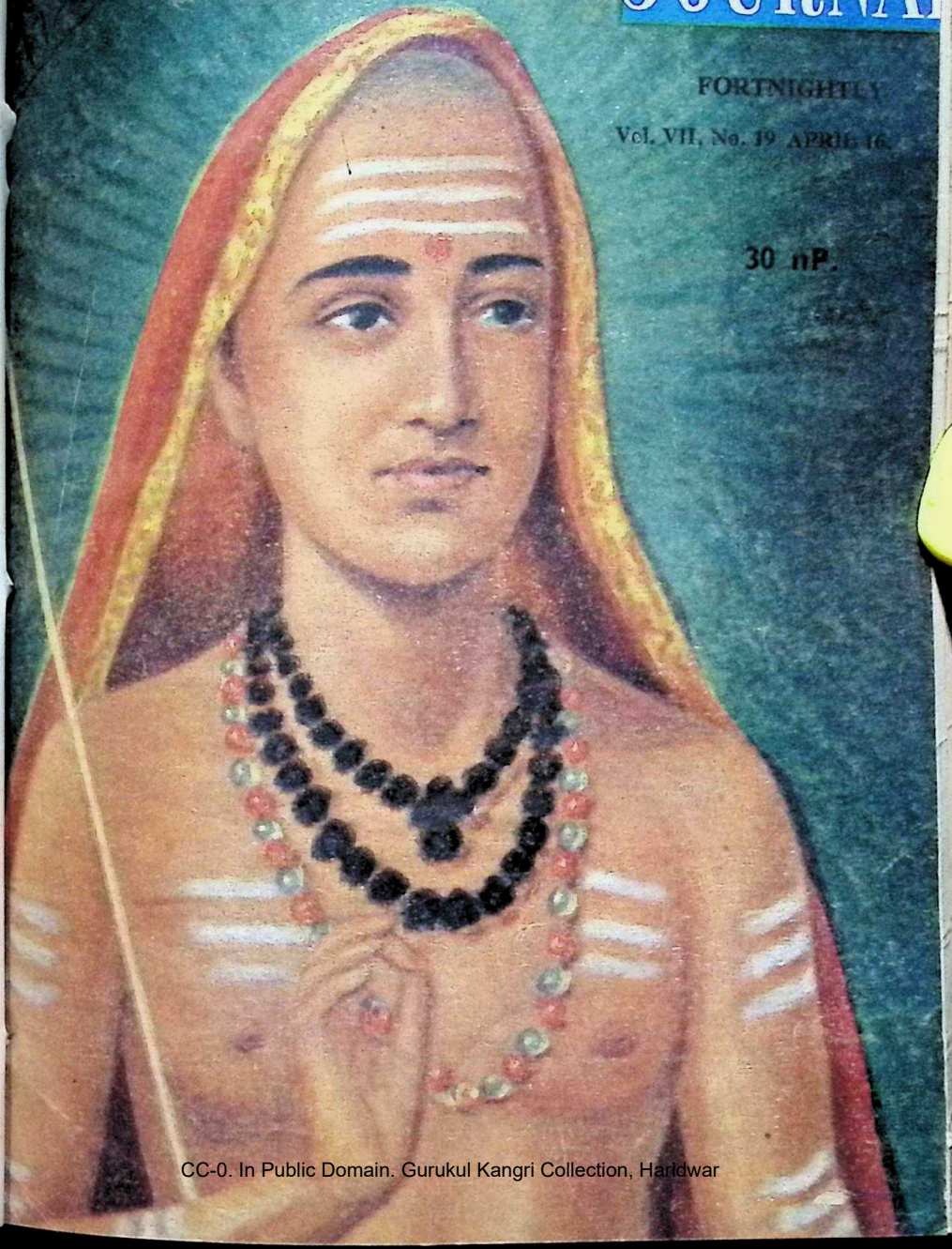

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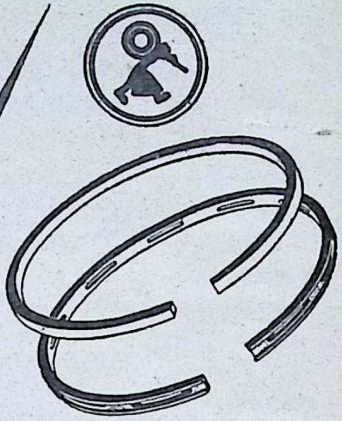

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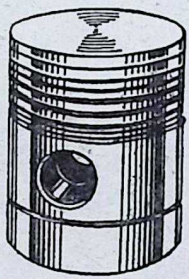

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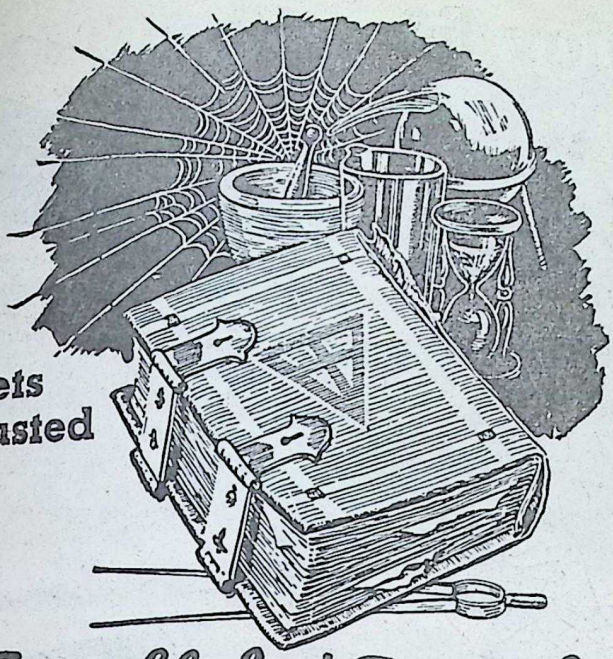

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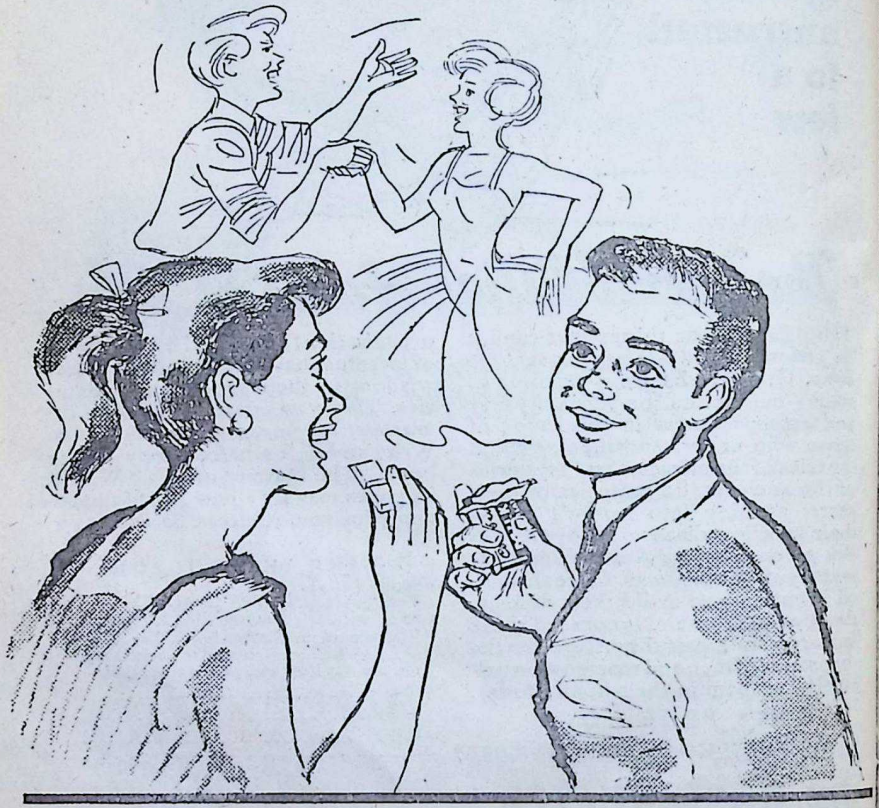

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Vol. VII, No. 19 APRIL 16, 1961

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER
ADI SANKARA
Artist: Sri V. N O'key

Editorial & Business Offices:
BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7.

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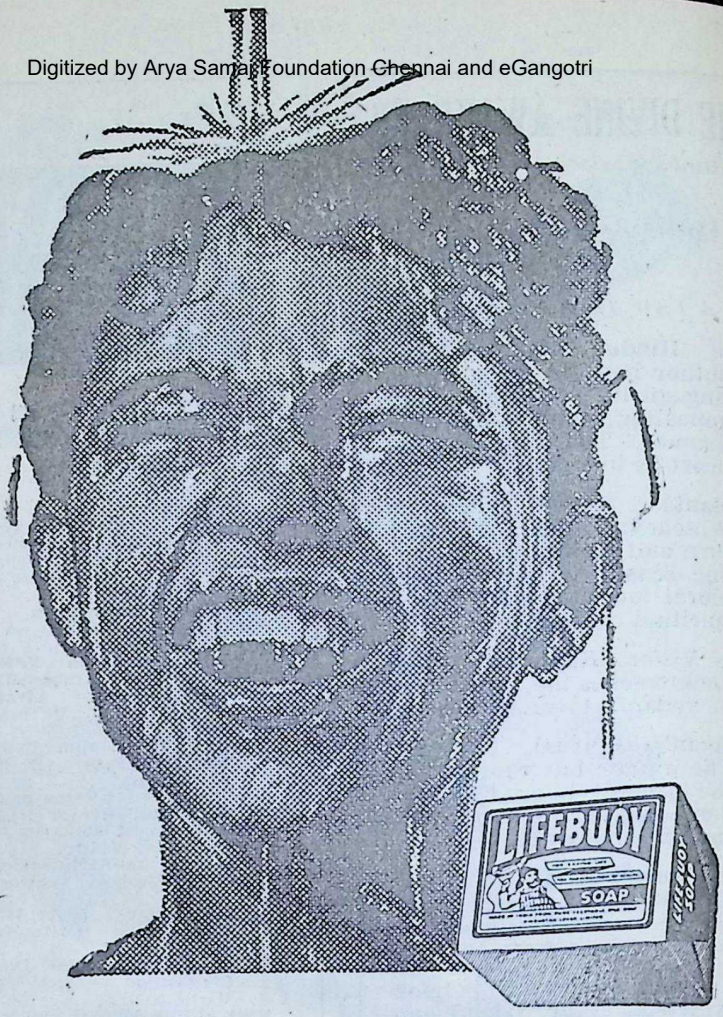

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VII, No. 19 April 16, 1961

SRI SANKARA

आशैलादुदयात्तथास्तगिरितो भास्वद्यशोरश्मिभिः
व्याप्तं विश्वमनन्धकारमभवद्यस्य स्म शिष्यैरिदम्।
आरात् ज्ञानगभस्तिभिः प्रतिहतश्चन्द्रायते भास्करः
तस्मै शंकरभानवे तनुमनोवाग्भिर्नमः स्यात्सदा॥

Salutations with body, mind and speech to the glorious Sun that is Sri Sankara struck back by the lusture of whose knowledge the splendour of the solar orb became dim like the moon, and the effulgent renown of whose disciples enveloped all the countries from the Far East to the Far West and dispelled the darkness of ignorance from every region.

—Sri Sureshvaracharya

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 229

• THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE • ARYO-DRAVIDIAN SYNTHESIS • THE QUEST OF THE ABSOLUT

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.

APRIL 16, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE post-Vedic period lies between the event associated with the wars of Parashurama and the dawn of the Magadhan supremacy which may be placed about the beginning of the seventh century before Christ. This period covering about four to seven hundred years saw vast changes and movements.

The sacred river Sarasvati dried up to be apotheosized as the Goddess of Learning. The Yamuna began to flow. The centre of Aryan power shifted to the banks of the Ganga. Kings of mixed Aryan-Dravidian descent founded large kingdoms.

The period saw a splendorous efflorescence. It was the result of the impact of the Vedic Culture on the Early Dravidian Culture, the most momentous event in the history of India.

In the study of our Culture, this fact should never be forgotten: Indian Culture is the product of Aryo-Dravidian synthesis, ethnic, social, religious and cultural; the result of an integration of languages, values, norms and traditions of both the races and language groups, with quite substa- tial contribution from the pre-Dra- dian non-Aryans. This was the res- of contact and conquest, and abo- all, of the influence of the *ashra-* which vigorously enveloped the se- thing tribes in the land living in var- ing stages of social and cultural de- lopment.

The impact of the two Cultures to- place in North India, where the t- races first came in contact during t- Vedic and the post-Vedic perio- There is little doubt that before t- arrival of the Aryans, the migrat- tribes of Early Dravidians occup- Baluchistan, Sind, Rajputana a- Malwa. They also occupied north a- north-east Punjab and even the val- of the Ganga.

There is a strong Dravidian elem- even in the Vedic Sanskrit, and marked 'Dravidization' of the sp- of the Aryan languages. There is equally powerful infusion of Dra- dian elements in Aryan religion, rit- and thought, mythology and leg- dary history, all indicating that

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fusion took place in the plains of North India.

The Aryans, though virile as a race and aggressive in their cultural outlook, were a nomadic people. Their material culture as compared with that of the Early Dravidians was not advanced and it appears that in the process of fusion they bodily adopted it.

The racial fusion is attested by several notable instances. Veda Vyas was the son of an Aryan Rishi, Parashara, by a fisher girl of Kalpi in U.P. who also became the queen of the most powerful Aryan ruler Santanu, and the great grand mother of the Pandavas. Shoora, the father of Vasudeva, Sri Krishna's father, and of Kunti, the mother of the Pandavas, was born of a Naga woman. Quite a few of Sri Krishna's consorts were non-Aryan in origin, and his brother Balaram married the daughter of Kukudmin, who belonged to a race of people who lived in Saurashtra long before the Aryans came. In fact, Aryan, Naga and Asura blood seems to have been freely mixed in Yadava veins, as would appear from *Hari Vamsa*. Hidamba, one of the wives of Bhima, was a Nishad woman. Quite a few kings like Jarasandha and Shalva were non-Aryans in origin as were several *rishis*. The dynastic histories of royal houses given in the *Mahabharata*, insofar as they are pre-Aryan, are Dravidian and Austric.

During this period, as during the Vedic period, the action of the dominant minority of those who created, sought and transmuted values, was directed towards—to use the words of the Vedic sage—'Aryanising all'. This meant welding different tribes into a society with common traditions, common norms of conduct, common institutions; giving them a consciousness of unity and continuity inspired by the *Vedas* and developing in them a common urge to collective action in intellectual, social and cultural spheres.

Thus the political and military dominatoin of the fair-skinned Aryans over the dark skinned Dravidians gave place to the cultured hierarchy of men who followed the pattern of Aryan life in varying degrees. Varna, which meant 'colour' in Vedic time, acquired a secondary meaning of a social group. The social group, which accepted the synthesised norms of conduct, institutions and traditions was called *dwijas*, twice-born. This group was formed irrespective of race or language, and regardless of whether its members were the conquerors or the conquered.

Those social groups who did not conform to the cultural pattern of Aryan life were called the Shudras. However they were continually being brought into the fold of *dwija* life on attaining accepted cultural habits. This process had continued throughout the ages and has been continuing till now The belief that the Shudras were cast into a position of irredeemable social inferiority by wily priests and wicked kings, entertained by some Western scholars and inherited by a section of our educated men, is a myth. Untouchability, as we know in recent ages, was unknown during this period.

In this way, *Chaturvarnya*, the Fourfold Order of Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shudras—the confederation of four interdependent social groups—came into being.

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> It (Varnashrama Dharma) is a universal law, stated in so many words by Hinduism. It is a law of spiritual economics. Nations of the West and Islam itself unwittingly are obliged to follow that law. It has nothing to do with superiority or inferiority. The customs about eating, drinking and marriage are no integral part of Varnashrama Dharma. It was a law discovered by our ancestors, the rishis who saw that if they were to give the best part of their lives to God and to the world, and not to themselves, they must recognize that it is the law of heredity. It is a law designed to set free man's energy for higher pursuits in life.
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

The belief, again inherited by our educated men from Western scholars that *Chaturvarnya* at all times was a rigid hereditory institution is not correct. I have already referred to the mixed descent of several heroes of the epic. Again, both Sri Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* and Dharmaraja in the well-known *Yakshaprasna* attributed *varna* not to heredity, but to the qualities and actions of men.

○○○

The rise of the post-Vedic Culture can best be described by a short survey of the life of its great apostle, Veda Vyas. The Vedic age had gone. The *mantras,* accepted as sacred chants, were invested with divinity. The bed of Sarasvati had become a series of lakes.

Then Krishna Dvaipayana, descendant of the great Vedic Rishi, Vasishtha, possibly brought up in the ancestral *ashram* at Kurukshetra, collected the Vedic mantras, redacted, them, standardised their accents and gave them a new sanctity. Even today in Tamil Nad, Kerala and in Gauhati in Hardwar, Banaras and in Puri, the *mantras* are chanted with the self-same accents which have come to be considered as sacrosanct. Thus the *Vedas* rightly became the Rock of Ages, the source of inspiration, the bond which ensured the continuity of all movements of the intellect as well as social adjustments.

The other institution, which I am inclined to trace to Veda Vyas is the Tirth Cult, the magnetic force which even now sends our people to visit holy places to have a dip in sacred rivers of the land. To have a dip in the Ganga at Varanasi has been as important to a man from Kashmir as a man from Kerala. You have to go to Badrinath or to Kumbha Mela at Prayag to find out how men and women from all parts of the country see the same spot to find self-fulfilment. To a whole continent full of tribes the cult gave, generation after generation, a unity of sacred traditions, a common consciousness of ancient achievements and a collective urge which made everyone feel that the whole Bharat was the land of *Dharma.*

To Vyas, we also owe the heritage of historical traditions preserved in the *Mahabharata* which have been rightly described as the 'Collective Unconscious' of India. And to his son Shuka, we owe the foundation of the ascetic order, which for three thousand years, through its wandering *sannyasis,* has kept alive the vitality of fundamental values and given enlightenment and solace to millions. Un-

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Sankaracharya, it rescued and re-organised Hinduism; under Dayanand, Ramakrishna, Vivekananda it revitalised our culture in modern times. Today it carries on its evangelical work in all parts of the world with unfading vitality.

Then came the Bharata War (approximately 1200 B.C.). Almost all the kings, irrespective of race and language, which were within the ambit of all-India contacts, with their armies, gathered in the Punjab to participate in this fratricidal war between the members of the most influential royal house in Madhyadesa. In a battle lasting for eighteen days, they mingled their blood and created for the first time an all-India consciousness. At the end, Yudhishthira was acclaimed by the whole of the then organised India as a *Chakravartin*.

This struggle left a tremendous impression on the collective consciousness of the people. Racial memory, through text, sermon, story and epic recital, was focussed on two great personalities of the time who became shining lights illuminating the Indian mind for all time: Vyasa, the learned and venerable seer and ascetic, the saviour of the *Vedas*, and Sri Krishna, the warrior and statesman, the ever-triumphant Superman. One taught *Dharma*, the other upheld it.

● ● ●

We can now shortly refer to the modified values which the Aryo-Dravidian synthesis gave rise to. The Early Dravidian society appear to be patriarchal and naturally found it easy to accept *kula* as an essential institution to which they contributed the element of a deep attachment to family life. Polygamy, possibly common among the non-Aryan tribes, appears to have been accepted by the new society in the place of monogamy which was favoured by the Vedic Aryans.

The religious ideas and practices were fused. The concepts of life and nature, the practices and the rituals began to flow side by side in two streams intermingling their waters like the Ganga and Yamuna at Prayag. One stream which flowed from the Vedic Aryans was *nigama*, the other dominated by *yoga* which flowed from the Early Dravidian was *agama*.

The synthesis led to a common pantheon being accepted. Shiva the Dravidian Father God, with his charactertic mount, the bull, was known to the people of the Harappan culture. He was first identified with the Vedic Rudra, and was in this period recognized as *Ishan*, the lord of the creation. The Vedic gods—Indra, Varuna, Surya and Agni—all took a subordinate place. In thus emerging into the Indian Pantheon, Rudra ceased to be the terrific Vedic god and became the Dravidian Shambhu, a beneficent giver of well-being, a yogi, a *pashupati*, the lord of the animal world. Throughout the ages invested with the majesty of the Supreme godhead, Shiva has retained his original unsophisticated and loving character, without losing the awesomeness which evoked terror in unlettered hearts in bygone ages.

Ma, the Mother Goddess of the Mediterranian people, with the lion as her mount, was once worshipped in many parts of Asia. Though unknown to the Vedic Aryans she took her

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place in the pantheon as Uma, the consort of Shiva, acquiring the name of Parvati in the process.

With the Father God and the Mother Goddess, the Dravidians also brought the Son God, Murugan or Subrahmanya in the pantheon as Kumara, Skanda or Kartikeya. Ganapati possibly emerged from the non-Aryan and non-Dravidian sources.

On the other hand, the Vedic god Vishnu—originally another name of Surya, the Sun God—elevated into pre-eminence and acquiring a halo of rich magnificence, shared with Shiva the leadership of the Pantheon.

○○○

Yajna became a highly elaborate ritual, reserved for kings and sages of renown, and in the new community the Vedic *homa* was replaced by the Dravidian *puja*, the offering of water, leaves and flowers to the gods.

The spiritual influence of the Dravidian also led to the spirit of *yajna* being identified with the surrender of one's egoistic impulse to the gods; it flowered as the *aikantika bhakti* of Narayan to develop centuries later into the *bhakti* of the Alwars and the *Bhagvata*.

The spirit of tolerance and the supremacy of *ahimsa*—non-violence—were certainly new values evolved as a result of the impact and *tapas*, which was a discipline by which instincts and urges were sublimated by purifying the body and the mind, came to be associated not very happily with *tyaga* or renunciation of the world.

The tremendous vitality of the Aryo-Dravidian Renaissance was characterised by intellectual swe and audacity, which ranged over t problem relating to the meaning a purpose of life. The core of this pr blem, starting from the Central Id of *Rita*, revolved round the que What is the basic power on which t Eternal Law rested? How are t afflictions which bedevil human l to be conquered in order that m can live in freedom and strength conformity with the Law?

Without encumbering myself w the doctrinal differences in whi schools of philosophy and religion dulged from generation to generati the broad solution which they form could be summarised as follows:

First, the Supreme or the Absolu —Brahman or Ishvar pervades a moves all that is, and as reality, beyond all that exists and all that do not.

Secondly, the creation is gover ed by a Universal Law of Evolutio first foreshadowed in the *Aitar Aranyaka*, according to which the vine Essence in matter passed fr one stage of created things to anot till it reached fulfilment in man's taining conscious identity with Supreme.

This Cosmic Law worked in senti beings through the operation of s sidiary laws.

The first of such subsidiary l was the Law of Karma, according which *atman*, the Divine Esse supporting the sentient frame, p gressed from birth to birth on way to self-realisation, *samsid*

The second, was *Samanya Dhar* the Law of Moral Causation, an eluctable and universal law of ca

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and effect which made it possible for men to cut short the process of evolution by transmuting human limitations through non-violence, truth, non-stealing, non-waste and non-possession.

The third, was *yoga*, the discipline to integrate one's personality in order to secure conscious identity with the Supreme in this very life.

At the root of this solution was the conviction that man was not a struggling worm but a 'self', an essence with a supra-physical destiny, which can only be attained by a mastery over the affliction which was man's lot on earth. This mastery, in its turn, can only be achieved by integrating personality by self-discipline so as to raise the 'self' above the flux of passing sense-experience. The discipline implied a double process, the relinquishment of the greed for life and the broadening of the personal self into a universal self. The end of this discipline was variously named, self-realisation (*Siddhi*), emancipation (*Mukti, Moksha*), freedom (*Nirvana*), enlightenment (*Jnana*), bliss (*Ananda*). In substance it was absolute integration of human personality (*Kaivalya*) freed from the limitations of attachment, fear and wrath.

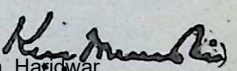
The quest of the Absolute led to the birth of a great idea which came to be an integral part of the Central Idea in Indian Culture. The Absolute descended on earth in human form; the aspirant, by complete surrender, attained Him. Narayana, an ancient sage, who 'became all beings' had already been worshipped as God Himself in the post-Vedic period. Slowly as the Vedic God, Vishnu, attracted to Himself the characteristics of the other gods, the new conception of *avatara* identified Vishnu with the sage Narayana. Similarly, Vaasudeva was accepted as God, descended on earth—an *avatara*. Later, Narayana, Vaasudeva and Vishnu all three became Hari, the 'Deity Eternal', the Supreme Lord, the 'Vaasudeva comprehending all'.

The apocalypse in Canto XI of the *Bhagavadgita*, which, following some scholars, I consider part of its original pre-Buddhistic version, saw this 'God of gods,' *Saashvata Dharmagopta*, the Protector of Eternal Dharma, born to re-establish *Dharma*, thus overshadowing all older gods, except Shiva. Krishna Vaasudeva, the hero of the *Mahabharata* and a deified hero of Yadava tribe, identified with Vaasudeva, the Supreme, was invested with divine attribute possibly by the end of this period.

In order that these values revolving round the Central Idea could be translated in life, a whole super-structure of tradition, norms of conduct and institutions was reared. Social, economic and political orders were so moulded and adjusted as to enable men in every generation to find fulfilment by living up to the Central Idea. All the canons which regulated the super-structure were given the generic term of *Dharma*, as used in the *Dharma Sastra*.

These were the great achievements of the Aryo-Dravidian synthesis of the post-Vedic period.

Yours sincerely,



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FOR YOU, MY SON ... the great dams that will help us to produce more food, the fertilizer factories that will coax more from our soil, the bridges and highways that will link village and city, electricity undertakings that will power our industries, the hospitals that will minister to the sick, the schools and colleges where dedicated men and women will teach our children...This is the India of tomorrow which ACC and India Cements are proud to help to bring into being.

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हे मर्त्याः ! परमंहितं शृणुत वो वक्ष्यामि संक्षेपतः
संसारार्णवमापदूर्मिबहुलं सम्यक्प्रविश्यस्थिताः ।
नानाज्ञानमपास्य चेतसि नमो नारायणायेत्यमुं
मन्त्रं सप्रणवं प्रणामसहितं प्रावर्तयध्वं मुहुः ॥

O mortals, who are deeply caught in the *samsaric* ocean which is wild with buffeting waves of dangers! I shall tell you in a nutshell what will contribute to your greatest good. Do not clutter your mind with manifold knowledge. Just repeat reverently the *mantra* OM NAMO NARAYANAYA as often as you can.

श्रीमन्नाम प्रोच्य नारायणाख्यं
के न प्रापुर्वाञ्छितं पापिनोपि ।
हा ! नः पूर्वं वाक्प्रवृत्ता न तस्मिन्
तेन प्राप्तं गर्भवासादि दुःखम् ॥

Who has not achieved his desires, not excluding sinners, by repeating well the lovely nama NARAYANA? Was it not because our tongue failed to do so that we have had to suffer miseries like living in a mother's womb?

अनन्त, वैकुण्ठ, मुकुन्द, कृष्ण
गोविन्द, दामोदर, माधवेति ।
वक्तुं समर्थोऽपि न वक्ति कश्चित्
अहो जनानां व्यवसनाभिमुख्यम् ॥

Although it is quite within the competence of people to say Ananta, Vaikuntha, Mukunda, Krishna Govinda, Damodara, Madhava etc., they fail to utter even one. Alas, that they should be preoccupied with matters that surely give birth to distress!

तत्वं ब्रुवाणानि परं परस्मात्
मधु क्षरन्तीव सतां फलानि ।
प्रावर्तय प्राञ्जलिरस्मि, जिह्वे !
नामानि नारायण-गोचराणि ॥

O tongue! I am telling you the profoundest truth: pray, repeat incessantly the names of the Lord that will make Him manifest to you, and further, produce, for the good, fruits sweet and continuous like honey dripping from the honeycomb.

—SAINT KULASEKHARA

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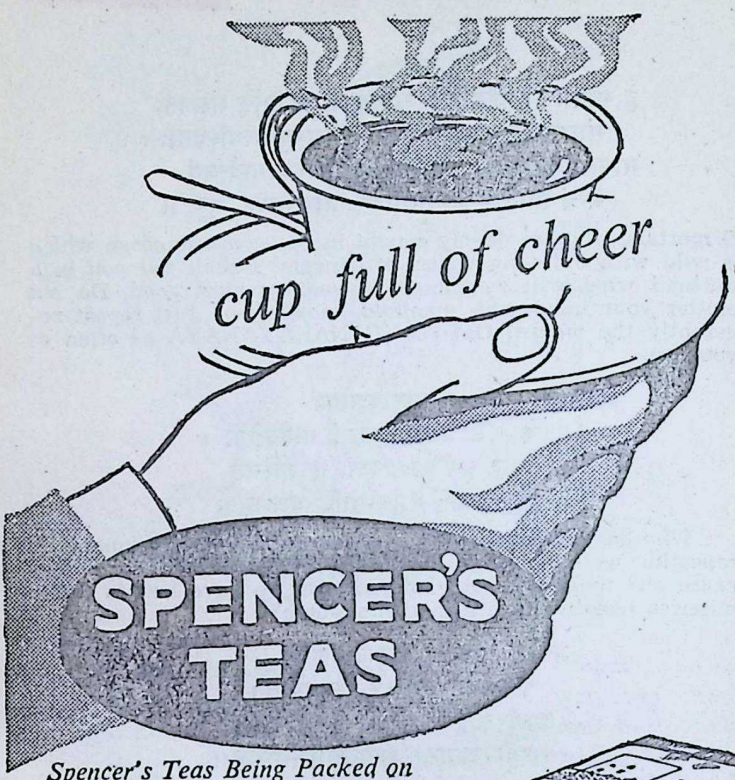

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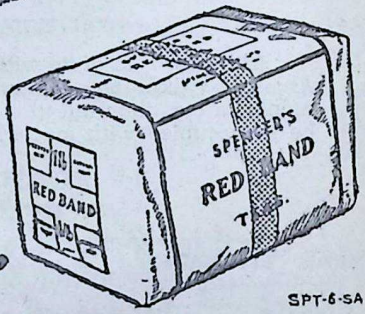

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THE HAMMER OF FOLLY

Fool! Give up thy thirst for wealth, banish all desires from thy heart.

Let thy mind be satisfied with what is gained by thy Karma.

Do not be proud of wealth, of friends, or of youth; time takes all away in a moment.

Leaving quickly all this, which is full of illusion, enter into the abode of Brahman....

Life is tremulous, like a water-drop on a lotus leaf....

Time is playing, life is waning, yet the breath of hope never ceases.

The body is wrinkled, the hair grey, the mouth has become toothless, the stick in the hand shakes, yet man leaves not the anchor of hope....

Preserve equanimity always....

In thee, in me and in others there dwells Vishnu alone; it is useless to be angry with me, or impatient.

See every self in Self, and give up all thought of difference.

—Adi Sankaracharya

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SRI SANKARA on VEDIC STUDIES

SWAMI ATMANANDA

वक्तारमासाद्य यमेव नित्या सरस्वती स्वार्थसमन्विताऽऽसीत्।
निरस्तदुस्तर्ककलङ्कपङ्का नमामि तं शङ्करमर्चिताङ्घ्रिम्॥

—*Sarvajnatma-muni*

THE practice of only learning the Vedas by rote and not caring to know their meaning is almost universally prevalent among the Vedic scholars. This practice is not approved by Sri Sankara in his *Bhashyas,* a selection from which is given below.

It is also the belief amongst these scholars that mere recitation of these Vedas without knowing their meaning is a highly meritorious act. It is supposed to have Adrishta Phala (unseen effect). This belief is not supported by Sankara (see below).

Belief by itself, no doubt, has wonderful influences on man. Belief, the incentive to action, produces results undoubtedly. Sankara holds that the Vedas have to be understood if they are to bring about results. If meaning was not necessary, why the Veda Bhashyas, and Jaimini and Vyasa Sutras and the numerous commentaries on these works?

All but the last of this selection deal generally with the construction of sentences, inclusive of Vedic sentences. Hence they are a part of "Mimamsa." As the Jaimini-Sutras came to be called *Purva-Mimamsa,* Vyasa Sutras when they came to be framed later, were called *Uttara-Mimamsa.*

अविपरीतार्थ प्रतिपत्तेः श्रेयः प्राप्त्युपपत्तेः लोकवत्

As in common life (in Scriptural matters also), it is but proper that not an incorrect understanding leads to welfare (*Br.* 1-3-1).

दृष्टार्थत्वात् अध्ययनं अर्थावबोधपर्यन्तं इति स्थितिः

Study by rote has a "seen" purpose. It is an agreed canon that it ends only with a comprehension of the meaning (of the passage) (*S.B.* III-4-6).

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न शब्दमात्रं अर्थस्वरूपं भवति शब्दार्थयोर्भेदात् ।

The mere word does not constitute the object in its reality. The word is different from the object which it denotes (*Br.* 1-4--10).

अविपरीत बोधात् श्रेयः प्राप्तेः विपर्यये च अनिष्ट प्राप्तिदर्शनात् ।

Correct comprehension (of the Vedas) leads to well-being, and erroneous notions, as we find, lead to evil (*Br.* 1-3-8).

न ह्यसत्यपिसंभवे मुख्यस्यैवार्थस्य ग्रहणं इति कश्चिदाज्ञापयिता विद्यते ।

Indeed when literal meaning is inappropriate, no authority enjoins that literal meaning alone should be accepted (*S.B.* IV-3-14).

तत्र हि गौणी कल्पनाशब्दस्य यत्र मुख्यार्थो न संभवति ।

Where literal meaning does not fit in, then alone the metaphorical meaning is to be adopted (*Pra.* VI-3).

अन्यनिन्दा अन्यस्तुतये

The criticism of one serves as a tribute to another. (*Br.* 1-4-6).

श्रुतहानि अश्रुतकल्पनायाः अन्याय्यत्वात्

It is unreasonable to give up the plain meaning of words used in Sruti and put new meaning in their place (*Br.* 1-4-10).

निश्चितं च ज्ञानं पुरुषार्थसाधनमिष्यते।
अतोऽसंशितः वाक्यार्थो वाच्यः परहितार्थिना

And sure knowledge leads to the supreme end of human life, viz., liberation. Hence one who wishes to do good to others should not use expressions of a doubtful import.

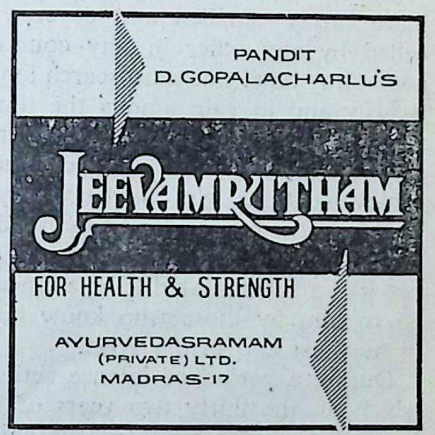
क्रियायामिव वस्तुनि विकल्पस्य असंभवात्

There cannot be alternatives in truth as in rituals or actions.

[*Note*:—In rituals there may be two or more alternatives. Taking the observance of Ekadasi fast, for instance (fast on the 11th day after Full moon or New moon), one sect observes it on the day when Ekadasi touches Dasami (tenth day), other sects observe it on the day Ekadasi touches Dwadasi (twelfth day). So far as rituals are concerned, both the alternatives are correct and approved. But in truth there cannot be any alternative. $7 + 3 = 10$ and 10 alone. In the same way, ignorance can be removed only by truth, and not by anything else such as Karma.]

पुरुषाभिप्रायतन्त्रौ अर्थानर्थौ।

Good and evil are not absolute, but depend on each one's opinion (*Br.* II-1-20).



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Pageant of Great Lives--18

SRI SANKARA

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

AMONG the Master Minds, Sages and Saviours of the World, Sri Sankara holds a place rarely equalled and never excelled by any other in any country and at any time. One must search long, wearily and in vain among the illustrious of every land for a seer and saint of such stature and of such achievement as Sri Sankaracharya. This is not a praise uttered by his devout disciples and followers alone; but it is a full-throated tribute tendered to him by those who know both in the East and in the West.

During a period of intense activity which, in the thirty two years of his life, omitting the years of his childhood and nonage, could not have exceeded fifteen or sixteen of them, he sanctified the soil of Bharata Varsha traversing its farflung corners on foo performing his intellectual *digvija* and engaging in a religious crusa which brought the votaries of eve persuasion under one universal syste His marvellous intellect guided by t instinct of absolute fidelity to scr ture distilled out of the source-boo of Hindu religion a philosophi Truth of unassailable certainty. In thoroughness and in its profund the system of Sri Sankara holds first place among the philosophies the world. Much as followers of ot schools may regretfully refer to error, it is not wholly unmerited t generally, Vedanta and Advaita understood to be synonymous. chronologically first in Vedantic in pretation is also acclaimed as logical highest.

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Sri Sankara was no mere dialectical metaphysician. He also prescribed a way of life, which if properly pursued with faith and understanding, must inevitably lead to an experience in which the individual loses himself in the discovery of his true nature. Appalling as it is in its heaven-kissing grandeur, relentless in its incisive logic and, possibly, forbidding in its austere absoluteness, Advaita Vedanta has been the despair of minds of a lesser breed. But we have the authority of the illustrious line of his disciples that to a wise and initiated mind governed by discipline, and held by devotion, Sri Sankara's system grounded on *sastra,* guided by *yukti* and guaranteed by *anubhava,* in its design and in its execution, has an artistic beauty all its own which compels conviction and invites acceptance. His numerous followers have borne testimony to the validity and value of his teachings, and, even in our day, we see amidst us walking verifications of the verities that he taught.

The sacred day of Sri Sankara's advent into the world was *Vaisaakha suddha panchami,* the fifth day of the bright half of the Vaisaakha month. By a numerology known as *Katapayaadi Sankhya,* that day also determined the name that was given to him, a name of Vedic origin whose significance he justified in a superlative measure by the many acts of universal beneficence that marked his earthly life.

According to the tradition of the faithful, Sri Sankara is the incarnation of God Parameswara Himself who, true to the assurance of the *Gita,* came into the world to arrest the decline of Dharma and enthrone it once again on the minds and wills of men. Those who, in his day, beheld the young *sannyasin* of austere beauty, radiant with spiritual light, clad in the orange garb eloquent of renunciation and carrying the anchorite staff to chase away the myriad ills which ache the human heart also saw in that *youthful* Preceptor of the *aged* pupils the replica of the universal Guru who, sitting on Himalayan heights, His gaze southward bent, dispels the darkness in the caves of ignorance by an initiating look of soothing grace and unparted lips which utter the unspoken word. If Siva who is worshipped as Dakshinamurti is the eternal Teacher of all the worlds seated in expository silence under the ageless banyan tree, Sri Sankara, it is believed, is the dynamic edition of that static splendour who walked abroad sustaining himself by his *vaadabhiksha,* speaking words of Vedantic wisdom to rescue erring mortals from the tormenting fires of life in this vale of tears. The eternal Sambhu, the Reservoir of Beneficence, became the historic Sankara who carried that Beneficence to the minds thirsting for it in the world.*

It is said that 'Sri Sankaracharya shares with the illustrious personalities of the world the mystery that veils their personal lives. Perhaps it is one of the laws of spiritual eminence that the great spiritual teacher must be self-effacing. Though there are a number of his biographies known as *Sankara Vijayas,* obviously written after his time, they contain conflicting details which may confound the reader.

* *Sambhavati iti Sambhuh-Samkaroti iti Sankarah.*

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Modern historical research concludes that he was born in 788 A.D. and lived till 820 A.D. Traditions preserved in the annals of the several *maths* that he established place Sri Sankara's birth somewhere in the second century B.C., and even earlier. Apart from minor differences, almost all the *Sankara Vijayas* agree in respect of the main events of the Acharya's life. His father Sivaguru and his mother Aryamba were pious Nambudiri Brahmans of Kalady in Kerala, South India, coming from an ancient and orthodox stock. In response to the devout prayers of the childless couple, the Lord Siva of the Tiruchur temple consented to be born as their son and thus fulfil His own mission to restore the Vedic religion and the Vedantic philosophy which had been undermined by atheistic creeds and sanctimonious practices. Asked to choose between a long lived but a stupid son and one who would live but for eight years, but would be extremely intelligent, the wife had no hesitation, not unmixed with grief, to ask for the latter.

Soon after this promise, Aryamba was blessed with a child whose divine features proclaimed that he was not of common clay, and bespoke the God that had taken shape in his being. Sivaguru passed away soon after the young boy grew under his mother's tutelage. He was soon initiated into Brahmacharya and evinced precocious mastery in the several branches of the sacred lore.

The appointed eight years were drawing to a close. Sankara went to bathe in the river flowing by his

let when a crocodile caught hold of his feet. The boy cried out to his mother telling her of his parlous state and added that the only way for him to be saved from the monster's jaws was to die symbolically by taking *sannyas* then and there. The grief-stricken mother had to yield to save her son from imminent death.

Standing in the water, Sankara uttered the *mantra* of entrance into the *sannyasa* order and, coming ashore, having obtained another lease of eight years of life by his second birth, he begged leave of his mother to go forth as a wandering mendicant. With tear-laden eyes, the old lady bemoaned the fate that had come on her only child, anxiously queried who would feed him and take care of him as she had done and grieved that it would not be given to her to see her son and settle as a householder. Consoling her the young Sannyasin replied: 'All those who offer me *biksha* will be my mothers hereafter. My disciples will be my sons, I shall delight myself consorting in private with my spouse of meditation on the Supreme Being.' Promising in reply to his mother's entreaties to be at her death-bed when that hour came, Sankara went forth into the wide world in quest of a Guru to be initiated and instructed by him in the traditional style. He found him on Narmada banks in the person of Govinda Bhagavatpada and went through the necessary noviciate under him in record time.

Sri Sankara then travelled to Banaras where used to gather great scholars from all corners of the country. It was there that he wrote

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immortal commentaries on the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Brahma Sutras*. Tradition has it that Vishnu's *alter-ego*, Sage Vyasa himself engaged in dialectical dispute with Sri Sankara on the substance of the commentaries. The debate dragged on for so many days that one of the disciples of Sankara felt constrained to exclaim 'who can decide between the contestants, when one is the *avatara* of Vishnu and the other the *avatara* of Siva Himself?' Vyasa ultimately signified his appreciation of the fidelity with which Sri Sankara had commented on the *Brahma Sutras* and granted him a further lease of sixteen years to propagate the Truth of Advaita and liquidate the unorthodox systems.

More than once did Sri Sankara travel on foot through the length and breadth of India, meeting numberless opponents in debate, vanquishing them by his piercing dialectic and converting them after conviction to his ways of thought. One such historic debate was with the Mandana Misra, the apostle of the ritualism of Purvamimamsa with whom he argued for forty days with Mandana's wife herself as the umpire. The stakes were that he who was defeated should assume the other's *ashrama*. When, on the 40th day Ubhaya Bharati—that was the name of Mandana's wife—who every noon used to invite Sri Sankara for his '*bhiksha*' and Mandana for his '*meal*', invited both for their '*biksha*'. Mandana understood that Sri Sankara had won and immediately became a *sannyasi* under the name of Sri Sureswara.

Thereafter Sri Sankara met other

> **In his short life of 32 years Sankara achieved that union of sage and saint, of wisdom and kindliness, which characterizes the loftiest type of man produced in India . . . . It seemed to him that the profoundest religion and the profoundest philosophy were those of the Upanishads . . . . Like Aquinas, Sankara accepts the full authority of his country's Scriptures as a divine revelation, and then sallies forth to find proofs in experience and reason for all Scriptural teachings. Unlike Aquinas, however, he does not believe that reason can suffice for such a task; on the contrary he wonders, have we not exaggerated the power and role, the clarity and reliability of reason . . . . It is not logic that we need, says Sankara; it is insight, the faculty (akin to art) of grasping at once the essential out of the irrelevant, the eternal out of the temporal, the whole out of the part . . . . To Sankara the existence of God is not a problem, for he defines God as existence and identifies all real being with God . . . . Brahman is the cause and effect, the timeless and secret essence, of the world. The goal of philosophy is to find that secret and to lose the seeker in the secret found . . . . It was a subtle and profound philosophy to be written by a lad in his twenties. Sankara not only elaborated it in writing but defended it successfully in debate.**
>
> —Will Durant

disputants in several parts of the country, overcame them in debate, and arrested the rot that was creeping into the spiritual polity of the land. In his time, in the realm of religion, India presented a dome of many coloured sects which stained the white radiance of true religion. Warring creeds of dubious practices which entangled the mind without enobling it claimed

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men's allegiance, enslaved the human spirit and degraded the human soul. Sri Sankara purged these religious sects of all their excrescences and raised them to a pedestal of worshipful dignity. He did this so completely and so successfully that other religious prophets who came after him did not have to clear the morass of diabolic unorthodoxy from the paths of Vedantic quest. Yet Sri Sankara came to fulfil and not to destroy. If today the Hindus of diverse denominations observe their fasts and feasts in worship of the several forms of the One Supreme God like *Ganesh Chaturthi, Sivaratri, Janmashtami, Sri Rama Navami* etc., that is because Sri Sankara rescued the ancient religion from the onslaughts of its *avaidic* opponents. His *Shanmatha Sthaapana* (establishment of six forms of religious worship) was at once a purge and a purification. He was no fanatic wedded to one faith. Uncompromising in his demand for moral purity and rational validity, he conceded that forms of worship might vary according to the wishes of the votary.

Sri Sankara visited every famous religious shrine from Badri in the North to Rameswaram in the South, from Jwalamukhi in the West to Kamarupa in the East, rehabilitated their sanctity, tempering the presiding deities into beneficent forms of abiding grace and easy accessibility, and recasting in most of them the *yantras* which made for their religious power and potency.

A more than passing reference must be made to two famous events in Sri Sankara's life. One is his encounter with a *chandala* when he was returning from his holy bath in the Ganga at Banaras. When asked, so the story goes, to keep out of Sankara's way, the *chandala* retorted with a poser intended to put the Acharya's *advaita*-consciousness to a crucial test. Realising that he who appeared before him was no ordinary mortal, but an *atma-jnani* of uncommon kind, Sri Sankara broke forth into the pentad of verses known as a *Maneeshpanchaka* each of which ended with the refrain that one who had realised his self as the very Brahman Itself was worthy of reverence as his Guru, be he a high caste *dwija* or a low-born *chandala*. Incidentally it may be observed that it is wrong to interpret this as an argument for caste equality by saying that Sri Sankara got the worse of the encounter and that he was compelled to make obeisance to a mere *chandala* thus negating all distinctions of high and low birth. The kind of *chandala* that he had in mind is the one who answers to the first four lines of each *sloka* the true *atmajnani* who has realised the Supreme Truth.

The other incident is his hastening to the death-bed of his mother upon getting a premonition of it, speeding her way to Vaikuntha by instructing her in Krishna Stotra and beginning to perform her funerals in scorn of the prevailing custom which prohibited a *sannyasi* from engaging in any ritual—even that relating to obsequies to one's own mother. Jeered and boycotted by his erstwhile kinsmen, Sri Sankara, we are told, hacked his mother's body to pieces, carried to the backyard of her house and consigned it to flames which he produced by his incantational powers. When it was

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over he pronounced a curse on his clansmen of Kalady that thenceforth their own back-yards were to be their cremation ground and that no *sannyasin* should thereafter accept *biksha* in that hamlet.

In the course of his wanderings, Sri Sankara collected round him a host of disciples who were the conduits of his teachings to distant corners of India and beyond. Tradition preserves the names of four of these innumerable disciples, namely Sureswara, Hastamalaka, Padmapada and Totaka. Numberless also must have been the seats of Advaitic learning that were established by him and left in charge of his disciples. Four of these each associated with one of the above four famous disciples flourish today at Sringeri the first among them, Jagannath, Dwaraka and Badri. When the second span of sixteen years granted to him by Veda Vyasa was coming to a close, he returned to Kanchi in the South where he installed a Sri Chakra in front of Sri Kamakshi's shrine and ascended the 'throne of omniscience' and established the Kamakoti-pitha. According to more than one rescension of *Sankara Vijaya*, the Acharya spent his last days at Kanchi and attained *Siddhi* there while some other traditions point to Kashmir as the place of his *sarvajnapitha arohana* and to Kedarnath on the Himalayas wherefrom he disappeared from the scene of his labours for the spiritual regeneration of India.

These five maths, those of Sringeri, Puri, Dwaraka, Badri and Kanchi keep alive to this day in the persons and activities of the holy successors of their illustrious progenitor the heritage of the *advaitic* wisdom and the *advaitic* way of life which is Sri Sankara's bequest to them and through them to the world at large.

Down the ages, the Advaita philosophy, which one must hasten to warn was not propounded as a new school, but was only expounded by Sri Sankara as the *aupanishadam saastram* (the teaching of the Upanishads) has claimed the respectful attention and admiring assent of every thinking man. As Swami Vivekananda used to speak of it, it is the most scientific philosophy and religion and it is remarkable how modern science pays homage to its truth through the writings of such distinguished savants like Eddington, Einstein, Max Plank and a host of others. Half a *sloka* gives the pith of this 'perennial philosophy' in the words: '*Brahma satyam, jaganmithyaa, jivo brahmaiva na-aparah*'. According to Sri Sankara, Reality is only One. In the truth of Absolute non-difference, there is no room for plurality or duality, substantive or adjectival. That Reality is Pure Being and is known as Brahman. It is *sat, chit* and *ananda*—existence, knowledge and bliss. These three are not threefold qualities of Brahman but the unitary substance of Brahman. No affirmative predication can be made of Brahman. Finite mortals of limited understanding cannot know what Brahman is. But what can be said is that Brahman is not like anything that we are familiar with in our world.

The manifold of our experience is a false appearance of Reality wrought by *maya* and *avidya*. *Maya* condemns itself by its impossible inconsistency. Its reality stands rooted in 'un-

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reality' and 'truth' untruthful holds it falsely true. The phenomenal world is the creation of Ishvara who is the eternal incarnation of the qualityless Brahman under the claok of *maya*. The diversity of individual existence, living and non-living, constitutes a make-believe world which is a destorted projection of the foundational Brahman which Itself is unseen and accounts for the multiplicity of forms and names. The extended world is most certainly existent to our practical consciousness, but is sublated into its substratum of Brahman as an ultimate Truth upon the dawn of enlightenment. Every individual *jiva* is in essence the Supreme Brahman appearing cribbed and confined in separating limitations, which fall asunder when the *ajnana* which fashioned them disappears by the realisation of the great declaration *That thou art*. Untouched by *maya*, the wise one who has attined this *samyakjnana* obtains release here and now. He however appears to be bound by residual *karma* to sojourn on earth till it is lived out. Yet, autonomous as he is, he goes about the rest of his life, like an automaton, oblivious of difference, a visible affirmation of absolute identity which, if he would convey it in words, must take the form 'I am Brahman'.

These truths, Sri Sankara elaborated at great length in his commentaries on the Vedantic tripod, the Upanishads, the *Gita* and the *Brahma Sutras*. For those who cannot, for some reason or other, have access to his *bhashyas*, he has provided a number of minor treatises as vaired as one of one *sloka* only to one of a thousand *slokas*. Among these the *Vivekachudamani* and the *Upadesa Sahasri* are the most widely read and justly popular. Alike in prose and verse, in the Bhashyas and the Prakarana-granthas as also in the *bhakti-stotras* that he sang, Sri Sankara's writings constitute a body of literature of unequalled worth. Its rich variety provides for the lisping baby sweetly babbling in metric rhyme creation and also for the meditative *mowni* losing himself in contemplative meditation.

His *Saundaryalahari* in praise of the Mother of the Universe is a hymnal masterpiece highly reputed for its spiritual power and propitiatory potency.

Sri Sankara was a not mere philosopher. He was a saviour in addition to being a seer. Prescribing discrimination, and detachment and discipline to qualify one to membership of the Society of Mumukshus, he leads the aspirant to the *advaitic* goal through the corridors of religion where he makes him worship the same Supreme Brahman manifesting Itself in diverse forms and known by different names. To him all religious practices and all forms of devotion start from and orient toward the same underlying *advaitic* Truth. Other Vedantic schools were denominational and partisan (one had almost said—fanatic) in their religious teachings including the form in which they conceived their God and the name by which they called Him. Sri Sankara was singularly free from such creedal exclusiveness or fanaticism. His religion was superlatively universal in form and content. Other philosophies and religions quarrel with it. But

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Sankara's Advaita has quarrel with none.

Though centuries have passed since Sri Sankara lived and taught, there has not come into the world another thinker so daring and uncompromising as he, who could come near him in the abundance of his spiritual graces, in the vigour of his intellect and in the comprehensiveness of his teachings. This high water-mark of philosophic thought and religious experience established by him has yet to be lowered by any achievement in the East or in the West. Paying his tribute to Sri Sankara, Pandit Nehru wrote: "He was evidently a man who was intensely conscious of his mission, a man who looked upon the whole of India from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas as the field of his action and as something that held together culturally and was infused by the same spirit, though this might take many external forms. He strove hard to synthesise the diverse currents that were troubling the mind of his day and to build a unity of outlook out of that diversity. In a brief life of thirty-two years, he did the work of many long lives and left such an impress of his powerful mind and rich personality on India that is very evident today."

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.... the real antithesis in the world of philosophy is not between Indian philosophy and European philosophy, but between Sankara's Advaita on the one hand and all other systems of philosophy on the other ....

SANKARA'S ADVAITA:

Religion of the Future

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

THE central doctrine of Advaita Vedanta, namely, the concept of Nirguna Brahman, has great significance and far-reaching implications for a universal religion.

Most of the dogmatic theologies and religions give us sharply defined and fully described conception of the ultimate Reality.

They make for the definiteness of conceptions and differences in religion.

We get at descriptions of God, prophet and revelations rigidly and exclusively defined.

This accentuates differences.

Denominational theologians claim exclusive and complete disclosure of truth to themselves. They say, they alone possess the truth. They declare, "Thou shalt have none other God but me. Thou shalt have no other prophet but me, no other text, no other church than the one I declare to be true."

Every prophet of denominational religion abrogates the truths of previous revelations and holds to the inerrancy of his word, person and institution.

He tolerates no other rival and approves of no other approach.

This leads to religious wars, inquisitorial methods and conversions.

This brutalises men and makes stones of their heart.

Each religion revels in the art of

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Supreme as a philosopher and a dialectician, great as a man of calm judgement and wide toleration, Sankara taught us to love truth, respect reason and realise the purpose of life . . . . He destroyed many an old dogma, not by violently attacking it, but by quietly suggesting something more reasonable, which was at the same time more spiritual too. He put into general circulation a vast body of important knowledge and formative ideas which, though contained in the Upanishads, was forgotten by the people and thus recreated for us the distant past. He was not a dreaming idealist, but a practical visionary, a philosopher, and at the same time a man of action, what we may call a social idealist on the grand scale.

—Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

competitive indoctrination of the tenets of its creed.

Sankara declares that Brahman cannot be described in any positive terms.

It is absolutely indeterminable in terms of any predicate for the simple reason that there is nothing beside it.

Further, all relational knowledge is self-contradictory in the last analysis. Description and predication are relational modes of knowledge.

Hence, Brahman is indeterminable.

It does not mean that it is absolute nothing. In the words of Sankara, men of slow wits (*mandabuddhi*) regard it as *asat*.

All the descriptions in the scripture are like the finger pointing to the moon. We must not mistake the pointing finger for the moon.

One of the Zen masters advises, "Do not hunt after the truth, but only cease to cherish opinions."

The *neti-neti* method leads to it, i is, *avacanena provaca* as the Upan shad puts it.

The description of Brahman in negative manner leaves room for manifestation in different ways.

The existence of the spirit is t absolute truth. The intellectual ma festations of the same in differe creeds is relative. They do not co flict with one another. There is roo for all.

"The truth is one, sages call it various names." "The one that exi is conceived as many." "The one glo manifests itself in many ways."

The relative formulations are due differences of temperament and o look. They do not go against Advai

Sankara's Advaita is no creed. It not in conflict with any other syste It recognises the measure of worth each system.

The existence of the spirit in ab lute and its creedal manifestations relative. So there is no need to wran about them. Hence, we look upon creeds as a fellowship of faiths.

Sankara's mysticism is not abstra It is not only a sound system of m physics but it is also a humane ph sophy of religion.

He reconciles the God of relig with the Absolute of philosophy.

Whenever men have to think ab God, they do so only in terms human analogy. All language ab divinity is symbolic. Professor A. Whitehead writes, "Mankind, it see has to find a symbol in order to press itself. Indeed, expression i

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is symbolism. Symbolism is no mere idle fancy or corrupt degeneration. It is inherent in the very texture of human life. Language is itself symbolism."

Symbols suggest but do not express. They provide the support for experience which lies beyond the power of words.

The God of Advaita metaphysics is a necessary stage for man.

Sankara's mysticism is super-theism and not atheism.

The descriptions given in religion of the Absolute are in the words of Bergson, "crystallisation brought about by the scientific process of cooling, of what mysticism had poured white hot into the soul of man. Through religion all men get what a few privileged souls possessed in full."

From the above survey we gather that Sankara's mysticism represents the pure spiritual religion for which the world is yearning.

It is a unique type of mysticism which regards spirit as the basis of Reality.

From the point of logic the Absolute of Sankara is unique. It is not like the Western Absolutes of Hegel, Bradley nor is it like the Absolute of Nagarjuna.

Adapting the words of Lowes Dickinson, we can assert that the real antithesis in the world of philosophy is not between Indian philosophy and European philosophy, but between Sankara's Advaita on the one hand and all other systems of philosophy on the other.

The Advaita of Sankara accepts the current challenge to religions by its insistence on spiritual experience.

Sankara takes his stand on verifiable truth and not on creedal declaration.

"It is not opposed to science or reason. It is not contingent on any events past or future. No scientific criticism or historial discovery can refute it as it is not dependent on any impossible miracles or unique historical revelations. Its only *apologetic* is the testimony of spiritual experience".*

It is not dogmatic. The element of humanism in it is perfect.

It is the future religion of the world acceptable to us who are the children of science and reason.

In a world where one half lacks a faith and the other half has one imposed on it, the way out is Advaita.

* Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

अधिगतभिदा पूर्वाचार्यानुपेत्य सहस्रधा
सरिदिव महीभेदं संप्राप्यशौरिपदोद्गता।
जयति भगवत्पाद श्रीमन्मुखाम्बुजनिर्गता
जननहरणी सूक्तिर्ब्रह्माद्वयैकपरायणा॥

Victory unto the Advaita Bhashya of Sri Bhagavatpada. Like the holy Ganga flowing from Sri Hari's feet, the Bhashya flowed from the Poojyapada's lotus mouth. Like Ganga, the Bhashya too divided into many streams flowing in many lands, i.e., taking after the successive propounders (like Padmapada, Ananda Giri etc.). Like holy Ganga, the Bhashya liberates one from metempsychosis. (And like holy Ganga and its tributaries, ultimately reach the Advaitic ocean).

—Appaya Dikshita

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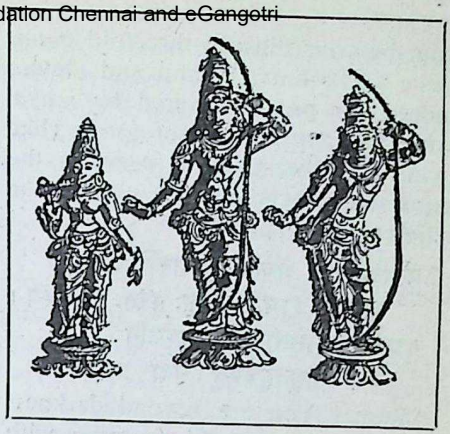

Rama arrives at the Ashrama of Sutikshna, disciple of Sage Agastya. The former welcomes him. Reception over, Sutikshna prays:

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Sutikshna's Prayer

त्वन्मन्त्रजाप्यहमनन्तगुणाप्रमेय
सीतापते ! शिवविरिञ्चिसमाश्रितांघ्रे ।
संसारसिन्धुतरणामलपोतपाद
रामाभिराम ! सततं तव दासदासः ॥

"O Lord of Sita! Your excellent qualities are too innumerable to be recounted. You are indefinable. Shiva and Brahma worship your feet, which constitute the flawless ferry by which one crosses this ocean of *samsara*. O, beloved Rama, I, who intermittently recite your name, am the servant of your servant.

मामद्य सर्वजगतामविगोचरस्त्वं
त्वन्मायया सुतकलत्रगृहान्धकूपे ।
मग्नं निरीक्ष्य मलपुद्गलपिण्डमोह–
पाशानुबद्धहृदयं स्वयमागतोऽसि ॥

"You who are unseen by the entire world, have condescended to visit me in person, seeing me immersed by your *maya* in the dark well of children, wife and home, and my heart bound by the noose of infatuation for the dirty, fleshy form of body.

त्वं सर्वभूतहृदयेषु कृतालयोऽपि
त्वन्मन्त्रजाप्यविमुखेषु तनोषि मायाम् ।
त्वन्मन्त्रसाधनपरेष्वपयाति माया
सेवानुरूपफलदोऽसि यथा महीपः ॥

"Although you have made the hearts of all people your temple, in the case of those who do not care to recite your *mantra*, you choose to spread your *maya*. But for those who worship you, you withdraw your *maya* and confer on them benefits, like kings unto their servants, commensurate with their devotion.

विश्वस्य सृष्टिलयसंस्थितिहेतुरेकः
त्वं मायया त्रिगुणया विधिरीशविष्णू ।
भासीश ! मोहितधियां विविधाकृतिस्त्वं
यद्वद्रविः सलिलपात्रगतोऽप्यनेकः ॥

"O Lord! Although you are the supreme cause of creation, protection and destruction of the Universe,

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you, by your illusory threefold *gunas* shine as Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva; indeed for people covered by *maya*, you appear in millions of forms (like man, bird, beast, etc.), even as the same sun reflects as many suns, in the different water-pots.

प्रत्यक्षतोऽद्य भवतश्चरणारविन्दं
पश्यामि राम! तमसः परतः स्थितस्य।
दृग्रूपतस्त्वमसतामविगोचरोऽपि
त्वन्मन्त्रपूतहृदयेषु सदा प्रसन्नः॥

"Rama! You are beyond darkness (*ajnana*). Yet have I seen today with my physical eyes, your lotus feet which shows that although invisible to those wrapped in *ajnana*, you are ever present in the hearts of those purified by reciting your *mantra*.

पश्यामि राम! तव रूपमरूपिणोऽपि
मायाविडम्बनकृतं सुमनुष्यवेषम्।
कन्दर्पकोटिसुभगं कमनीयचाप-
बाणं दयार्द्रहृदयं स्मितचारुवक्त्रम्॥

"Although you are formless, I see your form. You have taken this beautiful human shape to mystify mankind,—the form which is as lovely as a crore of Manmathas and you hold the excellent bow and arrow with an all too tender a heart, sporting an adorable smile on your lips.

सीतासमेतमजिनाम्बरमप्रधृष्यं
सौमित्रिणा नियतसेवितपादपद्मम्।
नीलोत्पलद्युतिमनन्तगुणं प्रशान्तं
मद्भागधेयमनिशं प्रणमामिरामम्।

"I prostrate incessantly before Sri Rama, in the company of Sita, clad in bark-clothes, unconquerable, whose feet are always served by Lakshmana, of the hue of *nilotpala*, of endless, adorable qualities, peaceful and, to my eternal fortune.

जानन्तु नाम तव रूपमशेषदेश-
कालाद्युपाधिरहितं घनचित्प्रकाशम्।
प्रत्यक्षतोऽद्य मम गोचरमेतदेव
रूपं विभातु हृदये न परं विकांक्षे॥

"Rama! Grant me that this form of yours which in reality transcends all limitations of time and place and which appears like a streak of lightning and which appears before me today shine eternally in my heart. Know that I have no other desire."

इत्येवं स्तुवतस्तस्य रामः सुस्मितमब्रवीत्।
मुने! जानामि ते चित्तं निर्मलं मदुपासनात्॥
अतोऽहमागतो द्रष्टुं महते नान्यसाधनम्।
मन्मन्त्रोपासका लोके मामेव शरणं गताः॥
निरपेक्षा नान्यगताः तेषां दृश्योऽहमन्वहम्।
स्तोत्रमेतत्पठेद्यस्तु त्वत्कृतं मत्प्रियं सदा॥
सद्भक्तिम भवेत्तस्य ानं च विमलं भवेत्।
त्वं ममोपासनादेव विमुक्तोसीह सर्वतः॥
देहान्ते मम सायुज्यं लप्स्यसे नात्र संशयः॥

Hearing the sage praise him thus, Rama replied smilingly: "O Sage! I know that your heart is purified by your devotion to me. You have had no other means. That accounts for my coming to see you. Those who recite my *mantra* in this world, who have taken refuge in me, without any other desire or go, get my *darshan* daily. Those who always read this prayer composed by you in my praise shall be devoted to me in wholesome *bhakti* and will attain pure knowledge. By your single-minded devotion to me, you will be released from all bonds and in the end will without doubt reach my abode.

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Philosophy of Mahavira

Dr. A. S. COPANI

REVERENCE for all forms of life characterizes most of the teachings of Mahavira.* Even the least interference with the lives of others is condemned outright. Each has a right to live and no one should try to deprive the other of this right. Trials and tribulations, woes and miseries, sorrows and sufferings were the hard facts with Mahavira as they were with the Buddha. Cycle of worldly existence was an evil of the first magnitude and to get rid of this was, therefore, the common goal of Mahavira and Buddha as it was also of the Upanishadic thinkers. But the means and methods suggested and employed by both of them differed. Buddha held radical views while Mahavira was accommodating. The Upanishadic thinkers saw reality behind the world of phenomena; Buddha said that everything was transient; Mahavira made the common experience his starting point. Change or no-change, both were real to him and he thus stood between the two, the Upanishadic thinkers on the one hand and Buddha on the other. Freedom did not mean the enjoyment of the permanent and the blissful, he contended. Freedom cannot be equated with cessation, he emphasized. To him, freedom was the freedom from passions only.

Freedom from passions was also a necessary prerequisite for undertaking voluntary death. Suicide is a misnomer. When the body refuses to help the soul in its onward march and, on the contrary, blocks its path, it should be abandoned, first making sure that it has now not the least purpose to serve. It is to be clearly borne in mind that it is not under pressure of passions that death is to be courted. Passion for death is equally bad as passion for life. Freedom from passions and only that and nothing else is the main and the only note that emerges from the teachings and the practices of Mahavira.

Mahavira said that every soul has got infinite capacity for spiritual progress and also said that it can by its very nature gain infinite knowledge and can enjoy boundless joy provided complete non-interference from outside is vouchsafed. Truth should not be thrust, he declared, but should first be practised and then preached. An individual rather than society occupied his thoughts more as is evident from the fact that he gave, very often, exhortations embodying recommendations and prescriptions and revealing his own honest experiences helpful in removing individual imperfections and securing a spiritual cure. Social progress, thus, came to be subordinated to individual perfection. All the other differentiating factors and features followed as natural corollaries from this main difference in outlook and approach. Mahavira illustrated by his conduct that life is not meant for enjoyment at all as it can

* Mahavira Jayanti was celebrated on the 30th of last month.

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reach the final goal through ceaseless exertion only. This exertion also covered penances and ascetic practices. Freedom from passions which literally meant freedom from pleasures and pains, being the final aim and end, he advocated for a transformed, metamorphosed life which was something essentially and entirely different from the life improved. Life transformed was a life divine. He was neither a pessimist nor a nihilist. He was an optimist and a realist. His philosophy was not the philosophy of escapism as he never ran away from trials and troubles. He courted disasters as they came; suffered them boldly and unruffled with the only and the exclusive object of evolving himself into perfection—a state of transformation par excellence. This is the foundation on which the superstructure of Jainism as built by Mahavira stands.

From this main source the whole network of rules and regulations governing the life of a monk and a nun, of a layman and a laywoman, followed. He accommodated moral endeavour in conformity with his conception of soul which was according to him not absolutely unchanging. Thus spiritual regress was as much a fact for him as was spiritual progress. Doctrines of absolute staticity or absolute extinction, in other words, eternalism and nihilism, were thus ruled out by him. According to Mahavira, a substance was not static because it underwent change every moment and also was static as it never lost completely its existence—to use a Jain terminology, it persisted through modes. This is how the doctrine of Syadvada germinated. This is how room was made for both Being and Becoming. The thinkers according to whom Being was entirely unchanging and Becoming was a development of Being encountered self-contradiction which they tried to explain away by taking either Being or Becoming or both as illusory.

The *Sutrakrtanga,* one of the Jain canonical works, gives a vivid description of the heretical theories and doctrines, prevalent in the days of Mahavira, relating to the world, its creator, soul, rebirth, and morality. It is in the background of these very theories that Mahavira's attitude is to be understood and assessed. The soul and the body were, according to Jainas, two different things. They believed in good actions and bad actions. Final liberation was to be worked out by application to life of the threefold principle of right faith, right knowledge and right conduct. Mahavira was neither a sceptic, nor an agnostic, nor a materialist. He had faith in moral values, faith in the infinite capacity of the soul and faith in redemption. He was neither indecisive like the sceptics nor dogmatic like the extremists. He struck the golden mean as he had immense faith in toleration. He was non-absolutistic in approach and outlook. Jainism, as it is today, bears a deep impress of his genius as an interpreter of the basic principles of Jainism which he inherited from his predecessors and enunciated in the context of the various speculative theories, doctrines, and ideologies current in his age.

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.... Shivaji Maharaj stands for the greatest Hindu since Prithviraj Chauhan ....

THE GREAT STAR OF HINDUISM

Nanalal Dalpatram Kavi

THE holy Shruties recite मातृ देवो भव। पितृ देवो भव। (Respect your mother as God, respect your father as God).

The first preceptors of Shivaji Maharaj* were his parents—Shahaji and Jijabai. The third preceptor of Shivaji Maharaj was his religious father, the great Ramdas Swami.

The foundation of life is religion. Religion is the foundation of the State. Religion is the mainstay of the whole world,—such is the belief of the Aryans. Sri Ramdas Swami instilled and reared these sentiments in Shivaji Maharaj.

Shivaji Maharaj was the Arjun, holding the Gandiv bow. Sri Ramdas Swami taught him the religion of the performance of duty without desire. The powerful Sri Ramdas Swami gave him the message of *Gitaji,* conveyed to the world from age to age. It was the great Sri Ramdas Swami who taught Shivaji to unfurl the *Bhagva Jhenda,* crimson banner, on the field of battle. It was Sri Samarth Ramdas Swami who transformed the battles of Shivaji into holy sacrifices, who transformed the banner of Shivaji into the banner of Religion. Sri Ramdas Swami, the religious father, was the third architect of Shivaji.

And the fourth maker and moulder of Shivaji was Tulja Bhavani, the All Powerful, the mother of the world, the Goddess Tribhuvaneshwari of Tuljapur. She gave the sword

* This year Shivaji Jayanti falls on 17th April.

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to Shivaji. It was the embodiment of the Great Force for re-attainment of Swaraj by India. These four were the creators of Shivaji Maharaj.

Two incidents in the life of Shivraj Maharaj stand out before me. Some may have the capture of Torna in view; others may think of the fall of Sinhgad. 'The Fortress was conquered, but the Lion was lost.' Some may remember the Durbar at Agra, others may remember the installation ceremonies at Raigad.

My gaze is riveted, however, on two other incidents in his life. One, the gift of the Empire to Sri Ramdas Swami. The pages of history have registered many a gift; but it is difficult to find another to equal this.

O Aryan Spirit! What was Shivraj Maharaj presenting to Sri Ramdas Swami? He was pouring at the feet of his preceptor, the wealth of a lifetime, the treasury of his soul. The great donation of the All-of-life stands out before us today.

Also another incident. The hermitage at Alundi, the cottage of Tukaram, even like that of Sudamaji. As if Krishnadev visited Sudamaji!

A desire to adorn Poona was born to Shivraj. The ministry of eight proceeded to Alundi, bowed down before the saint and delivered the message of the king. "The king beseecheth you to come to Punya-Pattana."

The Sudama said, "Our work does not lie in the resort of pleasures, the centre of policies, that Dwarika. I charge you to give this *Abhanga* to Maharaj and tell him that *he should protect Religion as he protects life.*"

Shivraj Maharaj was made of di-

Shri Shivaji is a symbol of many virtues, more especially of love of country.

Shivaji did not belong to Maharashtra alone; he belonged to the whole Indian nation. No greater disservice can be done to the memory of Shivaji than to reduce this brilliant statesman, administrator and gifted general to the size of parochial personality and seek inspiration from him for any brand of chauvinism. He was not an ambitious ruler anxious to establish a kingdom for himself but a patriot inspired by a vision and political ideas derived from the teachings of the ancient philosophers.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

vine earth. He himself proceeded to the house of Sudamaji: "Prince of Devotees! Grace by your presence my Punya-Pattana. Best of Poets! Come and adorn the grandeur of my Empire!" prayed he.

The Prince of Devotees did not accede to the Prince of the Empire. The Prince of Poets rejected the glories of Empire. "Oh King! Enjoy the pleasures of Empire and fight the battlefield of life. But guard always one thing with thy life, namely thy Religion."

Gentlemen, do you know Shivraj? Who was Shivraj Maharaj?

Shivraj Maharaj stands for the Greatest Hindu since Prithviraj Chauhan. He was the crown and essence of Hinduism during the seven centuries, the Great Star of Hinduism.

Aryavarta is immortal, and the dreams of Swamiji will come true. the spiritual progress of the World this Earth and beyond.

[From the English translation of Gujarati original by Sri N. H. Pand

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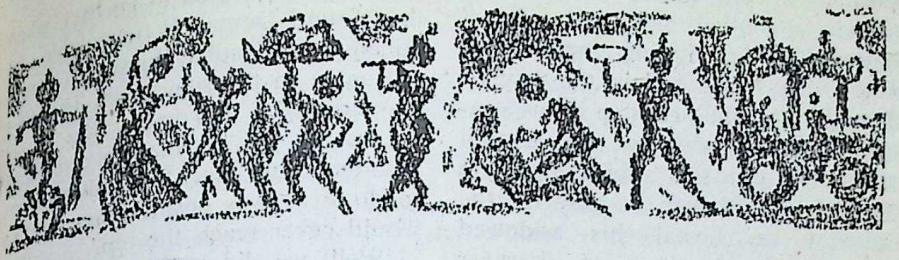

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KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

19. Uddhava in 'Hell'

WHEN Krishna left Kundinpur, Uddhava felt that his heart had also left him to keep company with his beloved friend. In his infancy his father, Devabhagh, brother of Vasudeva, had sent him to Vrindavan to be brought up with Krishna, and to him, his cousin was both a passionately-loved hero and his better self. Since then he had lived for Krishna and thriven only in his company. His supreme privilege was to serve his hero unobtrusively, to fulfil his slightest wish and to help him in accomplishing all his purposes. His thought processes had also been fused with Krishna's, so much so that often he would anticipate his friend's wishes and immediately take steps to fulfil them.

So, when Krishna left for the Sahya Mountains, he bent all his energies to help him come back in triumph. Living as the guest of old Kaishik, the father of King Bhismaka of Vidarbha, he could see that Princess Rukmini had felt heart-broken when Krishna went away to seek an asylum in wilderness. In her, therefore, he found a fiery spirit which was impatient to help him in his work. She mentioned the plans of Uddhava to her grandfather Kaishik, and the three of them spent considerable time in devising ways to frustrate the object of Jarasandha. Of any such plan they decided, the astute Kaishik, king of Chedi, they thought, should be the pivot.

What Krishna had anticipated had come true. Jarasandha had no desire to destroy Mathura for the fun of it.

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Vasudeva's sons had offered him a mortal affront; they had almost shattered his reputation for invincibility; they had stood in the way of his ambition; the first step in his strategy, therefore, was that they should be hunted out like rabid dogs and killed. It would then be easy for the Emperor to instal his widowed daughters in Mathura as dowager queens with some infant Yadava placed on the throne.

With the blessings of Kaishik, Uddhava, in disguise, went to Chedi and secretly presented himself before Damagosh, when Jarasandha and his friends had halted in his capital on their way to the Sahya Mountains. Damagosh quietly listened as Uddhava spent his ingenuity and eloquence to bring him into the plan, and then thought over the suggestion carefully. It would be unwise, he concluded, to let go an opportunity of shaking the foundation of Jarasandha's hold over his allies, if Vasudeva's sons were as valiant as reported. He, therefore, left with Jarasandha's party for the Sahya Mountains, accompanied by Uddhava in the disguise of a charioteer.

Things had turned out better than Damagosh had imagined. He had helped to stop the fight and saved the life of the Emperor, and also saw with undiluted satisfaction his inglorious discomfiture. When, therefore, Jarasandha's friends had hastely departed with him, Damagosh embraced Krishna and Balaram heartily and told them of all that had happened. With a smile of appreciation he also narrated how Uddhava had persuaded him to help.

'Everyone wanted to go back when they found Gomantak unscalable', he added. 'Jarasandha, however, would not agree to the suggestion. The only way to make him happy was to set fire to the hill, so that he can retire without losing face. So I advised him to do so. I was positive that the fire would never reach the top.'

'Well, we did not let it reach the summit', said Krishna with a smile.

'Krishna, are you really what everyone says you are—a god?' asked the king. 'You have commanded the sea and it obeyed. And between two of you, you have annihilated the prestige of the greatest of our kings. And ....', he added with a twinkle in his shrewd eye, 'he will never be able to live down the ridicule to which you have exposed him.' Damagosh laughed aloud at what he thought was a huge joke. 'This victor of a hundred battles to run for his very life before two boys! And together with his loyal allies! I could never have hoped to see such a happy day!'

In the meantime, the Garuds who had gone in pursuit of Jarasandha's bowmen returned with a few captives, the rest of them having fled away. They were overjoyed when they saw the triumph achieved by Krishna and Balaram and by their screeches conveyed the message of victory to their kinsmen who were watching from the top of the Hill. Immediately the Garuds, men and women, led by their Chief, came down the Hill and surrounded Krishna, Balaram and Damagosh with shouts of wild ecstasy and offered flowers, fruits and food to them all, after breaking a hundred

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cocoanuts to ward off evil. They had also brought along 'nectar' for Balaram, which the young giant took till his eyes rolled and his legs refused to stand. Damagosh too was not slow to refresh himself with it.

After a heavy repast, in which the Garuds also joined, they, both men and women, celebrated the victory by a ceremonial dance in which Krishna and Balaram also joined. They were as merry as only the Garuds could be when dancing.

For two days Damagosh and his party camped at the foot of the Hill enjoying the hospitality of the Garuds. The King of Chedi who had heard so much about Krishna was amazed to find such ripe wisdom and uncanny perception in his young relative and was very glad that in the big game that he was playing to counteract the growing influence of Jarasandha, he had now found someone whose power to work miracles appeared unlimited.

On the third day Krishna sent Uddhava to Karvirpur with a message to Shrigalava that he and Balaram—now that they were here—would like to pay their respects to the great Yadava Prince. Balaram disagreed with this friendly overture.

'Krishna, I don't want you to send such a courtesy message; the fellow is behaving like a blackguard; he betrayed us to Jarasandha', said Balaram. 'If you want to meet him, do so yourself; I would not come.'

'We do not lose anything by being courteous at all times', replied Krishna. 'And we should not lose an opportunity to make Shrigalava a friend. Who knows?—he may be a good man at heart'.

'You may go on making as many friends as you like', said Balaram. 'I won't have anything to do with such a wicked man. You remember the mighty Bhargava told us that Shrigalava was an enemy of Dharma and had kept several venerable *acharyas* in Karvirpur in prison for not accepting him as VAASUDEVA, the Great God.'

'Perhaps the Great God may confer a favour on me by releasing those *acharyas*!' said Krishna. 'I do not like to desert such venerable masters of the Vedic lore,' he added firmly.

●●●

Uddhava rode to Karvirpur, accompanied by Vainateya and other fleet-footed Garuds who often ran ahead of the horse. Four warriors of Chedi also followed them on foot.

When Uddhava reached the fort, they were stopped by the guards from entering it. The guards were dark-skinned men dressed in loin cloth and huge necklaces and armlets of silver, each bearing a heavy wooden club and a copper lance. When informed by Guruda of Uddhava's mission, their chief, who carried a shield of silver, went inside the fort to obtain instructions. After a considerable time, he returned with orders. Only Uddhava was to be allowed to enter the town escorted by a fair skinned officer, who spoke the sacred language.

Uddhava, once he entered the fort, was asked to dismount and give up his arms. Then he was led on foot towards the palace which was more

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a citadel than a royal residence. On the way, he met dark-skinned men and women, the men in loin cloth, the women in short saris, all loaded with rich ornaments of gold and silver. The marts too were full of gold and silver trinkets. Rich sweets were on sale everywhere. Uddhava could not have believed that Karvirpur was rolling in such riches, had he not seen it with his own eyes.

The citadel had all the signs of having been prepared for some festival. The officer explained to Uddhava that these preparations were made to welcome Jarasandha, the King of Magadha, who was coming to pay his respects to 'the great lord'. Uddhava smiled. People in Karvirpur evidently did not know that the preparations were wasted; Jarasandha was on his way home.

As Uddhava entered the citadel, he saw a large congregation drawing a huge, open, four-wheeled chariot. A short thick-set person with a well-combed beard, decked in gold and with a cubit high diadem on his head, sat on a throne of gold placed on it, the jewels in his diadem, necklaces, waist-band and armlets flashing like living eyes in the sunshine. He also wore on his left shoulder a huge bow. Uddhava could easily see that it could be no one else than Shrigalava himself.

The crowds, in their own language, were shouting worshipful slogans, and as the chariot was drawn out of the citadel, the townsmen on both sides fell prostrate on their face in homage.

'Is this your king?' asked Uddhava.

'Not our king. He is Lord VAASUDEVA,' the Great God in person', said the officer with appropriate reverence.

'He is not the son of Vasudeva, but is VAASUDEVA, the Great God, is he?' asked Uddhava with a smile.

'You are a foreigner, so naturally you don't know anything about us', said the officer. 'According to us VAASUDEVA is the Great God and he is the master of us all.' So saying he touched his eyelids with his forefinger to show reverence.

In the meantime, the procession came near where they stood and the officer fell prostrate before the king as the chariot passed by. Uddhava, not to give offence, did likewise. Shrigalava glanced loftily at Uddhava and the procession went its way.

Uddhava was then taken to a stone rest-house intended for distinguished guests, where the officer looked after his needs. He was, however, obstinately unresponsive and Uddhava's curiosity about Shrigalava remained unsatisfied.

Next morning he was sent for by the King. When Uddhava entered the compound of the stone palace, he found King Shrigalava seated on the same throne in the same pose, immovable as the image of a god, shining in gold and jewels. By his side stood the queen, an emaciated frightened-looking woman, who evidently did not enjoy what was happening. She was supported by a young and very beautiful woman, whose

1. Vasudeva's son is called *Vaasudeva*. God was also referred to as *Vaasudeva* in some of the Aryan cults particularly in the cult from which Pancharatna Sampradaya sprang.

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eyes were fixed on Shrigalava in ecstatic veneration. Next to her stood a boy, evidently the Prince, who was more interested at looking furtively at his mother than at his father or the worshipping crowd.

A number of men and women were offering *arti*[2] to the King waving a hundred lights in front of him, and singing hymns evidently in his praise in a language which he did not understand. The throne was surrounded by women scantily clad but richly adorned and numerous fierce-looking men with heavy wooden clubs in their hands.

What shocked Uddhava most was that some Brahmans who looked like *acharyas*, stood on all sides of the King offering obsequious worship. This was so different, he thought, from the respectful behaviour of the kings of Aryavarta towards masters of high learning like Gargacharya and Sandipani, and it made him indignant.

When the ceremony of waving the lights was over and cocoanut cream, treacle and coriander seeds were distributed to all persons present there as gifts of the divinity, Uddhava was taken by another officer near the throne.

Uddhava offered due salutations to Shrigalava. The King stared at him for some time, making him feel uncomfortable. Then smoothening his beard, he boomed a question in the sacred language, which he spoke with an unfamiliar accent and mixed with strange words. 'Who are you, stranger? What is your name? And what favours do you seek from Lord VAASUDEVA?'

'I am Uddhava, son of noble Devabhagh, the valiant Shoora of Mathura. I have come to ask no favours. I have come on behalf of my cousin, Krishna V*aa*sudeva', said Uddhava.

'Krishna of Mathura? What have we, VAASUDEVA, to do with him?' asked the King in a fierce, authoritative tone. 'We have nothing to do with him. We understand that this cowherd has killed his maternal uncle, the son-in-law of our friend, the lord of Magadha, and he is hiding like a coward in the Gomantak Hill. We are sure by now our friend, the mighty Jarasandha, must have dispatched him to hell'.

'Oh great and noble King'—began Uddhava.

'Who told you that we are a king?' angrily asked Shrigalava. 'There is only Lord VAASUDEVA here', he said loftily and looked on all sides, when all the persons present folded their hands and bowed their heads in corroboration.

'Noble lord, forgive me. I am ignorant of the ways of Karvirpur', Uddhava said meekly.

'Then you should not have come to our kingdom. What do you want of us?' asked Shrigalava.

'Krishna V*aa*sudeva would like to come to Karvirpur and pay his respects to the lord', said Uddhava trying to humour the king.

'He would be dead by now', Shrigalava said.

'He and his brother Balaram, lord, have already driven Jarasandha

2. The ritual of waving of lights before a deity of a very highly venerable person.

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away, wounded Prince Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha, and killed King Darad', said Uddhava.

Shrigalava glared at Uddhava as if he was out of his mind. 'You are telling lies', at last he thundered. 'The lord of Magadha is coming here as our guest'.

'He is fleeing back to Magadha as fast as his horses can carry him', Uddhava replied.

For a moment Shrigalava was silent. Then he said: 'Uddhava, go and tell your friend Krishna that we would permit him to see us only if he recognised us as VAASUDEVA, the Supreme Lord of the three worlds', said Shrigalava.

Uddhava lost his patience. 'Krishna Vaasudeva....'

'Don't call him Vaasudeva!' There is only one VAASUDEVA in the world and we are here', said Shrigalava. Again he looked on all sides, and the courtiers and the attendants folded their hands and bowed their heads in agreement, with little noises of approval.

Uddhava was tickled at this egregious vanity. Krishna, his friend, never called himself a god, but acted like one, while this pompous fool called himself a god and could not behave even like a man. 'How can he drop his name? He is the son of Vasudeva, the lord of the Shooras of Mathura, and therefore Vaasudeva—and your kinsman, Best among Yadavas', he added.

'There can't be two Vaasudevas in this world', Shrigalava said firmly. 'If Krishna does not acknowledge us as the only God, VAASUDEVA, we will not see him',

'I am afraid, there will have to be two Vaasudevas, O, great Vaasudeva', said Uddhava with equal firmness.

'Yadava, you commit a sacrilege. To hell you will go unless you acknowledge us VAASUDEVA as the Supreme God'.

'I take your leave, lord of Karvirpur. Krishna Vaasudeva does not claim to be a god as you do, but Krishna, to me, very much looks like one', said Uddhava as he hurried to leave.

'You shall not utter such heresies in our presence', said Shrigalava. 'Send him to hell', he thundered, and with a sweep of his arm, ordered his men to take Uddhava into custody.

About twenty attendants, with lance in hand, fell upon him, and binding him with ropes, led him away from Shrigalava's presence.

Uddhava was forcibly carried to the far end of the citadel. For a moment he felt worried about the fate of Krishna and Balaram if they came into the hands of this wicked king; his one anxiety, therefore, was how to warn Krishna of the danger. But situated as he was, he could do nothing. Parashurama, he knew, had already warned Krishna against the wiles of Shrigalava, but he could never conceive him to be such an amalgam of vanity and wickedness.

Uddhava was brought near what looked like the mouth of a well and unceremoniously flung into it. As he came down the opening, however, he saw that it was not a well into which he was thrown, but an opening of a large cave. He descended on his feet

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and saw sunlight streaking in from a distant corner.

When he reached that corner, he discovered an opening leading down to a part of the valley which had been enclosed on two sides by high stone walls. When he stepped into what looked like a veritable pit of hell, he saw a group of elderly men—whom he guessed to be the captive *acharyas* —offering their *arghya* to the Sun God near a stream. He walked up to them and prostrated himself before them. With a silent gesture of the hand, they blessed him. Everyone of the *acharyas*, though reduced to a skeleton, had high intelligent foreheads and eyes unnaturally bright.

'Uddhava!' came a familiar voice from behind.

Uddhava turned round to find Punardatta, the son of his guru Sandipani, rushing to him with open arms. Both embraced each other with effusive cordiality.

'How do you happen to be here?' asked Punardatta.

Uddhava explained to him how he came to this 'hell' and inquired of Punardatta as to why he was here. Punardatta then told him all about himself.

●●●

There were ancient sects which worshipped VAASUDEVA as the Supreme. Galava *rishi*, who had come all the way to Karvirpur with the Yadava conquerors, belonged to this sect and had great influence with the ruling family. When a son was born to the young Yadava King of Karvirpur with his blessings, the infant was named Shrigalava.

The young prince was brought up in the sect of Vaasudeva worshippers. When Galavacharya died, Shrigalava, then the King of Karvirpur, disbanded his *ashram* and made himself the head of the sect. In course of time, by threat, bribe or persuasion, he got most of the people to join the sect.

In course of time, when Shrigalava conquered the neighbouring tribes, he proclaimed himself VAASUDEVA, the God of gods, come to earth, and assumed all the insignia of godhood. He transformed the sect to suit his wishes, and enforced his own worship first by favours and later by threats and penalties. His ways, thereupon, earned for him the sobriquet Shrigal or the fox.

Some of the learned *acharyas* of the town stood out against this enforced worship. They were prepared to give Shrigalava all the honours due to a king which the *shastras* enjoined, but not to recognise him as the God of gods. Among them was Punardatta's maternal grandfather, Rudracharya, an outstanding *acharya*, who remained uncompromising in his loyalty to the gods to whom the divine *Vedas* were addressed. Led by Rudracharya, many *acharyas* refused to change their faith. Shrigalava, however, got some *acharyas* to offer him exclusive worship in return for rich rewards. Punardatta's grandfather, and those like him, who declined to compromise their independence, invited the wrath of the king on themselves. Those who once looked up to him with reverence withdrew their support. As Rudracharya was the most respected of the unyielding *acharyas*, Shrigalava decided

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to make an example of him and began to frighten all who associated with him. Even his pupils left him.

Three years ago, Shrigalava found himself powerful enough to disband Rudracharya's *ashram*. Then he took the next step. He persecuted all who were suspected of giving support to the old man.

However, the old man, abandoned but unbent, stood unflinching in his resolve. One of his sons fled from Karvirpur. Another came to a compromise with Shrigalava. However, living on whatever he could get, Rudracharya refused to yield and followed his way of life strictly. He would not give up a single ritual, nor depart from the ascetic rigour to which he was pledged. He would not attend the congregational worship which Shrigalava commanded him to attend.

'Then Shrigalava decided to wipe out all the learned *acharyas* who would not accept him as the Great God and prohibited them from following the rituals of the faith,' continued Punardatta. 'My grandfather was the first to be sent to this 'hell'. Then, whoever among the *acharyas* refused to accept his godhood and join in his worship were sent here. They were seventeen in all, including my grandfather. Three of them have already died here. The rest are rotting as you see'.

'But how did you happen to be here?' asked Uddhava.

'On my return to Gurudeva, my father, we learnt of what had befallen my grandfather. So I came to negotiate his release in the hope that Shrigalava would let my grandfather come with us. But he would not yield. On the contrary, he wanted me to join in worshipping him as the Supreme God. I declined and found myself in this hell. I am glad for it; I am now with grandfather', said Punardatta, with a wry smile. Then he added: 'I always seem to find my way into difficulties, and to meet you when the situation becomes hopeless.'

'To find a way, as we did at Vaivasvatpur', said Uddhava.

[*To be continued*]

The best preacher is the heart, the best teacher time, the best book the world, the best friend God.

—Talmud.

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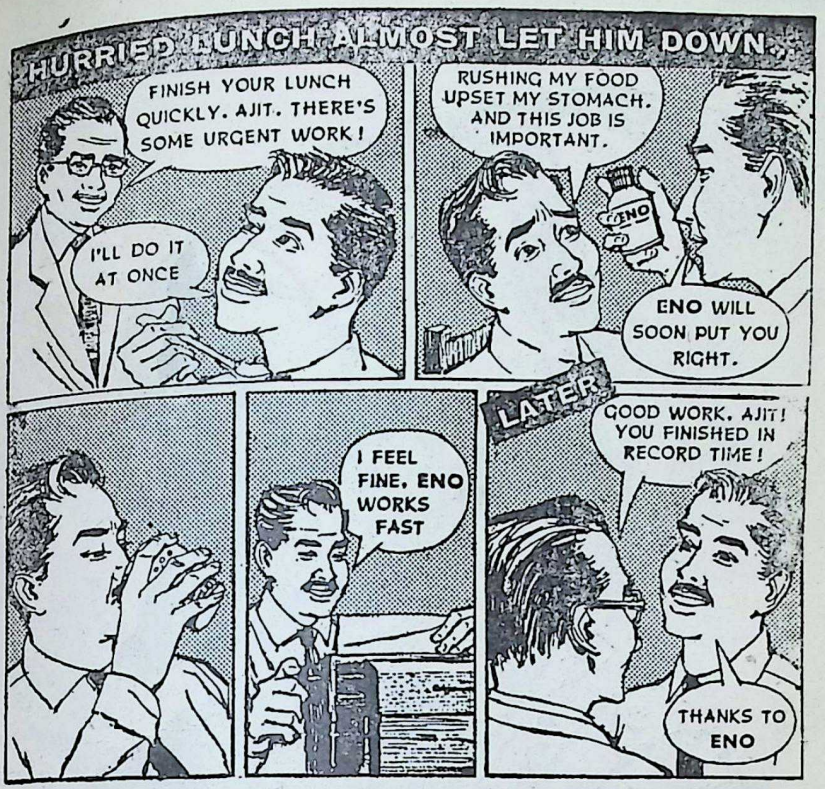

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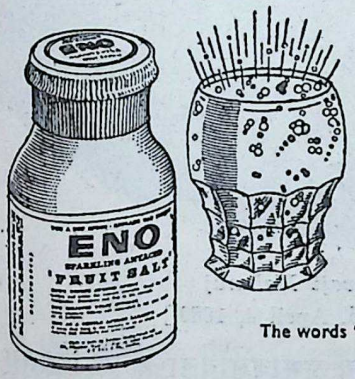

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Homage

Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj

[b. April 4, 1630—d. April 4, 1680.]

यत्पुण्यराशिरभवच्छिवराजनामा यस्य प्रभावसविता क्रमते दिगंतम् ॥

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—Gaga Bhatt

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Sri S. Satyamurti

[b. August 19, 1889—d. March 28, 1943]

"If you want to enter the legislatures merely to show up the bureaucracy, it is enough if we send Satyamurti alone there."

—Mahatma Gandhi

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. . . . the power of poetry is the power to make the truth "come true"—to give it the form which will endow it with the meaning which will make it true . . . .

The Crucial Flaw in Our Civilization

Archibald MacLeish

THE old relationship between man and world has been replaced by our new, precise, objective, dispassionate *observation* of the world. With the result that our understanding of our experience of the world has been curiously mutilated.

The world is still there bright and sharp and analyzed and explicable. But we ourselves, facing the world, are not there.

Our knowledge seems to exist of itself independently of us, or indeed of any knower—scientific knowledge stated in its universal scientific laws, its formulas and equations true for all men everywhere and always, not for a single man alone.

But, at the same time and for the same reasons, the human savour, the personal significance, the subjective apprehension and our knowledge fades and blurs.

One way to speak of this is to say that the *knowledge* of the fact has somehow or other come loose from the feel of the fact, and that it is now possible, for the first time in human history, to know as a mind what you cannot comprehend as a man.

I agree that this way of talking is not entirely scientific, and may perhaps, not even be intelligible, but what I think of when I use these words is only too intelligible.

What I think of is the Americans and the Russians and the Chinese of our own generation—shall we call them the "good" Americans and Russians and Chinese?—who *know* Hiroshima (the walking dead who could not die stumbling through the dark of that first day with "great sheets of skin peeled from their tissues to hang like rags") but who, in spite of that knowledge, are still able to talk about the repetition of those horrors (and of horrors even worse) as conceivable as possible—as, to the Communist Chinese, "inevitable" and even, it would seem, desired.

This divorce between the knowledge of the fact and the feel of the fact exists in our world whether we like its existence or not and it is because it exists that the word art—or better, the word Poetry, which signifies for me that way of looking at the world fundamental to the creation of all art—belongs beside the word Science in these grave discussions.

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Not until mankind is again able to see feelingly, as blind Gloucester says to Lear upon the heath, will the crucial flaw at the heart of our civilization be healed. And to see feelingly only poetry can teach us.

That statement, I have no doubt whatever, will sound, to many, like the worst kind of special pleading. What has poetry to do—really to do—with a world in conflagration, societies in collapse?

Poetry, you will say, is a heading under the rubric, Literature, in the list of college courses. It is an embellishment, something taught to prevent a college's graduates from making unnecessary fools of themselves in their dinner conversations after the day's real work is done—the stock sold at a profit or a loss, the advertisement placed, the lawsuit argued, the draft of the state paper initialled.

Or poetry, you will say, has nothing to do, can have nothing to do, should have nothing to do, with societies and civilizations and, above all, world in crisis. Poetry is its own world. Poetry never makes anything happen. Life is one thing: poetry another. And you will end up, like as not, quoting those familiar sentences of Thomas Mann: "Contemner though she is at the base, [art] has never been able to halt the march of evil. Intent on endowing life with reason and dignity, she has never been able to put a stop to the most arrant nonsense. She is not a force, she is only a comfort."

But whichever way you say it, you will be saying the same thing: that poetry is about as remote from the urgent concerns of our generation as anything could well be.

Our crisis is not a weapon or a hostile nation or a political party.

Our crisis is man, the new man in whom this new knowledge is carried—along with the old ignorance which was there before: the new scientific man who knows but does not know, who can but can't, who will but won't—and who is dangerous to himself and others because he has lost his relations to his own reality in losing his relation to a world he thought he knew.

We need to remind ourselves of that fact, for unless and until we realize what our crisis is, we cannot very well discuss the measures to be taken to meet it.

Slogans as definitions of a problem beget slogans as answers to the problem.

The fact, however, is otherwise. The fact is that nothing is as close as poetry, as the poet's vision, to the tragic dilemma in which we live.

If it is true, as it assuredly is true, that our dilemma is founded in those great events which have changed the human situation on this earth, and if it is true that the cleavage of the dilemma is that divorce of the feel of the fact from the knowledge of the fact which frustrates us in our efforts to know ourselves in the new world we live in, then only the poet's vision can right the world for us and right ourselves as actors in the world.

The end and aim of any true work of art is precisely the achievement of the relationship we have lost—the re-

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lationships between man and world—between man and man's experience of the world.

And the means of poetry, the means by which life is apprehended as something to be felt and experienced rather than manipulated, are precisely the means which, with us, have atrophied—the means by which men recognize their lives and so themselves.

Rightly read, any poem is a recreation of common experience the effect and action of which is an uncommon understanding of that experience.

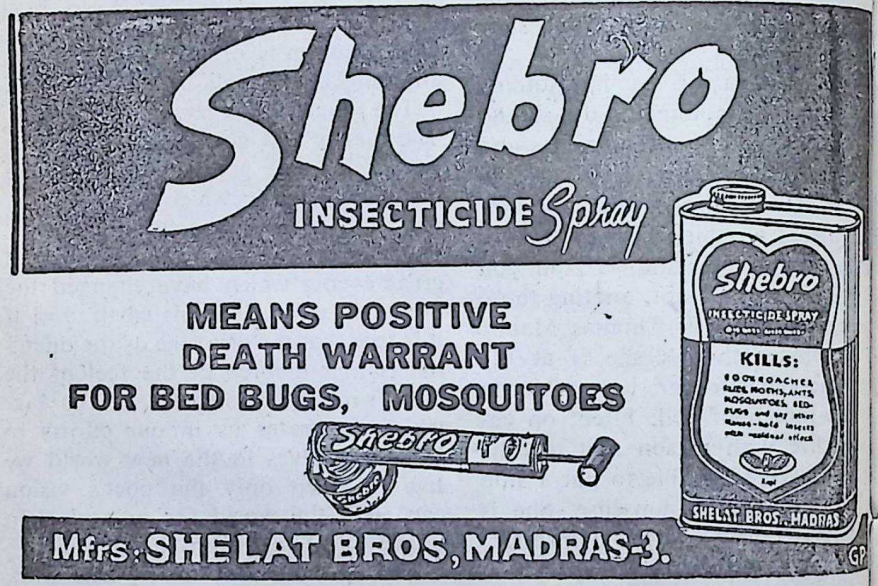
Rightly perceived, the power of poetry is the power to make the truth "come true"—to give it the form which will endow it with the meaning which will make it true, and true not only for our minds but for ourselves as men.

It is for this reason that science and yet more science is not the only answer we must give as we measure our needs in the context of persisting crisis.

The great ages have been ages founded upon one image or another of man against the sky, man against the universe, and that image, whether in Athens or Florence or Loyang or among the rocks Isaiah knew, has always been an image poetry created.

Only when poetry reclaims, in the consciousness of living men, the place it had always held in earlier civilizations, will the triumphs of modern science promise us a world in which humanity can live alive.

[Courtesy: *New York Times*]



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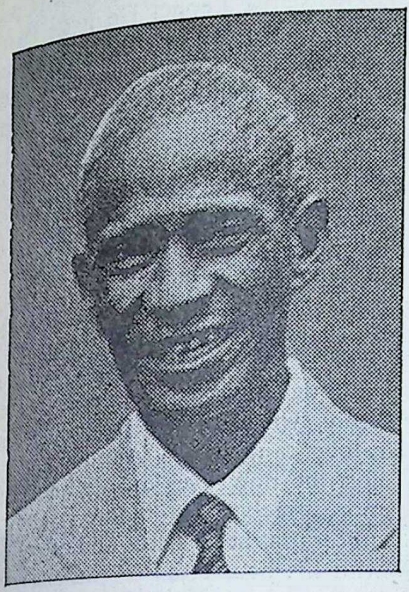

SIR MILTON MARGAI

THE eighth British dependency to become a full member of the British Commonwealth since 1947 will be Sierra Leone, when she attains Independence a few days hence, i.e. on 27th April.

Sierra Leone on the West Coast of Africa has a population of 2¼ million and an area of 28,000 sq. miles. Sandwiched between Liberia and French Guinea, its capital, Freetown, has an annual rainfall of about 150 inches, a temperature that hovers in the low eighties in the hot season, enchanting hills and is one of the finest natural harbours. Its University College is a most notable institution of learning for Africans in Africa.

The population which is 99.8 per cent black consists of over dozen tribes of whom the most important are the Mende and the Temne. The famous "Inside' man Gunther refers to the 'intriguing and romantic' history of this territory thus: "The first settlers (1787) were 400 Africans rescued from slave ships by the British Navy; with them came thirty white prostitutes from the slums of London. These together are the foundation of contemporary Freetown society."

Traditionally one of the most loyal of British Colonies, Sierra Leone has her own domestic problems, one of which is the cleavage between the pure Creoles, descendants of the first settlers, and the natives. There are at least two well-defined political parties —the National Council for the Colony of Sierra Leone (NCCS) and the Sierra Leone People's Party

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(SLPP). Bending before insistent national demands the British had been giving progressive political reforms. Last year the leaders joined a United Front which successfully negotiated her independence.

The biggest economic issue of that country relates to diamonds for which it is justly famous. Diamond production which is under the monopoly controlled by a Trust contributes to about 15% of the country's revenue and it is said that more diamonds leave the country illegally than legally. This is the Government's headache.

Now, the undisputed leader of the country is her present Prime Minister, Sir Milton Margai, who has been leading the country for nine years now. A real protectorate man, Sir Milton's father was a trader and his grandfather a warrior chief. Educated at Freetown, he took his medical degree at Durham in England in 1926. He was the Protectorate's first doctor. Starting life in private practice he entered Government Service and retired in 1950 as Senior Medical Officer. Along with Mr. Laminah Sankoh, he formed the national party, SLPP.

Before entering politics Sir Milton Margai instituted a campaign among women for instructions in anatomy, mother-craft, and literacy. At the initial stages, the tribal chiefs looked upon it with suspicion but later they got reconciled.

From the time the SLPP took office in 1952, there have been gradual but considerable improvements in the conventional life of the people. Universal compulsory education is the Government's creed. Facilities for education and social welfare have been introduced on a large scale.

Sir Milton is 65, and age is respected in Sierra Leone. He is at least a generation older than other important politicians. Thus custom and knowledge are in his favour. Young men call him 'Pa'. The Chiefs respect him because he has assured them places in the new set-up. He is experienced and practical. He never forgets that the ultimate object of politics is the welfare of the people.

Cool, quiet and cautious, the Doctor is slight of build and wiry but resilient. He keeps fit by playing tennis. Although normally he looks grave, it is not typical of him: he enjoys a joke rather raucously. Although a good host, he now lives quietly and relaxes more freely than before. Duty requires that he be fierce and often tough with his people, as for instance when they try to defraud the state revenue by smuggling diamonds out of the country.

Although the foundations have been well laid for her independent future, it is not without difficulties as indeed the past as in 1956, for example, when there were strikes. Next to combating illicit digging and smuggling of diamonds, external relations will demand the attention of Sir Milton. A pan-Africanist by temperament though not doctrinaire, the learned doctor is said to lean more on the side of Nigeria which surely is a good sign. India sends out her best wishes to Sierra Leone on this happy occasion.

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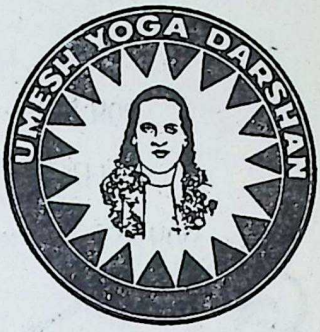

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Tapaswini

by K. M. Munshi

or

THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

45. HIS HIGHNESS' PROBLEMS

RADHARAMAN received Sheela at the Victoria Terminus with warm affection. He had convinced himself that whatever Sheela might do or say, in the end she would do exactly what he wanted her to do. But no sooner they met, he realised that her attitude towards him had changed; she was only discharging her duty to him as his wife. However, he forgot all about it when he found that immediately on her arrival at the house, Sheela took over the responsibility for making arrangements for the evening's reception.

Leading personalities of Bombay attended Radharaman's reception. The Governor and his wife were, of course, the principal guests. His Highness Samar Sinh was also present. Sheela proved herself matchless as hostess, though Radharaman was not too pleased when he found that she had put on a very simple dress and hardly any ornaments. But his vanity was satisfied when he found that Sheela played her part so well. He felt proud when he found her talking with the Governor with self-confidence. He was happy; she was going to be a most helpful instrument in securing high status and popularity. He, therefore, decided to win her affection once again, for he felt that without her he would never achieve the objectives he valued most in life.

Sheela heaved a sigh of relief when the reception was over. Her mind was still occupied with Uday who was passing through a crisis at Matheran, when Radharaman came to her and said: "Sheela, today you were really wonderful. It was astonishing how you managed today's party".

"Well, I am glad you liked everything", replied Sheela as if it was not she to whom the compliment was paid. Radharaman remarked sweetly: "You are really wonderful." Sheela gave no reply but started going up the stairs to her room.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Come, let us sit together in the library for a while".

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Without saying a word, Sheela followed Radharaman to his library and sat on a sofa opposite his usual seat. Radharaman walked up to her and sat down beside her. "I am so glad you came. I knew you could come. Listen to me". And when Sheela made no comment, he added: "How happy we are! Few people are as happy as we are". Sheela smiled almost imperceptibly, not knowing what to say.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Radharaman.

"Nothing in particular. I was just wondering when you would be appointed the member of the Governor's Council," replied Sheela.

"His Excellency did make a mention of it today. Tomorrow when I go to see him with His Highness, possibly there might be some talk about it."

"Well, let me offer you my congratulations", commented Sheela as he attempted to get up.

"Not so quickly," said Radharaman moving close to her.

"How then?"

"This is how", said Radharaman as he pressed Sheela eagerly to himself. Sheela, in disgust, sat quietly without uttering a word.

"Do you know what that awful man Mattamayur has written in today's *Sanatan Yug?* Who is Piyush? Is it Uday?"

"Yes, he has written the novel *Tapasvini.*"

"The poet is my enemy. That is why he has involved you and me in this matter", Radharaman smiled.

"What do you think?" inquired Sheela cautiously.

"How could I know that Uday was such a gay bird? I thought he was a bore; he did not seem to be a deep one", said Radharaman. "When we meet again, we will tease him. What have you done to this man Mattamayur?"

"Do you think his attack is directed against me?" inquired Sheela, not wanting to give any reply to Radharaman's question. She guessed that her husband was trying to find out what her real feelings were and she was not quite sure what her attitude should be.

"Who can dare to attack you? You are my loyal and beloved wife." He again put his arm round her and was taken aback when he found her irresponsive.

"Shall we retire?"

"Just as you wish", said Sheela in a voice which trembled a little. She shut her eyes and ground her teeth, as she made herself ready for the final sacrifice.

●●●

After some time Sheela went to her bedroom, leaving Radharaman irritated. He had received a shock, mental as well as physical. For the first time it dawned on him that he was no longer irresistible and that he had made love to a block of ice. His passion had remained unrequited, and as his frustration grew, so did his anger. He helped himself with a couple of pegs of whisky, and in a dejected mood, retired to bed.

In the solitude of her room, Sheela wept bitterly for some time. Sleep did not come to her even after she had taken some sleeping tablets. It was with some difficulty that she resisted

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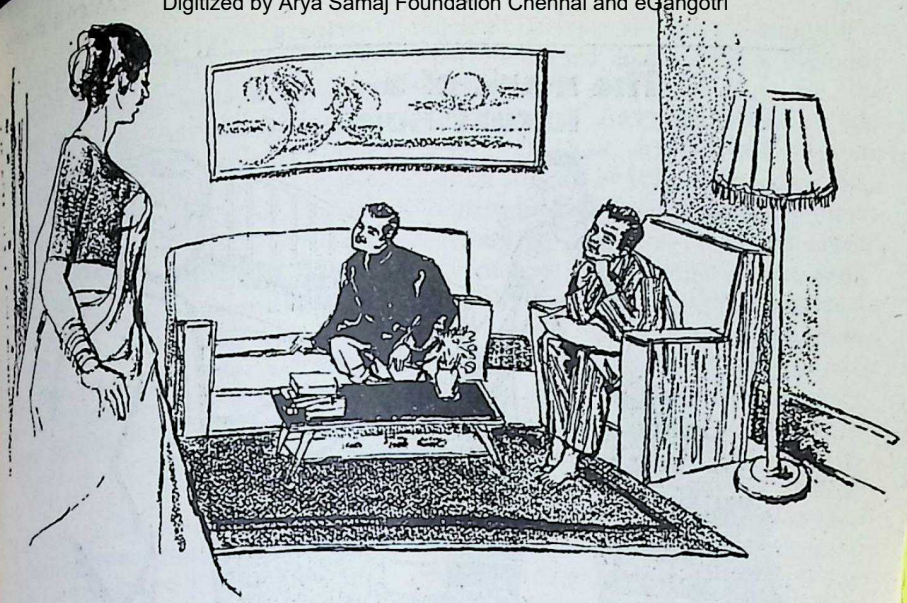

the temptation to take a few more tablets and put an end to a life which had become unbearable. In spite of the sleeping tablets, however, sleep evaded her. Her thoughts were in Matheran, while her body was in Bombay. In self-condemnation she said to herself, 'I had not realised how incredibly difficult this penance of mine is going to be.'

After she got up, she made some tea for herself. Just then a servant knocked at the door and said that there was a telephone call for her from Matheran. She thought that the worst had happened, as she ran to the telephone.

"Sheelaben, I am Raj, calling you from Matheran." Raj's voice was hoarse like a boy's.

"How is Uday?" enquired Sheela, her heart beating fast.

"He is not making any progress. Last night he was delirious."

Sheela could sense the anxiety in Raj's voice. "Oh! God" said Sheela as she put her hand to her throat.

"You must come here", she heard Raj saying.

"I! I! Raj, you must know, it is quite impossible for me to come."

"Not for my sake, but for the sake of Uday."

"I am afraid I cannot come", repeated Sheela, who seemed incapable of saying anything else.

"But you have to come." Raj's voice was now calm and composed, though persistent.

"But how can I come? I am afraid you do not understand things," said Sheela in a tearful voice.

"Sheelaben, both of us want Uday to live. That is why you must come". The voice of Raj was firm.

"Raj, you do not seem to realise anything. If I could, I would fly over". Sheela's voice broke down as she said

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this. "What am I to do? Oh miserable me!"

"Well, then you must catch this evening's train for Matheran. I shall meet you at the station". Raj's voice was now very soft, almost as if she was whispering in Sheela's ears *"That is the mandate"*.

These last words were said in a solemn voice, full of humility and faith. It had a surprising effect on Sheela. She was speechless as she sat down on the chair. "Mandate? Whose mandate? Who gave it? Oh! my God". She wept as she had never before wept.

Uday had given her some idea of the strange powers possessed by Raj, but she never knew its nature. She could still hear the soft voice and sense the firm faith. There was magic in those last words. As she wept, Sheela kept murmuring: 'I must go. I must go. Must go. That is the mandate. Whatever happens I must go to Matheran today. Uday must not die. But how am I to go? How can I go without abandoning this house? And if I go now, who will disbelieve Mattamayur's charges?'

There was again a knock at the door. With some difficulty she regained her composure. "Baisaheb" said the servant as he came in, "Saheb is calling you. Maharaja Saheb is with him".

●●●

His Highness had come at that early hour for Radharaman's advice as they were both to meet His Excellency the Governor at four in the afternoon.

His Highness was deeply agitated. He handed over to Radharaman a copy of a telegram which Hanskunverba had sent to His Excellency the Governor:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY—I was staying in Vihar Bhavan at the invitation of His Highness Samarsinhji of Premkot. The Arab servants of His Highness kidnapped me and my two maid-servants and locked us up in his Ilshamgadh Fortress, in a jungle 30 miles away. One evening his maid-servants searched me and took away from my person certain important papers including a Trust Deed. With much difficulty my maid-servants and I were able to escape. I am sending you this telegram from where we are. In spite of my status, His Highness has dared thus to torture me and to hold me illegally. My Trust Deed is for Rs. 8 lakhs. His Highness must return that sum to me. Even the successor of my husband His Highness of Manigadh refuses to help me. I am indeed helpless and am seeking justice at your hands. Your obedient servant —HANSKUNVERBA, DOWAGER MAHARANI OF MANIGADH."

Radharaman stared fixedly at the copy of the telegram. His Highness' face was a picture of anxiety. For several minutes neither spoke a single word.

"I must say, Your Highness, it is surprising how you cannot do anything without getting into a mess", at last remarked Radharaman impatiently. "Perfectly stupid. How foolish to attempt to arrest people in this way! And if you must decide to do any

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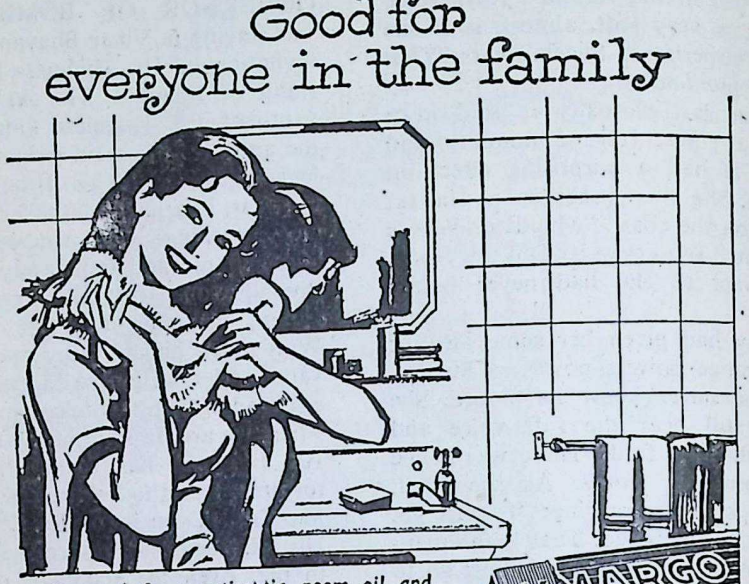

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such thing, surely you must take all possible precautions to see that the persons do not escape!"

"She is a devil" remarked His Highness.

"Well, then you should have thought of it first. What shall we say to the Governor? You are utterly unmindful of your reputation. I am tired of trying to find ways and means of saving you from the mess you make every now and again." He had been wanting to vent his anger on someone because of his bitter experience and disappointment of the previous night and His Highness had the misfortune to be the first victim. He was however so dejected that he was in no shape to resent such language.

"Where are the Trust Deed and the papers?" Radharaman enquired.

"My men will bring them today or tomorrow" replied His Highness.

"So it means that unless Uday gives evidence that he attested the Deed, nothing can happen to you."

"But Uday is mad. He might speak the truth."

"It will be for you to see that he does not speak the truth. I cannot suggest anything to him that would not be professionally correct" said Radharaman.

Radharaman then began to summarise the case slowly as if in a court of law. "If Uday is prepared to say that he never attested any such document, we would be able to say that this is a false document. We could also then suggest that this story of your love affair with her is also imaginary; that all you did was to give shelter to the helpless Maharani who had left Manigadh because of the ill treatment she had received there. It was out of your generosity that you had received her. That should be your statement. But are you sure that none of your officials or employees would say anything to the contrary?"

"Well, they are all loyal to me. If they do not give proper evidence, I can ruin them without any difficulty" remarked His Highness with an air of complete confidence.

"What do you think of Rowjibhai? How will he behave? He is your favourite, is it not so? He was in charge of the affairs at Vihar Bhavan."

"I am quite certain that he will not say one word against my interests. I have lent him 50 lakhs of rupees and made him the Managing Agent of our Premkot Mills."

"Well then, what it comes to is this: If Uday does not join us, the game would be up," concluded Radharaman.

"Yes. That is true. But what shall we do with him?" enquired His Highness. As if to indicate that he saw no way out, he put his hand on his forehead.

"Well," said Radharaman, "I cannot think of any solution. Have you any ideas?"

"Unfortunately", remarked His Highness, "neither conferment of a jagir nor payment of money would tempt him".

"Well, you should know more than anyone else that he declined to have anything to do with the offer of the rulership of Manigadh" confirmed Radharaman in a manner which made His Highness squirm.

"If only he would come to Prem-

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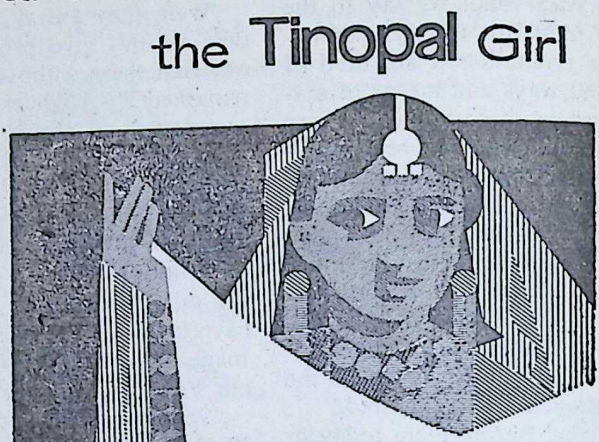

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kot, I would see that he is removed for good", said His Highness softly.

"Do not talk nonsense. Do you think he is a slave of yours?" interjected Radharaman angrily. "If you try to do any harm to him, you will lose your *gaddi*. Then I shall not be on your side. This is Bombay and not Premkot. You must not talk like this in front of me."

His Highness once again put his hand on his forehead in dismay as he remarked: "I am sorry. But what is there for us to do?"

"I am afraid you do not seem to be able to do anything except creating difficulties", repeated Radharaman with the arrogance natural to a leading light of the Bar. Suddenly he jumped up and said: "That is right."

"What?" enquired His Highness to whose anxious mind this sudden burst of energy on the part of the barrister seemed to offer a ray of hope.

"You must marry Uday's sister somehow or other. If need be, you must be prepared to agree to the condition that her son would succeed you."

"My God! Radharaman Saheb, you are really my guardian angel" said His Highness enthusiastically. "You are really wonderful."

"Why? What has come over you?" enquired Radharaman. "Why do you talk in this excited manner?"

"My dear sir, you are a genius. Only yesterday I made up my mind that whatever happens, I must marry Rajba. Yesterday she came with me in my saloon from Poona to Neral. 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair!' Was it not Tennyson who said something of the sort? What a woman! I have decided to marry her and shall do everything in my power to win her."

"Your Highness, you talk as if you have lost all sense of proportion. Since, however, you are so enamoured of her, go ahead and marry her. If you agree that a son born to her would succeed you to the rulership, Uday will not say one word against you".

"That's it", said His Highness excitedly. "I do not care for the Maharani Saheb. I shall arrange for her to live away from us so that Rajba's son can come to the throne. But Radharaman, you will have to help me."

"I can only play the part of the adviser; I cannot undertake any further responsibility. But see that Uday does not oppose your marriage with her and their mother also agrees".

"My dear Radharaman, please help me. I beg of you."

"But how can I help you? Don't imagine that Uday is the kind of person who will do whatever I want him to do. Have I not seen you getting excited in this manner a hundred times before over women?"

"Listen, I have a suggestion. He is lying ill in his hotel at Matheran", said His Highness who was now full of enthusiasm. "Rajba has gone there to nurse him. I have taken over Pestonji's bungalow. I suggest you send Sheelaben to Matheran to live in that bungalow as my guest on the excuse that she may be able to help in nursing Uday. Then on Saturday both of us would go up to Matheran. Sheelaben will assist us in arranging a meeting with Rajba. If necessary I shall stay on. I must win her. Please do not

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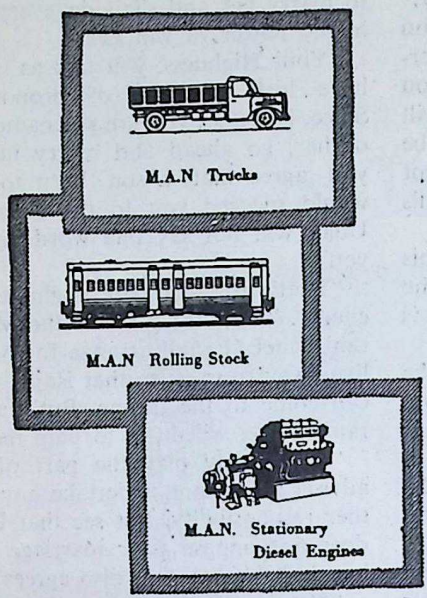

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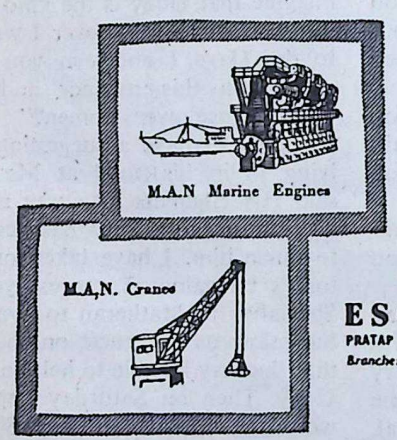

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say 'no'. Please, please send Sheelaben straightaway today to Matheran, and we can follow tomorrow in the evening. My dear sir, if you cannot find a solution, no one can. Please come to my assistance." His Highness was out of breath by the time he had finished talking. He stopped for a moment to regain his breath.

Barrister Radharaman could only look at this sudden burst of eloquence in surprise. His Highness, however, who had not finished, went on to add: "What a wonderful woman! My dear Radharaman, she is a veritable empress."

A client after all is a client, and if he is extremely rich in addition, it was but natural that Radharaman should agree to reconsider the situation. When he thought of the coldness with which Sheela had responded to his love the previous night and the shock to his mind and body had received from her icy contact, he did not relish the idea of having to see Sheela again. He realised, moreover, that if Sheela continued to be in the house, he would not be able to go about as freely after his pleasures as he would have liked. However, as it was he who had pressed her to come, it was not an easy task to ask her to go away so soon. But now that His Highness had provided an excuse, no one could have the slightest reason to suspect his motives. He rang the bell and when the servant came in response, asked him to request Baisaheb to come as His Highness was desirous of seeing her.

Sheela immediately arrived in an obviously agitated mood. "Jai Mahadev, Sheelaben. How are you?" greeted His Highness whose spirits had risen by now. "I have to trouble you for some very important work. I would like you to go straightaway to Matheran".

"What! What do you say!" said Sheela in amazement, as she helplessly sank on the sofa. She was stunned at being asked to do precisely what she had been dying to do!

"Yes, Sheela" confirmed Radharaman in his most persuasive professional voice. "His Highness has rented Sir Pestonji's bungalow at Matheran for the whole season. He and I will be coming there tomorrow for the week-end. We would like you to go by this evening's train. Will you be able to manage?"

Sheela put her hands over her eyes and thanked God for his mercy.

"Uday is also very ill. Sheela, Uday's sister is there all by herself to nurse him." Sheela was not yet certain if all that was happening to her was true.

"It would be a good thing for you to go and help her. After all, Uday is one of us".

Rajba's final words came back to Sheela: *That is the mandate.* She said to herself: "Oh! God, how grateful I am to you!"

"Well, then I will make all the arrangements", Sheela heard His Highness say. "My car will leave you at the station. I am asking Rowjibhai to proceed immediately to Neral so that he can get to Matheran by rikshaw before you arrive there."

Lest they may change their minds, Sheela stood up and said: "I had better go immediately and get ready."

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Radharaman brought the fingers of his two hands together in the way of an eminent lawyer. This was with him an indication that his mind was working most effectively.

"Your Highness, what will happen to my work if I come with you to Matheran and stay there for three successive days—Friday, Saturday and Sunday?"

"Do not worry. What will be your fee?" His Highness was a good judge of his adviser's cupidity. "I hope three thousand rupees a day would be appropriate."

"Quite reasonable."

"Very well, then it is agreed. I know you are my well-wisher." His Highness put an end to all further talk. [*To be continued*]

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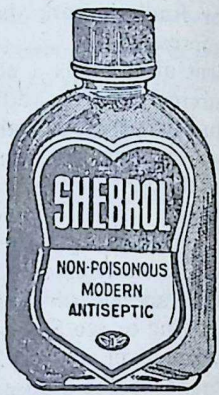

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Ganga Yatra

THE charm of childhood is its utter simplicity. Unlike the grown-ups, childhood's aspira-ns are not unduly coloured by rs. Hence the young one of the etle was not quite happy at the way s mother closed the issue of his go-g on a pilgrimage to Ganga.

After a few days of stay on the nk of Gautami, therefore, the ng one again asked his mother e day: "Mother! Obeisance unto u. Having taken birth in your illus-ous bosom, does it become me to ntinue to remain an imbecile? Do stand in the way of my aspira-n to have a dip in the holy Ganga d thus bring about the liberation all our ancestors. Please, I beg of u, give me permission to proceed Ganga."

The mother-beetle became immers-in sorrow at the persistence of her ld. Reflected she: "I have indeed de a fool of myself by having ex-ined the holiness of Ganga to my ng one. Alas! How can I turn him k? Let me try again."

Said she to the young beetle: "Son! ave heard it said that one attains same *punya* of giving up life in nga by doing so in the Gautami r here, on a Harivasara (*eka-*). In fact, Mother Gautami was born much earlier than Ganga and when she is here right in front of us why should you take all the trouble to go there? Isn't it foolish to search for ghee when one has butter in one's own hands? Please give up your mad idea!"

Young beetle: Mother, I do appreciate your anxiety. The distance is no doubt great and the route hazardous; but don't you know that in the matter of *thirthas,* one that is far off is any day superior in virtue? Please, for heaven's sake, give me permission to go.

Mother beetle: Son! It is a sin to stand in the way of persons desiring to go on *tirtha-yatras*; I have tried, out of my affection, and your age, to point to the difficulties on the way. But you are determined in your aspiration. I shall be committing a sin myself by refusing you permission. O! I do not know how you will traverse the distance; how you will reach your destination and when you will return. At a far off place, when you have no proper food, what will you do? O, how I wish, when you are away, some one comes and tells me "I met your son, he is happy; he also travelled with us; he has stayed back today; he will turn up tomorrow!" When you return safely and when I

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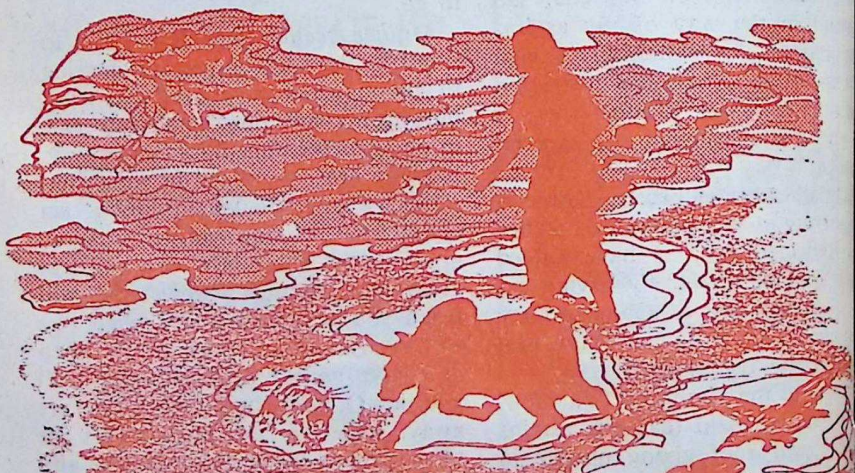
take you proudly to our relatives and say that you have just returned from a *yatra* to Ganga, how glad will all of them feel? Won't they also be goaded to undertake the pilgrimage? Well, my tongue refuses to say 'go' to you; at the same I dare not say 'no'. I can only say, 'Do as you think fit.'

On hearing this, the young beetle became delighted and prostrating before his mother's feet said, "Mother, I am blessed!" Calling all his brothers, he embraced them affectionately and taking leave of the frogs that lived by the side of their hole, he went to River Gautami before whom too he prostrated. Later on, he walked briskly in the direction of Ganga.

But hardly had he gone a few yards when a cluster of birds pounced upon him, one of which lifted him bodily with its talons and alighting on a rock, killed him and started pecking at him and eating his flesh.

Now, according to *shastras*, if, in the course of a pilgrimage to Ganga one happens to die, it is ordained that within the next three lives he will assuredly have the holy dip in the Ganga.

Now, this young beetle, after its death, took birth in the bosom of a cow, belonging to a king's herd. When it was born, everyone was impressed by its majestic appearance. One day when the king was surveying his herd, he was so struck by the bonnie appearance of this calf that he called the cow-herd and said, "Look! This calf shall be my favorite one. Do not milk its mother, but allow the calf to drink all the milk by itself. You will soon see him grow strong like Lord Siva's own Ox. It shall be treated with all comfort!"



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Soon the calf became an *enfant terrible* and grew practically ignorant of fear. There was no place in the forest to which he did not go; no rock on which he did not test the strength of his budding horns and no earth which did not bear the bleeding trails of his prancing hooves. He gambolled among the cows of the royal yard as a master unto himself and produced many a prototype of himself and thus for long did he enjoy a life of unmixed pleasure enlarging his fold till at last he ended up inside the stomach of a lion. Later on, he took birth as Prince Manjura, son of King Siddhadatta in the Konkan. When he grew up, he shone as an exemplary prince, vanquishing many a foe.

As the King was looking out for a suitable bride for his beloved son, Manjura told him one day: "Father! I have a long cherished desire to fulfil and that is to have a holy bath in the sacred Ganga, so that the sins pertaining to this body of mine may be washed off for once. I crave your permission to do so."

"Alas!" despaired the King; "what am I thinking of and in what direction does my son think! Imagine his asking to go on a pilgrimage at the prime of his age! God knows what more he will do."

Addressing his son, the King said: "Child! Once a person takes birth in this human world, his first duty is to make his parents happy by his playfulness; then to study under a Guru; later on to marry in the prescribed manner, bring forth adorable children and at the final stage think of going on pilgrimages and associating with ascetics etc. Now, how is it you want to start at the other end? Look; you are too young to undertake this venture. If you so desire I shall send holy Brahmins to Ganga and fetch you the water. You need not undertake this perilous journey!"

Manjura: Father! For the performance of *dharmas* are there any restrictions of age? Is it not necessary to do them as often and as long as one can? If man stipulates an age for performing *dharma* will he not be playing into the hands of Yama? Will it not amount to foolishness to remain idle when an opportunity for performing *dharma* offers itself? Can a good-eyed person play the blind man? Father! There is nothing that you do not know; please, therefore, grant me permission to proceed to Ganga.

King: My child! Why do you want to put this handsome body of yours to immense trouble? Won't you remain with me as long as I live and do what you like after I am gone? I beg of you, give up this idea.

Manjura: Father! If that is your decision, I shall not take any food hereafter.

The king reflected: "If I send him now, who knows when he will return? It may be six months or even a year. If I refuse, he won't eat and as a result die. Out of these two alternatives, it is preferable to permit him to go."

Deciding thus, he sent a retinue of servants, Brahmins and sufficient provisions to last for the journey. After sending him with his blessings the

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King dwelt for long on the form and qualities of his son and wept.

After some time he suddenly sat up and thought: "How long will he have gone by now? Shall I also follow him? How I wish some good soul would meet him on the way and dissuading him from his mad pursuit, make him return to me! O, when shall I see the moonlike face of my child!"

As days passed, the King could no longer bear the separation of his son and corroded by this sorrow, breathed his last soon.

Readers may be reminded that this narrative is being recounted by Ganga-Mata to the Brahmin who delivered to her the cobbler's message.

Greatly interested by the story, the Brahmin asked Ganga-Mata: "Mother! Can you tell me why the king had to die on account of *putra-shoka?*"

Ganga-Mata: I am glad you are not bored by this anecdote. I shall presently tell you why the King died.

[*To be continued*]

By a long course of prayerful discipline I have ceased for over forty years to hate anybody. I know that this is a big claim. Nevertheless, I make it in all humility. But I can and I do hate evil wherever it exists.

—Mahatma Gandhi

Figures That Speak For Themselves

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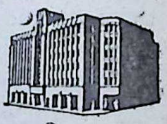

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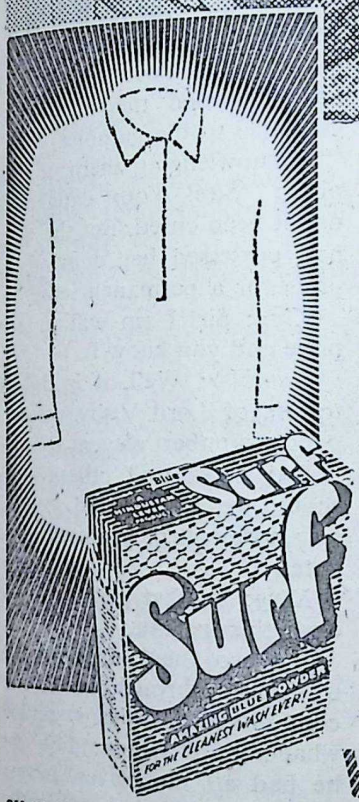

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Forgery in Yama-Loka

ALTHOUGH it may be disparaging to many, it is nevertheless true that fortune often favours fools; but whether all the beneficiaries in this case succeed in taking full advantage of it when it comes, is quite another matter. Most, however, do; for we often see lucky people turning out to be clever after *that* event.

Left alone at the foot of the hills, the gambler called out to the invisible Rambha and asked her, "Now, Rambha, tell me what should I do next?"

The unseen Rambha replied: "All that you have to do is to make the King demolish the eleven towers of Vishvanatha's temple and have others rebuilt in their place as quickly as possible. Make it part of your treatment of the girl. In the meantime I shall proceed to our home and await you."

Next, the gambler went to where the Princess was hiding. He gave her new garments to wear and now that she had become normal, she had no difficulty in wearing them to perfection. Followed by her, he went to the palace where the royal parents received their daughter amidst tears of joy.

After the Princess had gone to her apartment, the King and his ministers took the gambler to the state-room and expressed their eternal debt of gratitude to the gambler.

Acknowledging them, the latter replied: "Sire! Your daughter has no doubt been cured. But the devil which had possessed her demands a heavy price for a permanent cure!"

King: Sir! I am willing to pay any price and you know it.

Gambler: Well, it is this. The tall towers of Lord Vishvanatha's temple which number eleven should all be pulled down and others equally big should be constructed. Your daughter's cure will be permanent from that date.

King: Is that all? I shall have it done this instant.

Even so, the King sent an army of messengers throughout his territory to comb out all artisans, sculptors and what not. In an incredibly short time he had all the eleven towers reconstructed to the great admiration of all

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The gambler, on seeing it, pronounced that the cure of his daughter had become permanent.

The King fixed an auspicious day on which he gave away half his kingdom to the gambler and also his daughter in marriage to him. After staying a few days at Kashi, he started for his native home followed by his pretty wife, the Princess, and cartloads of rich presents. When he neared home, Rambha, hearing of his arrival, went personally to receive them with due honours, her curse having expired by then. He introduced the Princess to his two other wives and all the three lived happily.

A few days later Rambha asked her husband leave to go to Deva-loka to pay her respects to Indra, adding: "Indra does not yet know that I am now released from his curse!" The gambler reluctantly assented and when she stood before Indra smiling, Indra was agreeably surprised.

"When did my curse lapse?" asked he.

"A couple of days back, my Lord!" she replied.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, my Lord. The towers have been reconstructed."

Indra meditated for a few seconds and saw through his super-sense that it was so and he smiled. Taking leave of him, Rambha returned to her gambler-husband and lived happily with him and his co-wives.

●●●

The gambler, by his achievements, became so famous that Yama, the god of death, wanted to see him. So, he sent his messengers to fetch him to his abode. But when the messengers arrived at the gambler's house, they were unable to enter it on account of the power of chastity of his three wives. They waited at the door looking for an opportunity. The gambler got scent of it but remained supremely unconcerned for a whole day, after which he sent for them. When Yama's messengers went inside and communicated their master's desire, the gambler asked them: "You say you are the messengers of Yama. Is that not so? Well, which Yama do you mean. the old or the new one?"

The messengers were flabbergasted. "Honestly, we don't know", they replied.

"Go then and find it out first and come to me later on" he ordered.

When the messengers reported to Yama the gambler's question, Yama himself felt upset. He doubted if there had not been some changes in his portfolio recently, so he ran to Indra to ask him. Indra knitted his brow

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and replied: "I don't know myself. Let us ask Brahma".

Together they went to Brahma and asked him: "Lord, has there been a change of late in the personnel of Yama's post?"

"I don't know!" replied Brahma who, accompanied by Indra and Yama, went to Vishnu. Pleading ignorance, Vishnu on his part took them all to Shiva at Kailasa. Lord Shiva heard the purpose of their strange mission and smiling indulgently himself felt a strange desire to see the man who had put all the gods on tenterhooks. So he called Yama and said: "Look! You had better go yourself to Bhuloka and fetch the man here at my bidding!" Yama, arming himself to the teeth, strode away on his mountainous buffalo to Bhuloka.

In the meantime the gambler called his wives and said: "Listen, babies. I shall soon feign death. You had better embalm my body and consign it in a box till I call out for you. Do not burn it even if it takes a dozen years. Do you understand?" They agreed.

When Yama tapped at his door, the gambler promptly went to him. A hefty cow chanced to wait near the door. Yama jumped on its horns and rattled it and the cow rushed at the gambler and pierced the gambler's body with her horns. His body fell down with a thud while Yama tied up his life with his noose and dragging him presented him before the Trinity of Gods.

On seeing the gambler, Shiva called out the divine accountant Chitragupta and asked: "Chitragupta! What does this man's ledger say?"

"Lord! He is the worst sinner!" replied Chitragupta.

On hearing this, the gambler jumped with lightning speed and slapped Chitragupta on the face. The latter became too stunned for words.

Gods: Hey, man! Why did you slap Chitragupta?

Gambler: O, Gods! Pray hear me. It is extremely difficult for any mortal to have *darshan* even of one among you, Three Gods. When that is so, I have had the good fortune of having the *darshan* of all three of you, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. Having had it, how possibly can any sin attach to me? And how dares he call me a sinner? His statement appeared to me an unforgivable disrespect to this august assembly and that made me irate and caused me to punish him, Lords. I have no other grudge against him!

The Trinity of Gods became so pleased with the gambler's performance that they made him deputise Yama for an hour and a half in the latter's kingdom. Consequently the gambler proceeded to Yamapuri followed by Chitragupta, his ledgers, and other paraphernalia of his new office.

Reaching Yamapuri, the gambler asked Chitragupta: "Hey, accountant! Tell me what, according to your papers, is my age?"

Trembling from head to foot Chitragupta opened his page and read out: "Today is the last day of your life."

"What?" shouted the gambler. "You are a damn fool. Scratch that entry and rewrite: 'a hundred years from today'."

Chitragupta could not help doing so.

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Next he called out Indra's elephant Iravata and ordered: "Henceforward you are subject to my jurisdiction. You must obey me. I am now putting you on a special job. Search out the old Yama and tear him to pieces with your tusks. Do you hear?"

Iravata, unable to refuse, strode in search of the old Yama and spotting him started attacking him with its *vajra*-like tusks. The poor old Yama ran yelling to Indra for shelter. Indra ran to Brahma and together all the three fled to Vishnu who took them all to Shiva who allayed their fears and calmed the elephant. He heard their story. Wishing to have an on-the-spot enquiry, Shiva started for Yama-loka.

The gambler sensing what was up, looked at the time and found hardly twenty minutes left of his Yama-ship. "I should make the best use of the time left, or I shall come to grief" thought he.

On the spur of the moment he conjured up a plan of action and snapping his fingers walked out to receive Shiva's party.

As soon as he saw them half way up, he put on such an air of righteous indignation that Shiva was a trifle embarrassed to take a defensive attitude and was constrained to ask him apologetically: "My boy! How is it that you have left the post of duty ere it is time?"

"It is no use, Lord" replied the gambler with a wry face. "I have not seen such indiscipline even in the mortal world. I should think Deva-loka has deteriorated or else how do you account for the fact that when I ask Iravata to kill the former Yama, he chooses to disobey? When even a pachyderm does not listen to my word, who else will? Come to think of it, I would any day prefer to go back to my place at Bhuloka! Excuse my saying so."

The Trinity of Gods smiled at his words. Asked the Gods: "Chitragupta! What does his ledger say?"

"A hundred more years, Lord!" replied he, swallowing a big lump in his throat, wincing at the menacing look of the gambler.

Gods: My boy, we have no objection to your returning to your mortal world, but your body must by now have been burnt. What will you do?

Gambler: Lords! I am not such a fool as not to have stalled it. My body is waiting there in tiptop condition, being embalmed by my wives. Please permit me to return.

Gods: We admire your resourcefulness. We have pleasure in conferring on you the title: "The man who cheated Yama!" Go home and live happily with your wives.

A few seconds later, Rambha heard her name being called out from the box in which her husband's body had been consigned. She opened the box hurriedly and took the smiling gambler fondly in her embrace.

When Chaturya had completed this story, it was nearing daybreak and so he sent the Princess away for the day, asking her "Don't you want to marry a man of this calibre?"

[*To be continued*]

Beware of the man whose God is in the skies.

— Bernard Shaw

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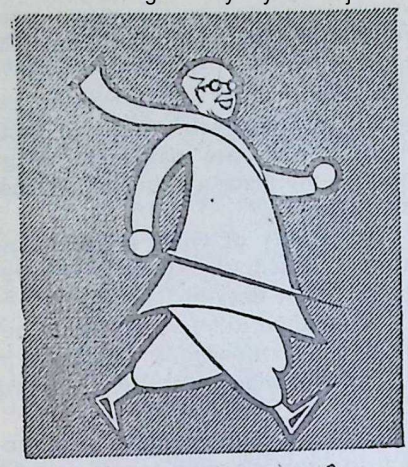

VALMIKI JAYANTI

IN response to the resolution of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad. Valmiki Jayanti was celebrated on the 25th of last month all over the country.

At Madurai the Vaidika Samvardhana Sabha celebrated it under the presidentship of Pandita Ratna P. S. Govinda Iyengar. Founder President of the Sabha. Several scholars spoke on the greatness of the Adi Kavi and Sanskrit Kavyas in general.

We have received similar reports from Tirupati, Raigarh, Satana, Ranikhet, Kasagunja, etc.

Shri P. G. Bhatt

SHRI PRATAPKUMAR G. BHATT who proceeded to England on March 31, 1961, to join the College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering, Chelsea, London, is an alumnus of the Bhavan's College from beginning. A keen sportsman, young Pratapkumar had taken part in many inter-collegiate events with distinction. He was a cadet in Air Wing of the N.C.C. Sri Pratapkumar is the son of Sri Gautam K. Bhatt, Asst. Registrar of the Bhavan. It is of great interest that Sri Pratapkumar's mother, Smt. Savita Bhatt, also a student of the Bhavan's College, restarted her education in her late thirties and passed her B.A. with second class honours in Sanskrit.

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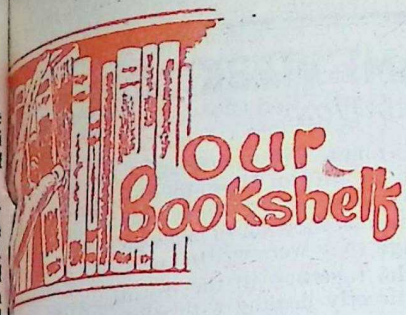

MUKHALINGAM TEMPLES. By Douglas Barrett, & *SIRPUR AND RAJIM TEMPLES.* By Moreshwar G. Dikshit. (Heritage of Indian Art Series 2). Published by N. M. Tripathi Private Ltd., Princess Street, Bombay-2. 1960. pp. 32 + 83 plates. Rs. 12.50; Sh. 25; $ 4. (Silken cloth bound deluxe edition).

HERE is a great mind in a little body. This attractive and instructive volume contains 32 pages of letterpress and 83 splendid plates. Mukhalingam or ancient Kalinganagara was famous for the Mukhalingesvara, Somesvara and Bhimesvara temples, assignable to the 8th, 9th and 11th centuries A.D. respectively, the first being one of the finest in India. Sirpur or ancient Sripura is in the Raipur district of Madhya Pradesh. It was the capital of the Pandavas of south Kosala. "Simplicity and grandeur, clearness of design and decorative invention, these are the keynotes of Pandava art" (p. 18). The best example is the Lakshmana temple (7th century A.D.). Rajim is nearly 30 miles from Raipur, and the temple is named after Rajiva Lochana (the Fair-eyed one). A record in the temple is dated in 700 A.D. Near it is the Ramachandra temple, representing the mature development of Pandava art. Besides the 83 illustrations, there are two plans: Buddhist Vihars and Swastika Monastery at Sirpur. Books for consultation are suggested on pp. 12, 31 and 32. There is a misprint on p. 17; Sunkharis for Mankharis.

—*Prof. P. Sethuraman*

EVERYTHING FOR A SMILE. By N. C. Zamindar. Published by Sahityalaya, Bada Rawla, Indore City. pp. 122. Price: Rs. 2

THIS is a book of short essays on any and every subject, say ranging from broomstick to lipstick; mole-hill to mountain. The essays are not worth the facts they import, but are priceless as chaste humorous hits, a feat of sardonic imagination. The essays provoke your thoughts as well as afford you innocent amusement. Rarely one comes across a book of this nature written in English by Indian writers. If I am not much mistaken, the author has taken the cue from the famous essayist G. K. Chesterton. For instance, the essays in the book follow the pattern of G.K.C.'s essay 'Running after one's hat'.

It is a welcome venture in a new line of writing, provocative yet light, humorous yet imaginative.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer*

GUJARATI

VA. MO. SHAHNO SANSAR-SUDHARO. Edited by Tribhuvan Virjibhai Hemani. Published by Sri Devchandraji Prakashan Mandir, Limdi (Saurashtra). Crown Octavo, pp. 320 + xx. Price: Rs. 4/-.

VADILAL MOTILAL SHAH (1878-1931) was a noted Jain journalist and thinker. In the first three decades of the present century his frank, fearless and trenchant editorials and articles in his journals *Jain Hitechhu* and *Jain Samachar* on the many burning problems confronting the Hindu society in general and the Jains in particular gave a much needed jolt to the placid world of Gujarati thought.

Vadilal Shah's writings embrace religion, philosophy, social reforms and politics. If selected and collected in book form they would run into more than half a dozen volumes. It is a good augury that, inspired by the revered Jain Saint Sri Nanchandraji Maharaj, a leading literary institution of Saurashtra has now sponsored the publication of Vadilal Shah's literature and three volumes

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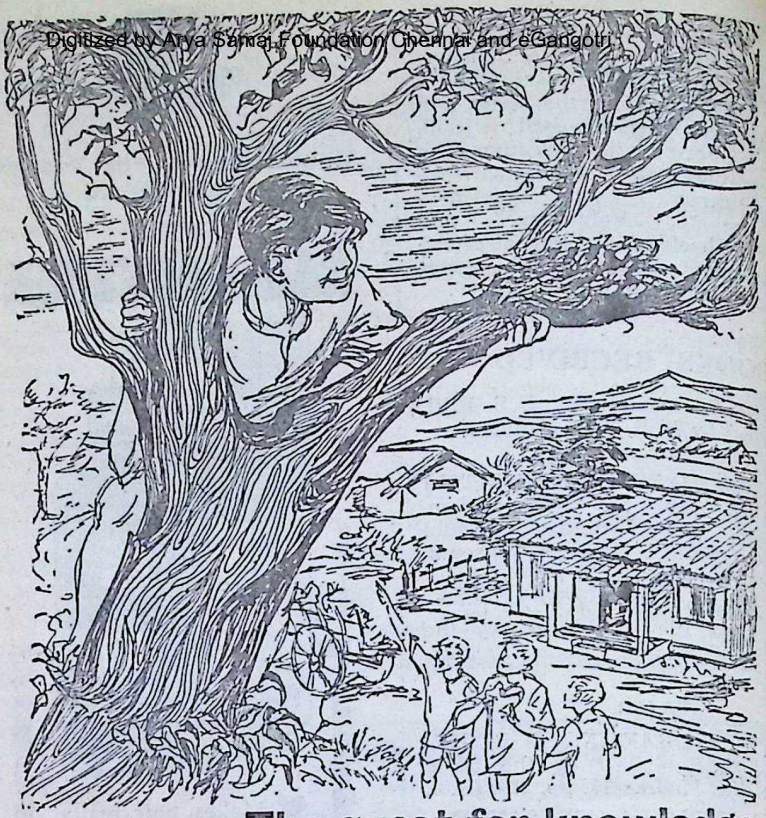

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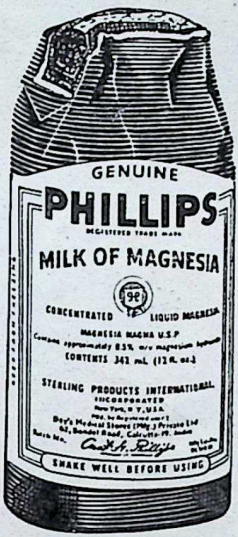

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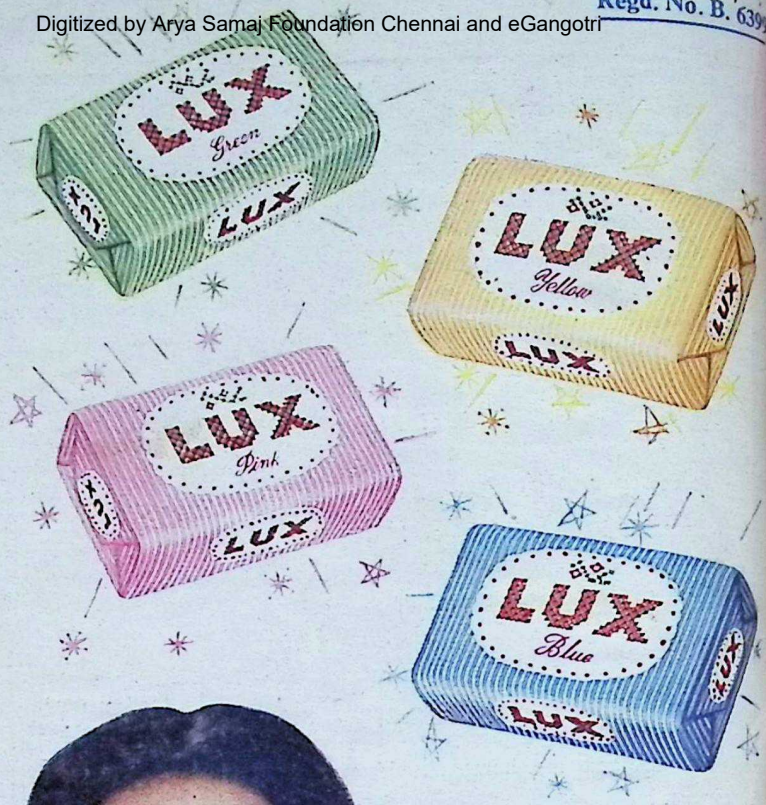

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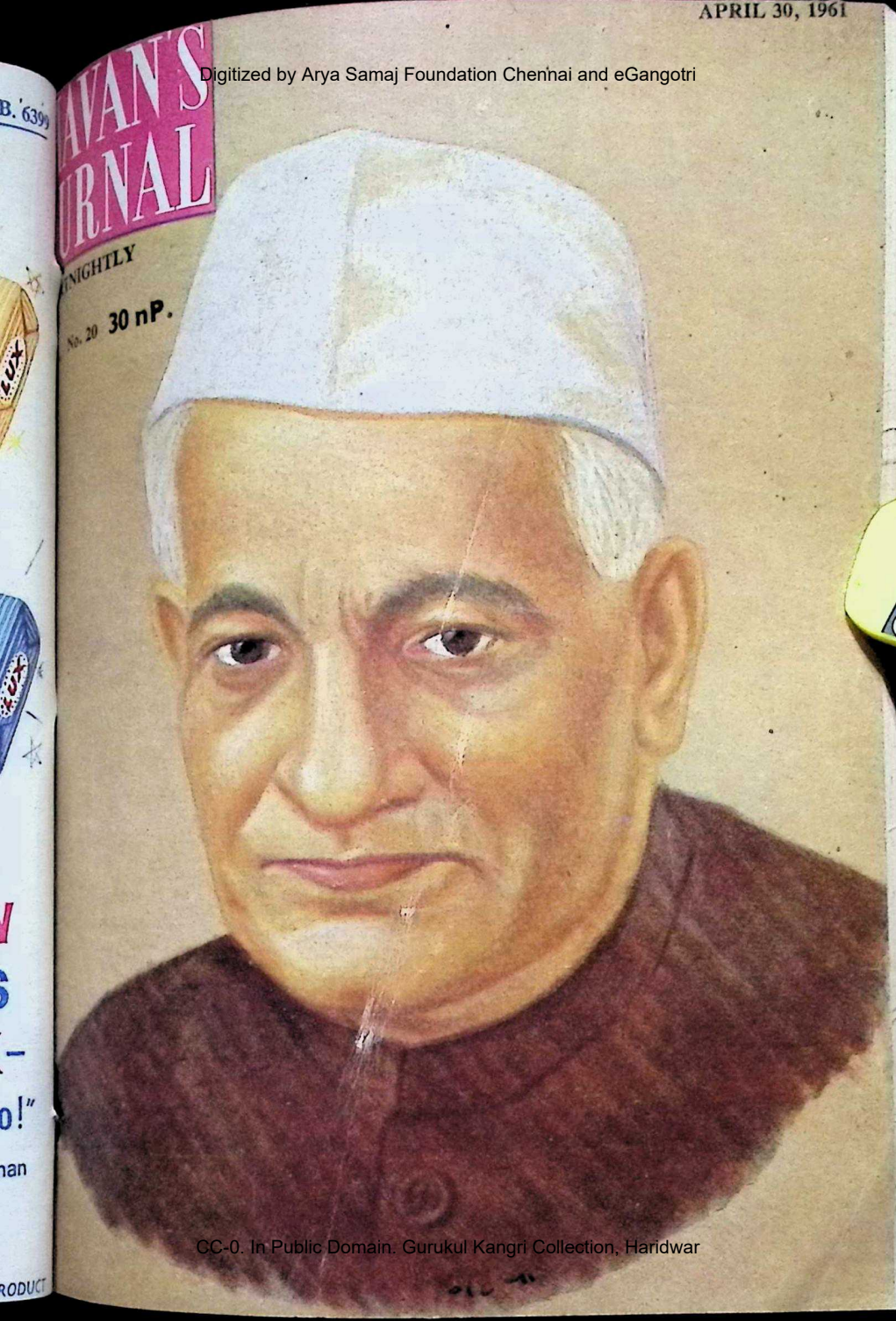

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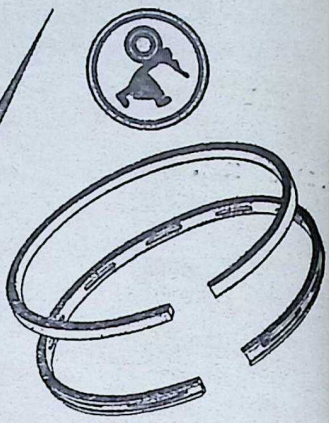

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

Pandit MOTILAL NEHRU

Artist: Sri V. N. O'key

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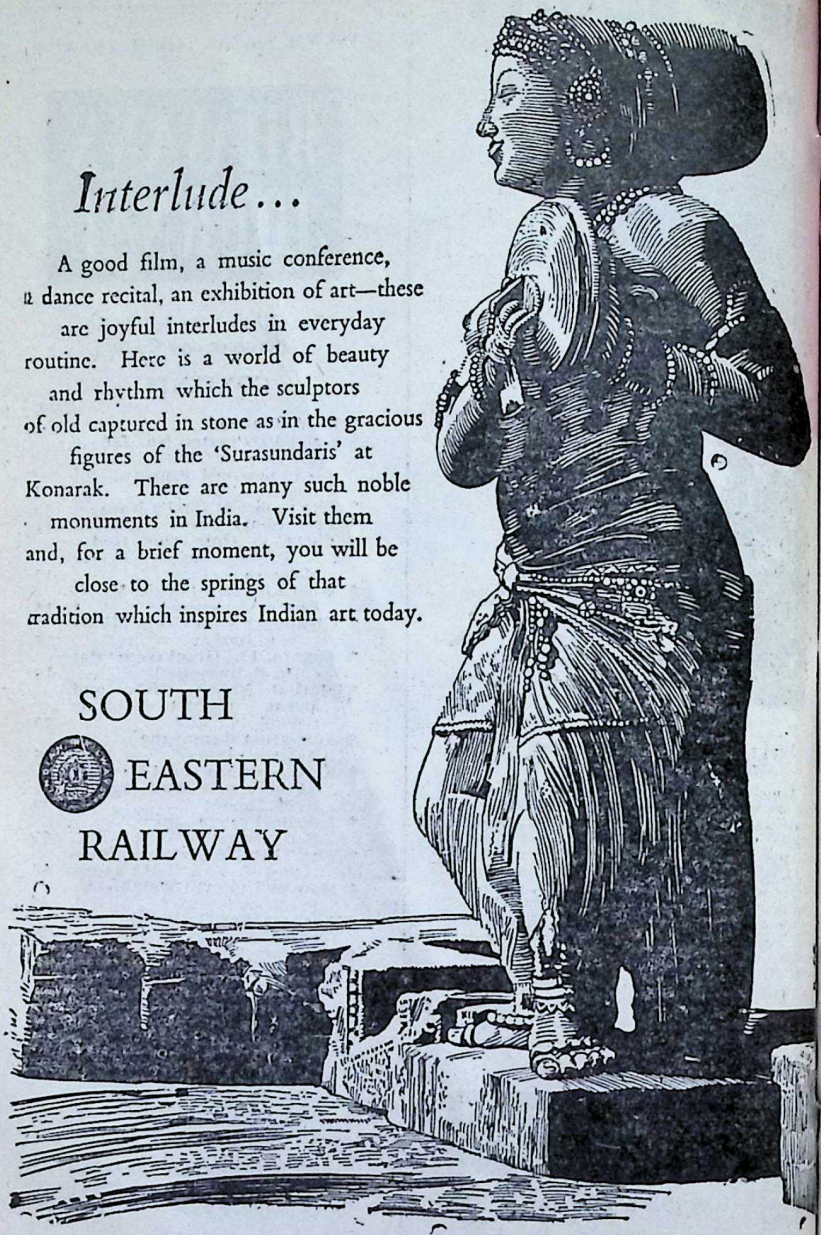

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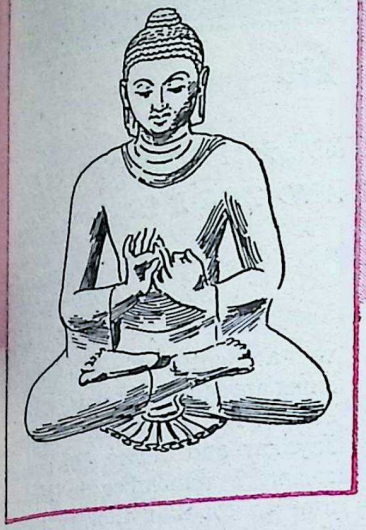
आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i



BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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LORD BUDDHA

श्रियं परार्ध्यां विदधद्विधातृजित्
तमो निरस्यन्नभिभूतभानुभृत् ।
नुदन्निदाघं जितचारुचन्द्रमाः
स वन्द्यतेऽर्हन्निह यस्य नोपमा ॥

Adoration to that peerless Arhat, who outdoes Brahma in that he creates superb glory, excels the sun in that he expels the darkness of ignorance, surpasses the beautiful moon in that he dispels the heat of torment.

—*Ashvaghosha.*

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 230

★ GLIMPSES OF MOTILAL NEHRU ★ PROFESSIONAL ETHI OF THE BENCH AND THE BAR

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAV
BOMBAY.
APRIL 30, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I HAD only fleeting glimpses of Pandit Motilal, except on two occasions when I stayed with him at the Swaraj Bhavan in 1930-31.

I saw Pandit Motilal first in December 1907 at the Surat Station, as he stepped out of the special train which brought Dr. Rash Behari Ghose, the President designate of the ill-fated Surat Congress. He was one of the presidential party which also included Surendranath Banerjea and Nevinson. I was one of the camp-followers of what was then called the 'Extremist Party' led by Lal-Bal-Pal i.e. Lajpatrai, Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Bipin Chandra Pal.

At the session, Pandit Motilal seconded the resolution proposing Dr. Ghose to the Presidentship of the untruncated Congress, an office which he was never destined to occupy, for within a few minutes, the Congress broke up.

During the days of the Home Rule League (1915-18) Pandit Motilal came to Bombay, if I remember right, more than once as the chief of its U.P. branch. As a local secretary, I was a silent participant in the dis sions among the leaders, which inc ed Dr. Annie Besant, Mr. Jinnah, Jayakar and others. On one such casion I remember to have pilo him to the Bar Library in the H Court. I think Jawaharlal was with at the time.

My memory still retains the imp sion he created on me then. handsome face; the well-groo greying moustache; the immacu silk suit; the humorous twinkle in eyes—all added distinction to the p sonality of the man who looked ev inch 'a prince among men'.

We then heard stories of his p fessional successes, of the magnifice in which he lived at Allahabad of his traditional hospitality, all which added to the halo which rounded him.

In 1930 I had again a glimpse him—if glimpse it could be call when an impenetrable 5′ wall of Yeravda Jail separated him from

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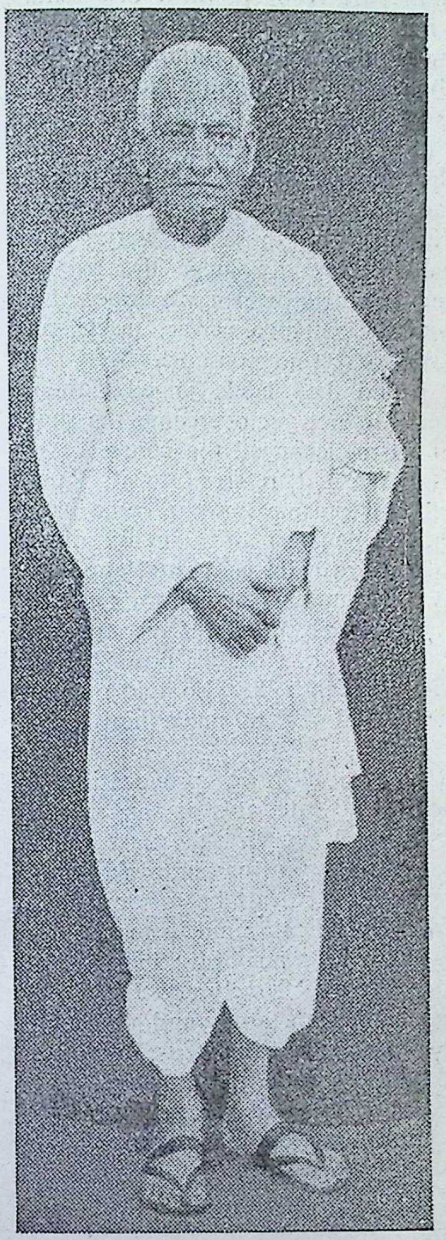
...h Pandit Motilal and Jawaharlal ...d been brought to the gaol specially ...meet Gandhiji in order to discuss ...possibility of the Congress parti...ating in the Round Table Confe...ce. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Dr. ...yakar were there to persuade them ...do so.

On that occasion the eminent nego...tors every day that they were in ...ona made it a point to see Jamna...s Dwarkadas and me in the Supe...tendent's office telling us of the ...urse of negotiations. Sapru and ...yakar both gave us the impression ...t Gandhiji was willing to consider ...e proposal but Pandit Motilal was ...compromising.

On my release from jail in October ...30, I was actively connected with ...e Satyagraha then being conducted ...Bombay, when Pandit Motilal and ...ri Sen Gupta were the only two ...ajor Congress leaders out of jail. ...me questions arose concerning the ...ycott of certain mills which were ...anufacturing textiles with foreign ...arn. Though far from well Pandit ...otilal then held the threads of the ...hole Congress movement in his ...nds at the highest level. In con...ection with this matter, Sen Gupta, ...ho happened to be staying with me, ...d myself were summoned to Allaha...d where we spent 3 or 4 days at ...e Swaraj Bhavan. It was the first ...ccasion when I met someone in the ...untry who lived as if he represented ...e majesty of the people of India *vis-...is* the British Government.

I have never forgotten the self-...ficing and saintly Swarup Rani ...ho made us at home at the time. ...andit Motilal was also a perfect host,



Pandit Motilal Nehru

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and apart from political discussions, I had the rare opportunity of listening to his very entertaining conversation. In reply to my questions, he told us of the way he once lived at Anand Bhavan; of his friendship with Sir Harcourt Butler; of the victories he had won in the Courts. His forensic triumphs were those of a very shrewd man who could judge the strength and weakness of men, play upon them with the art of a perfect master and would stand no nonsense.

I had then lately joined Gandhiji and had not yet overcome the shock of having changed the course of my life. When I referred to it, Pandit Motilal told me how he came under the magic spell of Gandhiji during the sittings of the committee appointed by the Congress to report on the excesses of the Martial Law regime in Punjab. With a certain nostalgia, but without regrets, he also told me how the Mahatma had made him into a 'fakir'.

On the slightest provocation he would castigate any person severely or lose his temper; the next minute his frown would thaw into a bewitching smile. At heart he was extremely kind, considerate and generous. He was also very possessive in his affections. He was fiercely attached to the members of his family and his friends. He transferred this intense quality to all political workers who came in contact with him and his patriotism was a projection of that quality on a nation-wide scale.

●●●

A week or so before the gaol-release which led up to the Gandhi-Irwin

truce, I was again summoned to A habad. Though Pandit Motilal wa at the time, he constantly kept in to with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who w then in London attending the Ro Table Conference. A policy statem had been issued by the U.K. Gove ment asking for the co-operation of Congress in the Round Table C ference. Sir Tej Bahadur had sen cable to Pandit Motilal asking not to be in a hurry to reject the then made.

On that occasion Dr. Rajen Prasad, Syed Mahmud and my were with him. When we met him threw at us the cable which Sir had sent him, flew into a temper its contents and asked us to prep a stiff reply to the announcement the U.K. Government.

We sat down making drafts af drafts which were all rejected for being strong enough, and when strong reply was ready, we were not to utter a word about it to a one. Then Pandit Motilal asked to go to Delhi and meet Sen Gu who was in jail and acquaint him what had happened.

I came to Delhi. The only way secure an interview with Sen Gu was through my friend, Sir B. Mitter, then the Law Member of Govt. of India. Sir B. L. Mitter me not to worry about things, he said, there was going to be a set ment soon; the Viceroy's Council met that morning.

"We are going to reject the offe I replied.

Sir B. L. Mitter burst out lau ing. "I have seen the statement drafted at Allahabad", he said.

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was shocked. "You have seen it",
claimed.
Yes," he replied.
How did you know about it?" I
ked.
You have yet to know Pandit Mo-
. Sir B. L. Mitter said. "When
see Sen Gupta, tell him that he
be out within a few days, if not
a few hours".
Then followed the release of the
ders, meetings in the Swaraj Bhavan
the Gandhi-Irwin truce—all a
tter of history.
These are the only glimpses which
ad of one of the finest leaders of
, who, in association with Gan-
, gave shape and direction to our
edom movement.

○○○

On 15th April 1961, the Bar Asso-
tion of India held a Seminar at
hich I delivered the Welcome Ad-
ess. Perhaps you will be interested
some parts of what I said.
An appropriate code of ethics is
ential to the profession in order to
fill the very purpose for which it
sts. The purpose can best be des-
bed in the words of the Preamble
the Canons of Professional Ethics
med by the Bar Association of
merica:

"In America, where the stability of courts and of all departments of government rests upon the approval of the people, it is peculiarly essential that the system for establishing and dispensing justice be developed to a high point of efficiency and so maintained that the public shall have absolute confidence in the integrity and impartiality of its administration. The future of the republic, to a great extent, depends upon our maintenance of justice pure and unsullied. It cannot be so maintained unless the conduct and the motives of the members of our profession are such as to merit the approval of all just men."

Swarup Rani Devi

What was said of America then is true of India today and perhaps in a greater measure. An infant democracy like ours today faces a world situation which was unknown in the days when the foundations of American democracy were being laid.

The stability of a free democracy rests on two pillars: the community of politicians, that is, of political thinkers and leaders, and the community of lawyers, that is, of practitioners, judges and teachers. Of the two, however, the community of lawyers is by far the more important. As a whole it contributes the element of stability and ordered progress to society; many of its members play a decisive part in moulding the social and political outlook of the people. If fearless, it vindicates the liberty of the individual and the unhampered functioning of free institutions. It is the bulwark of the Rule of Law.

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However, it can maintain its vitality, power and influence only if by its high professional standards, it commands the respect and confidence of the people, and as a consequence becomes helpful in creating generally accepted values, for, in the last resort, it is only public opinion that provides the defence of freedom.

By the word 'profession', I mean both of its wings—the Bench and the Bar. The Bar is the reservoir which feeds the Bench. The strength and weakness of the Bar are invariably reflected in the strength and weakness of the Bench. In dealing with professional ethics, the two wings cannot be isolated.

Looking back on the fortunes of the profession during the last fifteen years since we attained freedom, I am forcibly struck by certain factors, which, in my opinion, has increased its responsibility. One of the most disturbing of them is the fact that during these years the mind of the allied community of politicians, all over the world, and more so in our country, is being subjected to terrific atmospheric pressure in favour of Statism—to us the accurate French word *Etatisme*. The pressure is created because of some parts of the world having changed over to military dictatorships; of uncertain international conditions; of spectacular scientific achievements of total power having induced a hypnotic influence on fundamental thinking; and lastly, because of the lopsided emphasis on economic advance in disregard of human rights and values.

The effect of this pressure on the political mind, in the country, I fear, is having its reaction on the mind of the profession in the country. Poss there have been contributory ca too, like the glamour of power o shadowing the value of an indepe dent career at the Bar and the wea ening of the traditional independe of the lawyers. As a result, the p fession has suffered a loss of self-c fidence.

When the Constituent Assem enshrined Fundamental Rights in Constitution, it had the confide that the profession would be its fender. Let us ask ourselves the qu tions: Have we fully justified the c fidence so reposed in it by our peop If not, why not?

So far as the practitioners' wing the profession is concerned, the rea may be sought in the increasing pat nage of the State in matters of liti tion; in the sudden influx of hea litigation and the demand for incre ing number of judges to man the H Courts of newly formed States w out a proportionate increase in number of highly trained lawyers; the drawback inherent in a precari profession which deters brilliant indigent young men from joining ranks; in the fact that outstand lawyers in the country having accep office associated with the State un the new constitutional set-up, the talent is not available to the citi in defence of his rights.

This corresponding change seems have affected the other wing of profession, though the higher ju ciary has by and large discharged duties with dignity and distinct However, when I see the trends judicial decisions in the country cannot help feeling sad. They disc

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partiality for narrow legalism as against broad constitutionalism with which we started in 1950. An increasing regard for 'laws' rather than of the Law'—to use the apt phrase of Roscoe Pound. A growing tendency to circumscribe the area of guaranteed freedom by a zealous solicitude to accommodate all pervading legislation. A developing habit of looking upon Fundamental Rights as restrictions of welfare, instead of upholding them in their integrity as the indispensable supporting steelframe of welfare in a free country.

No professional standards, there- etc. would have any meaning unless both the wings of the profession keep before them the high mission to which it is called. We cannot afford to forget that it is by self-complacent acceptance of small deviations and well meaning encroachments on guaranteed rights that constitutional freedom is lost. Let us remember the words of warning that Justice Rutledge uttered in the well known case of *'Thomas V. Collins'*.

"....it is from petty tyrannies that large ones take root and grow. This fact can be no more plain than when they are imposed on the most basic rights of all. Seedlings planted in that soil grow great and, growing, break down the foundations of liberty".

What Justice Rutledge said about freedom of speech in that case applies with equal force to the whole gamut of our Fundamental Rights in our Constitution; that includes the Right to Constitutional Remedies, which deriving from other democratic Constitutions in the world, was constituted as inalienable and independent Fundamental Right in our Constitution.

Let us, however, seek the causes of this weakening fibre, not in others, but in ourselves. Let us confess to ourselves: As members of the profession, we are not sufficiently well organised as in U.S.A. or in U.K., and naturally, therefore, the place of the profession in a free society is not sufficiently recognised by the people as in those countries. The leaders of our profession have been slow to develop a fiduciary attitude towards the different Bars in the country to which they belong. We have yet to make a planned effort to attract brilliant recruits to the profession, by providing, not by rules but by tradition and convention, even *ashana-achhadana* (food and clothing)—as the Hindu lawyers would say 'the unchaste Hindu widow's mite'—so essential to a hard working junior in the early days of his struggle. We have yet to develop, as in U.K., a corporate-conscience which would organise help to the helpless and the maimed in the profession. We have yet to make an organised effort to secure by law, tax exemptions for provident fund for the practitioners.

However, at the root of all these, lies this truth, which we are here today to work out: only if we maintain standards of integrity, fearlessness and independence and develop a high sense of professional responsibility, we can dischange the functions of a well developed organ in the society so indispensible to the growth of free institutions. Once that is done, other things will follow.

Yours sincerely,

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The Power of Hari's Name

Above beginning and beyond continuance
The worshipper of Hari rises free.
Within, without, for him Hari alone exists.
Why, then, should he now seek the holy shrines?
The invocation of the all-powerful Name
Contains the virtue of all sacred texts.
By this name dull-witted man is freed.
Through it the stones themselves float on the sea!
Mukta by Hari's name is freed for aye;
Neither rebirth nor death remains for us.

—Mukta Bai

* * *

The name of God is as valuable as the philosopher's stone,
And it is found only in the house of wealthy persons,
A poor man does not know the value of it,
And therefore Sahajo says he loses it.
Sahajo says, "In the heart in which God's name is, there is always joy.
Without His name even the beautiful, the rich and kings are cursed."
Sahajo is flowing away on the water of the ocean of this world;
There is darkness, and the rain is falling heavily;
But the boat in the midst of it is the name of Hari,
Which carries men to the other side of the ocean.
Sahajo says, "Sitting on the mountain one may perform penance;
He may endure the rain, the cold and the heat of the sun,
But the name of Hari is greater than all these."

—Sahajo Bai

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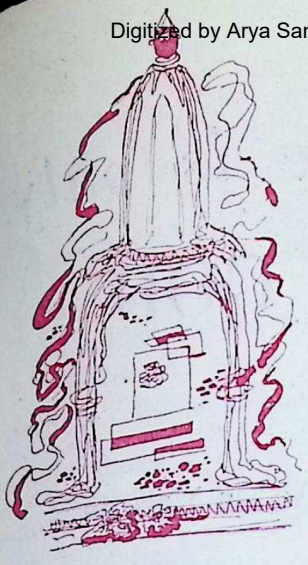

Sri Basava lived in the 3rd quarter of the 12th century in Karnataka. He was a reformer and his teachings led to the development of the Virasaiva cult—the worship of the all-powerful Shiva as the only God.

There be some that are rich:
They may build temples to you (or they may not)
Stony, mortal, edifices,
I am not rich .....poor me:
And yet, be my legs the pillars,
My body the shrine,
My head the golden pinnacle;
Thus will I decree
Your imperishable Home
O Lord Kudalasangama.

□

From Brahmin down to the Sudra, all are equal,
If they be all thy devotees, Lord Kudalasangama.

□

One who kills an animal is low born;
There is nothing like caste or creed
Saints alone are high-born
For they wish good to all animals, Lord Kudalasangama.

THUS SPAKE BASAVA

He is himself God who knows what he is,
God is one; designations are many.

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There is only ONE GOD

Mahamana Madan Mohan Malaviya

The Vedas say:

एकमेवाद्वितीयम्। एकं सद्विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति। एकं सन्तं बहुधा कल्पयन्ति।

"There is only one God, one without a second. That one is called by the wise by various names. Although He is one, people have different notions about Him."

The *Vishnusahasranama* and *Sivasahasranama* afford a striking illustration to this truth.

Yudhisthira asked Grandfather Bhishma to name the deity who was one without a second, who was the greatest refuge of all living beings, and whose worship and eulogy brought everlasting happiness to man.

To the above query Bhishma gave the following reply:

जगत्प्रभुं देवदेवमनन्तं पुरुषोत्तमम्।
स्तुवन्नामसहस्रेण पुरुषः सततोत्थितः॥

० ० ०

अनादिनिधनं विष्णुं सर्वलोकमहेश्वरम्।
लोकाध्यक्षं स्तुवन्नित्यं सर्वदुःखातिगो भवेत्॥

० ० ०

परमं यो महत्तेजः परमं यो महत्तपः।
परमं यो महद्ब्रह्म परमं यः परायणम्
पवित्राणां पवित्रं यो मङ्गळानां च मङ्गळम्
दैवतं देवतानां च भूतानां योऽव्ययः पिता

"That is to say, every morning, quitting one's bed, one should e God Vishnu, Who is the Lord of whole universe, the Supreme De the Eternal and Ideal Being. who always eulogizes Him Who is Supreme Lord and Ruler of the wh universe and Who is all-pervadi unborn and imperishable, is rid of troubles. He is the brightest of all fulgent beings and the most austere all austere penances. He is the grea of the great and the most hospitable fuge of all creatures. He is the pu of the pure, the most sacrosanct all that is sacred, the most auspici of all that is auspicious, the godli of all gods and the undying father of created beings."

The above excerpts should suff to show that the *Vishnusahasrana* and *Sivasahasranama* and all oth laudatory compilations of that t aver that one God and no other is object of their praise.

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It therefore behoves us all to concentrate our minds on, and sing in praise of, Him every morning and evening.

This one God is known by the three names of Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara. The *Vishnu Purana* says:

सृष्टिस्थित्यन्तकरणीं ब्रह्मविष्णुशिवाभिधाम्।
स संज्ञां याति भगवानेक एव जनार्दनः॥

"Lord Janardana, though essentially one, assumes the name of Brahma at the time of creation of this universe, that of Vishnu while maintaining it, and that of Siva while destroying it."

We find the same idea echoed in the *Brihannaradiya Purana*:

नारायणोऽक्षरोऽनन्तः सर्वव्यापी निरञ्जनः।
येनेदमखिलं व्याप्तं जगत् स्थावरजङ्गमम्॥
तमादिदेवमजरं केचिदाहुः शिवाभिधम्।
केचिद्विष्णुं सदा सत्यं ब्रह्माणं केचिदूचिरे।

"Narayana is imperishable, infinite, omnipresent and untainted by Maya. He pervades the whole creation consisting of sentient and insentient beings. That ever young, primeval deity is called by some by the name of Siva, by others by the name of Vishnu, who is always existent, and by still others by the name of Brahma."

In the *Siva Purana* as well, Lord Maheswara says:

त्रिधा भिन्नो ह्यहं विष्णो ब्रह्मविष्णुहराख्यया।
सर्गरक्षालयगुणैर्निष्कलोऽयं सदा हरे।
अहं भवानयं चैव रुद्रोऽयं यो भविष्यति।
एकं रूपं न भेदोऽस्ति भेदे च बन्धनं भवेत्॥

"O Vishnu, although in reality I am always undifferentiated, I have to assume three different appellations, viz., Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, while discharging the functions of creation, maintenance and dissolution (of the universe) respectively. Yourself, Brahma, who is with us at present, Myself and Rudra, who is still to come, are all one. There is no difference between us all. Differentiation entails bondage."

In *Srimad Bhagavata* Sri Bhagavan says:

अहं ब्रह्मा च शर्वश्च जगतः कारणं परम्।
आत्मेश्वर उपद्रष्टा स्वयंदृगविशेषणः।
आत्ममायां समाविश्य सोऽहं गुणमयीं द्विज।
सृजन् रक्षन् हरन् विश्वं दध्रे संज्ञां क्रियोचिताम्।

"Brahma, Sarva (Siva) and Myself are the ultimate cause of this universe. We are the Universal Soul, the Lord of all, the Spectator, Self-seeing and Unqualified. O Brahmin, after penetrating My one Maya, which consists of three Gunas (attributes), I assume three different epithets according as I create, maintain or dissolve the universe."

Hence it is a mistake to regard Brahma, Vishnu and Siva as different from one another. They are the appellations of one and the same God.

The *Siva Purana* further says:

शिवो महेश्वरश्चैव रुद्रो विष्णुः पितामहः
संसारवैद्यः सर्वज्ञः परमात्मेति मुख्यतः॥
नामाष्टकमिदं नित्यं शिवस्य प्रतिपादकम्।

"Siva, Maheswara, Rudra, Vishnu, *Pitamaha* (the Primeval Father), *Samsara-vaidya* (the Healer of the World), *Sarvajna* (Omniscient) and *Paramatma* (the Supreme Soul), these eight names particularly refer to Lord Siva."

It is therefore clear that (१) ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय, (२) ॐ नमो नारायणाय, (३) ॐ नमः शिवाय, श्रीरामाय नमः and (४) श्री कृष्णाय नमः all these formulae are salutations of one and the same deity.

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.....Even if you have a burning thirst for God, or have gained the Goal, unless you have along with it the Abhyasa, unless you practise what you have been taught, you cannot get realisation.....

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What Life Has Taught Me

Swami Vivekananda

AFTER seeing the various countries of the world I can now much more appreciate the beauties of my own land.

In the same way also, in search of religion, I had travelled among various sects,—sects which had taken up the ideals of foreign nations as their own, and I had begged at the door of others, not knowing then that in the religion of my country, in our national religion, there was so much beauty and grandeur.

It is now many years since I found Hinduism to be the most perfectly satisfying religion in the world. Hence, I feel sad at heart when I see existing among men of my own country, professing a peerless faith, such a widespread indifference to our religion—though I am very well aware of the unfavourable materialistic conditions in which they pass their lives—owing to the diffusion of European modes of thought in this, our great motherland.

There are among us at the present day certain reform who want to reform our religion, rather turn it topsy-turvy, with a v to the regenreation of the Hi nation.

There are, no doubt, some thoug ful people among them, but there also many who follow others blin and act most foolishly, not know what they are about. This class of formers are very enthusiastic in troducing foreign ideas into our ligion.

They have taken hold of the wo "idolatry", and aver that Hinduism not true, because it is idolatrous. Th never seek to find out what this called "idolatry" is, whether it is go or bad; only taking their cue fr others, they are b enough to shout do Hinduism as untrue.

There is another cl of men among us wi are intent upon givi some slippery scienti explanation for a and every Hindu cu tom, rite, etc., and wh are always talking electricity, magnetis air-vibration and a that sort of thing. Wi

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ows but they will perhaps some day
ee God Himself as nothing but a
ass of electric vibrations! However,
ther bless them all! She it is who
having Her work done in various
ays through multifarious natures
d tendencies.

In contradistinction to these, there
that ancient class who say—"I do
ot know, I do not care to know or
derstand all these your hair-split-
g ratiocinations; I want God, I
ant the Atman, I want to go to that
eyond, where there is no universe,
here there is no pleasure or pain,
here dwells the Bliss Supreme";—
ho say, "I believe in salvation by
athing in the holy Ganges with
aith";—who say, "Whomsoever you
ay worship with singleness of faith
d devotion as the one God of the
niverse, in whatsoever form as Shiva,
ama, Vishnu, etc., you will get
oksha";—to that sturdy ancient
ass I am proud to belong.

Then there is a sect who advise us
o follow God and the world together.
hey are not sincere, they do not ex-
ress what they feel in their hearts.

What is the teaching of the Great
Ones?—"Where there is Rama, there
s no Kama; where there is Kama,
here Rama is not. Night and day can
ever exist together."

The voice of the ancient sages pro-
claim to us—"If you desire to attain
God, you will have to renounce
'Kama-kanchana' (lust and posses-
sion). This Samsara is unreal, hollow,
void of substance. Unless you give it
up, you can never reach God, try
however you may. If you cannot do
that, own that you are weak, but by
no means lower the ideal. Do not
cover the corrupting corpse with
leaves of gold!"

So according to them if you want to gain spirituality, to attain God, the first thing that you have to do is to give up this playing "hide-and-seek with your ideas," this dishonesty, this "theft within the chamber of thought."

What have I learnt?

What have I learnt from this ancient sect?

I have learnt—

दुर्लभं त्रयमेवैतत् देवानुग्रहहेतुकम् ।
मनुष्यत्वं मुमुक्षुत्वं महापुरुषसंश्रयः ॥

Verily, these three are rare to obtain, and come only through the grace of God—human birth, desire to obtain Moksha, and the company of the great-souled ones."

The first thing needed is Manushyatva, human birth, because it only is favourable to the attainment of Mukti.

The next is Mumukshutva. Though our means of realisation vary according to their different stations in life, yet it can be said in general without fear of contradiction that without this Mumukshutva, realisation of God is impossible.

What is Mumukshutva? It is the strong urge for Moksha—earnest yearning to get out of the sphere of pain and pleasure—utter disgust for the world. When that intense burning desire to see God comes, then you should know that you are entitled to the realisation of the Supreme.

Then another thing is necessary, and that is the coming in direct contact with the Mahapurushas, and thus moulding our lives in accordance with those of the great-souled ones who have reached the Goal.

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Even disgust for the world and a burning desire for God are not sufficient. Initiation by the Guru is necessary.

Why? Because it is the bringing of yourself into connection with that great source of power, which has been handed down through generations from one Guru to another, in uninterrupted succession.

The devotee must seek and accept the Guru or spiritual preceptor, as his counsellor, philosopher, friend and guide.

In short, the Guru is the *sine qua non* of progress in the path of spirituality.

Whom then shall I accept as my Guru?

श्रोत्रियोऽवृजिनोऽकामहतो यो ब्रह्मवित्तमः।

"He who is versed in the Vedas, without taint, unhurt by desire, he who is the best of the knowers of Brahman."

Shrotriya—he who is not only learned in the Shastras, but who knows their subtle secrets, who has realised their true import in his life.

Reading merely the various scriptures they have become only parrots, and not Pandits. He indeed has become a Pandit who has gained Prema (Divine Love) by reading even one word of the Shastras.

Mere book-learned Pandits are of no avail. Nowadays, everyone wants to be a Guru; even a poor beggar wants to make a gift of a lakh of Rupees!

Then, the Guru must be without a touch of taint; and he must be Akamahata—unhurt by any desire—he should have no other motive except that of purely doing good to oth he should be an ocean of mercy-wi out-reason and not impart religi teaching with a view to gain name fame, or anything pertaining to ag fish interest.

And he must be the intense kno of Brahman, that is, one who has re lised Brahman, even as tangibly as Amalaka-fruit in the palm of hand. Such is the Guru, says Shruti.

When spiritual union is establish with such a Guru, then comes reali tion of God—then God-vision comes easy of attainment.

After initiation there should be the aspirant after Truth, Abhyasa, earnest and repeated attempt at pra tical application of the Truth by pr cribed means of constant meditati upon the chosen ideal. Even if yo have a burning thirst for God, or ha gained the Guru, unless you ha along with it the Abhyasa, unless yo practise what you have been taug you cannot get realisation.

When all these are firmly establis ed in you, then you will reach th Goal.

Therefore I say unto you, Hindus, as descendants of the glorio Aryas—do not forget the great ide of our religion—that great ideal of th Hindus—which is, to go beyond th Samsara—not only to renounce th world, but to give up heaven too; ay not only to go beyond all, beyond th phenomenal existence, and ultimatel realise the "Sat-Chit-Anandam Brah man"—the Absolute Existence Knowledge-Bliss, which is Brahman.

[*Courtesy*: Advaita Ashram

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...peace was ever won from Fate by submission or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin; victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts.

☆

There is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance of it, and insult Him by taking it into our own hands.

☆

Man cannot benefit those that are with him as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none so high which it reaches so far as from the grave.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings.

☆

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

☆

Be assured of the great truth—that what is impossible in reality, is ridiculous in fancy.

John Ruskin

In a general way, remember it is a far better thing to find out other great men, than to become one yourself; for you can but become one at best, but you may bring others to light in numbers.

☆

The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.

☆

A cunning person seeks for opportunities to deceive; a gentleman shuns them. A cunning person triumphs in deceiving; a gentleman is humiliated by his success.

Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

☆

The most imaginative men always study the hardest, and are the most thirsty for new knowledge. Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven.

☆

No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.

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Deliverence is not for me in renunciation; I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight . . .

Tagore the great humanist

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

RABINDRANATH TAGORE combines in himself three distinct roles—that of a poet, a philosopher, and a patriot. His influence on Indian culture and thought is second only to that of Mahatma Gandhi. He is one of the foremost leaders of Indian renascence in art, music, dance, and literature.

For over half a century, by his spiritual insight and moral earnestness he held the loyalty of every self-respecting Indian. For us, he has left behind him not only a rich intellectual heritage in his works but also a great international educational centre which he built with his own hands, the Shantiniketan. He has given us our National Anthem.

Tagore was influenced by the Upanishads and the folk poetry of his land. Indeed three different factors influenced his life. He was the son of a liberal Hindu sage who was influenced by the Upanishads. After private education, he was sent to England to study law but soon he returned to India. The Tagores as a family opposed the e trines of popular, superstitious H duism. The liberal outlook of the T gores is set forth on their doors: this place no image is to be ado and no man's faith despised".

The poet enjoyed thoroughly benefits of being an outcast. He v also a literary outcast. Influenced Bankim Chandra Chatterji, he br new ground and fought against orthodox forms of literary expres and poetic composition. He adop new forms of poetry and he had struggle before he was accepted. Th were times when passages from Tag were given in examinations to be written into standard Bengali!

The third influence that touch Tagore was his love of India. His s nationalism was not opposed to a t internationalism. He stood for world-community and for wor loyalty.

His was not a fanatical nationali which declares: my country is alwa right, my country should r

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all other nations. He believed that each nation had its own special contribution to make to world's culture. He did not want India to imitate slavishly the West. He was influenced by the genius of India in all that he said and said. He criticised severely those who thought that the West was civilized and the East was crude.

Tagore's philosophy is a type of dynamic Vedanta. He had a positive view of life, and he loved humanity as the manifestation of God. He did not believe that the supreme reality was an impersonal Absolute, as Shankara said: he looked upon the supreme as a person. The supreme person is characterised by unexcellable bliss (*Anand*), unconditioned existence (*Sat*), and supreme life force (*Chit*). The infinite supreme person for Tagore was the concretion of the three values: Truth, Beauty, and Goodness (*Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram*).

The universe with all its colour and beauty is the joyful expression and manifestation of the Lord. It is His supreme *Leela*: His supreme sport. It is not an illusion nor a dream to be set aside. Creation is the manifestation of the Lord in all His glory.

So Tagore argues that we should not fly away from life to mountain tops and monasteries to seek the Lord. The Lord is not in a distant Heaven away from the world of life. He is in the world, working with men, guiding them, sharing their sorrows and helping them to get out of it.

Tagore always emphasizes the immanence of the Lord. He writes: 'In this play-house of infinite forms I have had my play, and here I have caught sight of Him—that is formless. Deli-

TAGORE'S TESTAMENT OF FAITH

एष नः प्रत्ययः— सत्यं ह्येकम् ।। पन्थाः पुनरस्य नैकः । विचित्रैरेव हि पथिभिः पुरुषा नैकदेशवासिन एकं तीर्थमुपासर्पन्ति— इति हि विज्ञायते ।।

प्राची च प्रतीची चेति द्वे धारे विद्यायाः । द्वाभ्यामप्येताभ्यां उपलब्धव्यमैक्यं सत्यस्याखिललोकाश्रयभूतस्य— इति नः संकल्पः।। एतस्यैवैक्यस्य उपलब्धिः परमो लाभः, परमा शान्तिः, परमं च कल्याणं पुरुषस्य— इति हि वयं विजानीमः

We are of the faith that Truth is one and undivided, though diverse may be the ways which lead us to it. Through separate paths pilgrims from different lands arrive at the same shrine of Truth. This we verily know.

Knowledge flows in two streams—from the East and from the West. In their unity is perceived the oneness of Truth that pervades and sustains the entire universe. This we avow.

In the realization of this oneness of Truth lies mighty gain, perfect peace and profound good of Man. This we truly believe.

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FREEDOM FROM FEAR

Rabindranath Tagore

Turn away, O Lord! from this luckless land
All foolish fears—fear of the public, fear
Of the king, fear of death—the deadweight
On the hearts of weaklings. This perpetual
Suffering, this descent to the dust, this
Self-humiliation, hour by hour, moment
By moment, this bondage of slavery within
And without, and this total surrender
Of the dignity of man at the feet
Of the multitude again and again—
Break this accumulated shame to pieces
With thy feet! And on this auspicious dawn
Let the head be lifted up under the
Infinite sky, in broad light and free air.

(Published in 1901.)

[Translated from the Bengali original by Dr. Abinash Chandra Bose.]

verence is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.'

In order to seek the Lord and know Him, Tagore forbids us from running away from life. He asks us to seek God here and now. He felt with Wordsworth that 'every common bush is afire with God.' He sang with the poet, that the meanest flowers gave him thoughts that lie often too deep for tears. He believed that the worship of God consists in active self sacrifice, and not in the world-negating ideal. He accepted the *Gita* ideal of a Karma-yogin. He regarded *Samsara* as

succession of spiritual opportunities

He admonishes a friend: 'Leave t chanting, singing, and telling of beads whom dost thou worship in the dark corner of this lonely temple, with doo all shut? Open thy eyes and see t God is not before thee; He is the where the tiller is tilling the har ground and where the path-maker making stones. He is with them in s and shower and his garment is cove ed with dust. Put off thy holy mant and even like him come down on t dusty soil.'

'Deliverence! Where is this deliv rence to be found? Our master hir self has joyfully taken upon him t bond of creation. He is bound with all for ever... meet him, stand b him, in toil and in the sweat of th brow.'

Tagore's conception of the suprem Lord as an active force making fo human love makes his religion attra tive. Tagore's God loves man and always beckoning him to his joy.

Tagore differs from traditional V danta in some significant respects. H no doubt admits that the highest spir tual reality is the impersonal Absolut But he says that he has no use for suc an Absolute. He humanises the Abs lute representing it as a supreme Pe son. He looks upon the Lord not as distant spectator watching the dram of human life from above, but as on with us, above us, and in us. As th *Gita* observes, he regards that the Lor is not merely the enjoyer of sacrifice but the friend of all beings.

He does not regard humanity wit an unconditional look. The suprem Lord of Tagore is responsive to man'

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words, sensitive to his wishes and akin to his spirit. The Lord taking upon himself the human form in his incarnations is a true call of the Lord to humanity. The purpose of the *Avatara* is not the mere destruction of the demons, but to teach mortal men fashion their lives after the manner of the *Avatara*.

Tagore writes that the presence of God is a common factual reality, it is not confined to celebrated historical moments alone. 'He comes, He ever comes, every moment, every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes.'

Tagore directs his attack against the bifurcation of Nature and Man. He regards that we should grow into conscious union with Nature. Nature is the garment and play of the Lord. We should seek to live in intimate union with Nature. He writes, 'Man should realize that this house is not a storehouse of mechanical power, but a habitation of man's soul with eternal music and beauty, and its light of divine presence.'

He holds that we should not effect a rupture between Nature and God. The God of Tagore is the result of the overflowing joy of the Absolute. Tagore quotes the Upanishads, 'From joy does spring all this creation, by joy is it maintained, towards joy does it progress, and into joy does it enter.'

He looks upon the Lord as the supreme object of Love. He affirms that the Lord can be begotten only by *Bhakti* and self-surrender through love. He finds the intellectual way of understanding the Lord cuts no ice. The intellect affirms the ego and separates the self of man from the Lord,

Gurudev Tagore

the supreme spirit. The way of overcoming the ego is to love the Lord. Love unifies and overcomes all separatist feelings.

Like all devotees, Tagore feels that self-will is the cause of all our suffering. Self-will distorts the truth of things. It makes us separate, antagonizing, repellent individuals in a state of war with one another. Self-love is a heavy and hardly translucent subject. We human beings are not only imperfect creatures that have to be improved, but are, in the words of Newman, 'rebels that must lay down their arms.' We must render back our wills which we have so long claimed as our own.

Scientific success and technological efficiency have placed enormous power in the hands of man. His self-will

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> *We must know with absolute certainty that essentially we are Spirit. This we can do by winning mastery over self by rising above pride and greed and fear, by knowing that worldly losses and physical death can take nothing away from the truth and the greatness of the soul.*
>
> —*Gurudev Tagore*

is inflamed and swollen by all these things. It resists all thwarting with bitter rage, passionate tears, and sometimes threatens to kill and at others die, rather than give in.

Tagore explains that the role of Evil and Pain in our world is to awaken the soul from this blind self-will to the will of the Lord. Pain and Evil are not ultimate reals. They have a definite purpose in life. They are the megaphones that rouse us from our deaf selves. They make us move in the right direction. They restore the perspective for us.

Tagore looks upon human life with delight. He does not subscribe nor fall a victim to the view that the spirit alone counts and the world of human life is an indifferent illusion and a snare. He looks upon life on this earth as offering splendid opportunities for self-development. The spirit has to give existence to the human person.

He does not despise our garment of flesh. He loves warm life. He writes, 'I will never shut the door of my senses.' Human relationships are the mainsprings for spiritual life, one need not pluck his eye to see correctly.

The poet opposes puritanism and ascetic life. He regards warm human feeling as the spiritual in nature. In his play the *Sannyasi* he points out us how necessary is the normal l of pleasures to man. The ascetics wa their lives and souls by repressing a feelings. They are abnormal.

Tagore looks upon active moral l as the essence of the Hindu view. H fights against defeatism, quietis and acosmism. He regards the Lo himself as the great worker of hum nity:

Our master is a worker and we wo
with him,
Boisterous is his mirth, and we lau
with his laughter.
He beats his drum and we march,
He sings and we dance in tune.

Again in his *Sadhana* the poet e claims, 'Where can I meet Thee, u less in this my home made thin Where can I join Thee unless in th my work, transformed into thy work If I leave *my home*, I shall not reac Thy home ; if I cease my work I can never join Thee in Thy work. Fo Thou dwellest in me, and I in The Thou without me or I without The are nothing.'

The poet opposes mere convention ways of life. He stands for since human emotions. He has no patien with a society which is based on di criminations between man and wo man, class and caste. He looks up the love between man and wife as sac red. In his play *Sati* the characte Uma refuses to accept the man as he lover who has not won her affection She refuses to accept Jivaji whom he people have chosen for her. She says boldly that in spite of their promises to him she would not yield. She burst out that she would yield only to hi she loves.

Tagore looks down upon mere con

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> *To me the verses of the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha have ever been things of the Spirit and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth, and I have used them both in my life and in my preaching as being instinct with individual meaning for me.*
>
> —*Gurudev Tagore*

tional poses and customs of man. e fights lifeless imitations and stands r a true individual life.

His outlook is global. When he talks the Kingdom of Heaven, he means it not this land or that land. It is rld-community to which he looks o to. He was not opposed to useful entific technique. He wanted the st and the West to co-operate on ms of perfect equality. He stood for althy internationalism. His biogra-her, E.J. Thomson, writes, 'Rabin-nath has repeatedly insisted that en the West's conquest of material rces has been essentially a spiritual hievement, however perverted to ital ends, and that his countrymen ll impoverish themselves if they glected it.' *The Times Literary Sup-lement* in its tribute to Tagore has mmed up his life, 'Perhaps no liv-g poet was more religious, and no an of religion was more poetical an this great Indian'. The poet won e Nobel Prize in 1930.

Tagore, towards the very end of his e, has not spared his energies to eak on behalf of India. He has con-emned aggressive and militant na-onalism in no small terms. His final olitical testament to India is his spi-ted reply to Miss Rathbone when e blamed India for not actively help-g England.

Tagore is our great national poet in line with Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidasa. Radhakrishnan assures us that it is the nature of all great poetry to last longer than dynasties and Kings. Tagore will continue to influence us in building up an India based on ancient wisdom and modern science, in the spirit of an enlivened democratic conscience. Tagore looked forward to that Heaven:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Man's freedom is never in being saved troubles, but is the freedom to take the troubles for his own good, to make the trouble an element in his joy.

Gurudev Tagore

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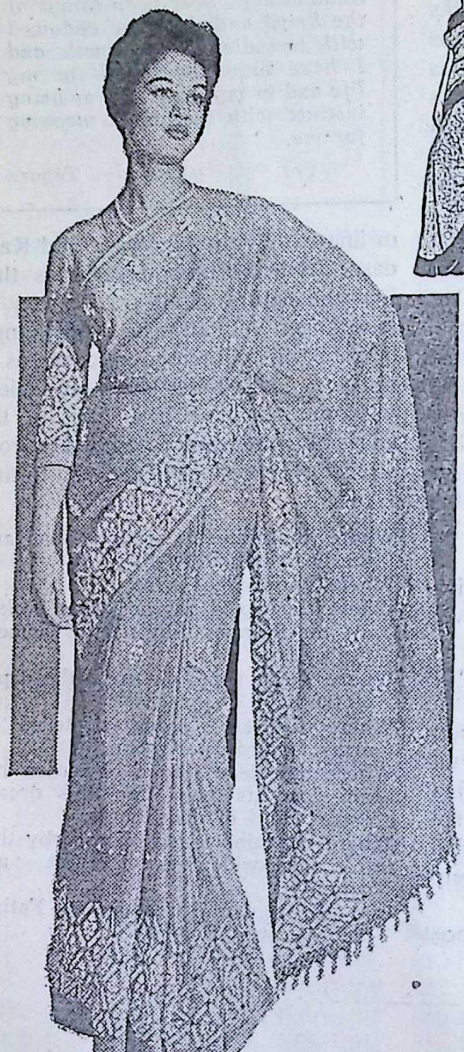
any time...

any place...

any occasion...



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Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya were among those who attended the funeral of Pandit Motilal Nehru on February 6, 1931. They paid fulsome tributes to Panditji's great sacrifice. The following is a piece from what the Father of the Nation said on that occasion.

MOTILAL NEHRU

Hero and Great Fighter

Mahatma Gandhi

PANDITJI[1] was a hero and a great fighter. He fought many battles of the country but he also gave a tough fight to Yamaraj, the God of Death; Panditji has, in fact, been successful in this fight too.

Yesterday morning at Lucknow Panditji's condition and courage had assured everybody that Panditji would successfully recover from the illness.

Only yesterday I told Pandit Motilal "If you gain health, then I will have my *Swaraj*."

Pandit Motilal replied smilingly "*Swarajya* has already been achieved. When sixty thousand men, women and children have made splendid sacrifices, when people have patiently borne *lathis* and bullets, what else but *Swarajya* can be the result?"

Panditji had a very high soul and perfect peace of mind. I am sorry last night I could not talk to him, but Mrs. Nehru who was by his side told me that it was God's special favour that Panditji was heard reciting sacred *Gayatri mantra* last night.

Panditji was not a blind follower of religion and sometimes he used to make fun of religion; because he was opposed to the fraud that had crept into religion. Sometimes Panditji felt annoyed at religious fraud but I knew well that Panditji was a believer in God and last evening he was continously reciting the lovely name *Rama*. He never uttered a sigh of grief or pain. It was a leason to all those who wanted to be truly religious.

Panditji has by his sacrifice purified himself. Myself and others should also be purified in the same *yajna*.

Panditji had offered himself, his only son, his daughter-in-law, son-in-law and his all at the altar of the motherland.

●●●

1. *Pandit Motilal Nehru whose birth centenary falls on 6th May 1961.*

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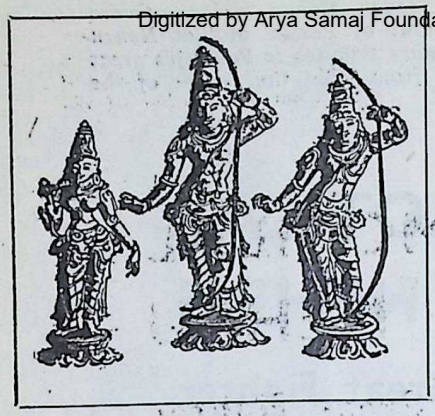

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Agastya's Prayer

Sage Sutikshna takes Rama to his preceptor Sage Agastya who receives him with tears of joy and prays:

सृष्टेः प्रागेक एवासीर्निर्विकल्पोऽनुपाधिकः।
त्वदाश्रया त्वद्विषया माया ते शक्तिरुच्यते ॥
त्वामेव निर्गुणं शक्तिरावृणोति यदा तदा।
अव्याकृतमितिप्राहुः वेदान्तपरिनिष्ठिताः ॥
मूलप्रकृतिरित्येके प्राहुर्मायेति केचन ।
अविद्या संसृतिर्बन्ध इत्यादि बहुधोच्यते ॥

"Prior to creation You were all alone. You were changeless: unconditioned. That Maya which partakes of You and is directed to You is called Shakti. When that Shakti veiled the attributeless You, it was called Avyaakrita by the Vedantins. A few call the same as Mulaprakriti (primaeval nature); others call it Maya, Avidya, Samsriti, Bandha are some other names by which also it is known.

त्वया संक्षोभ्यमाणा सा महत्तत्त्वं प्रसूयते
महत्तत्वादहंकारस्त्वया संचोदितादभूत् ॥
अहंकारो महत्तत्वसंवृतस्त्रिविधोऽभवत् ।
सात्विको राजसश्चैव तामसश्चेति भण्यते ॥
तामसात्सूक्ष्मतन्मात्राण्यासन् भूतान्यतः परम् ।
स्थूलानि क्रमशो राम क्रमोत्तरगुणानि हि ॥

"Kindled by you, that Shakti gives birth to Mahat-tatva; from the latter activated by you again, was born Ahankara (ego); covered by Mahat-tatva, ego became three-fold: Sattvic, Rajasic and Tamasic. From Tamasic ego the pentad of unmanifest Tanmatras[1] emanated first, followed by the manifest elements,[2] each containing the nucleus of the next.

राजसानीन्द्रियाण्येव सात्त्विका देवता मन
तेभ्योभवत्सूत्ररूपं लिङ्गं सर्वगतं महत्
ततो विराट् समुत्पन्नः स्थूलाद्भूतकदम्बकात्
विराजः पुरुषात्सर्वं जगत्स्थावरजंगमम्

"The Rajasic ego are but the Indriyas,[3] the Sattvic ego constituting their presiding deities[4] and the mind. From all these took shape the great empirical Atman[5] that pe

1. *Sabda, sparsa, rupa, rasa* a *gandha*
2. *Prithvi, ap, tej, vayu,* and *ak*
3. (a) Karmendriyas: *Vak, pani, pad payu* and *upastha*
(b) Jnanendriyas: *Chakshu, sro tvak, rasana,* and *ghrana*
4. Ravi for Chakshush; Dik for Sro tra; Vayu for Tvak; Varuna for R sana; Ashvins for Ghrana; Agni Vak; Indra for Pani; Upendra Padas; Mitra for Payu and Brahma Upastha.
5. Hiranyagarbha.

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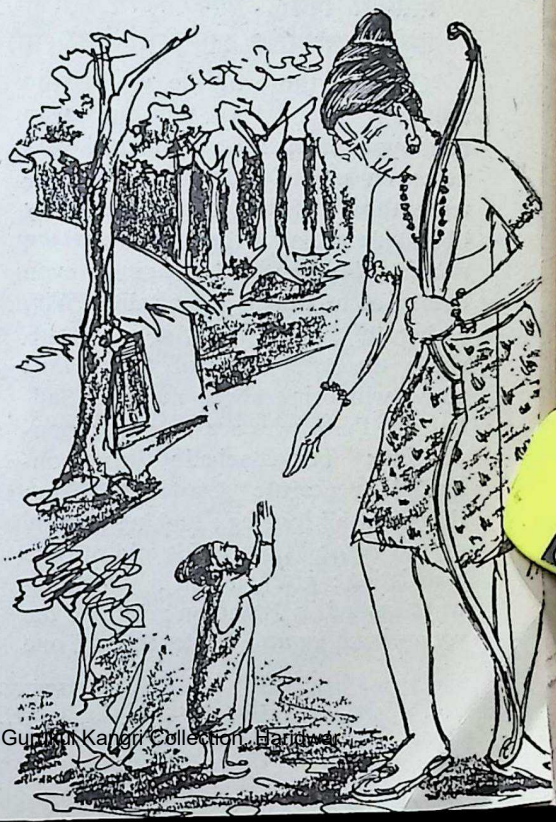
creates everything. From the manifest conglomeration emerged the Virat[6] from whom the entire manifest Universe moving and non-moving appeared.

देवतिर्यङ्मनुष्याश्च कालकर्मक्रमेण तु ।
त्वं रजोगुणतो ब्रह्मा जगतः सर्वकारणम्॥
सत्वाद्विष्णुस्त्वमेवास्य पालकः सद्भिरुच्यते।
त्वं रुद्रस्त्वमेवास्य त्वन्मायागुणभेदतः ।
जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्त्याख्या वृत्तयो बुद्धिजैर्गुणैः ।
तासां विलक्षणो राम त्वं साक्षी चिन्मयोऽव्ययः ॥

"O Lord! Through the seasons and actions you manifest yourself as inanimate nature and humans. Through your Rajasic *guna* you become the Brahma the Creator; through Sattvaguna, you become Vishnu the Protector and by virtue of your Tamasic guna you are Rudra the destroyer. So say the great ones. O Rama! Owing to the different qualities and your Maya, Buddhi acquires the waking, dream and sleeping states. But unaffected by all these, you are the imperishable *chit* standing aloof as witness.

सृष्टिलीलां यदा कर्तुमीहसे रघुनन्दन ।
अंगीकरोषि मायां त्वं तदा वै गुणवानिव ॥
राम! माया द्विधा भाति विद्याविद्येति ते सदा।
प्रवृत्तिमार्गनिरता अविद्यावशवर्तिनः ॥
निवृत्तिमार्गनिरता वेदान्तार्थविचारकाः ।
तद्भक्तिनिरता ये च ते वै विद्यामयाः स्मृताः ॥
अविद्यावशगा ये तु नित्यं संसारिणश्च ते ।
विद्याभ्यासरता ये तु नित्यमुक्तास्त एव हि॥

"O, delighter of the Raghu race! When You want to indulge in the play of creation, you take on Maya, as though you were governed by *gunas*. Rama! Maya always shines in two perspectives: Vidya and Avidya Those who indulge in worldly activities are in the grip of Avidya; those who seek liberation, those who are engaged in philosophical inquiries, those who are fully devoted to You are encompassed in Vidya. Those who depend on Avidya always moil in worldly sorrow; those who delight in Vidya, however are liberated souls indeed.



6. Cf. भूःपादौ यस्य

—*Vishnu Sahasranama*

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लोके त्वद्भक्तिनिरतास्त्वन्मन्त्रोपासकाश्च ये ।
विद्या प्रादुर्भवेत्तेषां नेतरेषां कदाचन ॥
अतस्त्वद्भक्तिसंपन्ना मुक्ता एव न संशयः।
त्वद्भक्त्यमृतहीनानां मोक्षः स्वप्नेऽपि नो भवेत् ॥
किं राम! बहुनोक्तेन! सारं किंचिद्ब्रवीमि ते ।
साधुसंगतिरेवात्र मोक्षहेतुरुदाहृता ॥
साधवः समचित्ता ये निःस्पृहा विगतैषिणः ।
दान्ताः प्रशान्तास्त्वद्भक्ताः निवृत्ताखिलकामनाः ॥
इष्टप्राप्तिविपत्त्योश्च समाः संगविवर्जिताः।
सन्यस्ताखिलकर्माणः सर्वदा ब्रह्ममतत्पराः ॥
यमादिगुणसंपन्नाः संतुष्टा येनकेनचित् ।
संत्संगमो भवेद्यर्हि त्वत्कथाश्रवणे रतिः ॥
समुदेति ततो भक्तिः त्वयि राम! सनातने ॥

"Only on those of the world who are fully devoted to you and who recite your *mantra* does Vidya dawn; never on others. Therefore, undoubtedly, those devoted to You are really liberated souls. People denied the nectar of your *bhakti* cannot even dream of attaining immortality. Why elaborate? I shall tell you in a nutshell: the association of the *sadhus* alone will bring about *moksha*. Sadhus are those who are equable; non-desiring; non-attached; sense-controlled; peaceful; devoted to You; devoid of all longing; looking equally on success and failure; devoid of base association; given up all actions; always settled in Brahman; full of the *yama-dama gunas*; contended. If one gets the association of one such soul, he will get interested in listening to Your holy story. Then, indeed, Rama, does *bhakti* take root in the ever-lasting You!

त्वद्भक्तावुपपन्नायां विज्ञानविपुलं स्फुटम् ।
उदेति मुक्तिमार्गोयमाद्यश्चतुरसेवितः ॥
तस्माद्राघव! सद्भक्तिस्त्वयि मे प्रेमलक्षणा ।
सदा भूयाद्धरे! संगस्त्वद्भक्तेषु विशेषतः ॥

"Once secure in your *bhakti*, then does the grand Vigyana dawn. This is the manner in which competent men originally sought liberation. Therefore, Raghava, may true devotion to you characterised by *prem*, always become my lot. O, Hari! May I, in particular, secure the association of your devotees!

अद्य मे सफलं जन्म भवत्संदर्शनादभूत् ।
अद्य मे क्रतवः सर्वे बभूवुः सफलाः प्रभो ।
दीर्घकालं मया तप्तं अनन्यमतिना तपः
तस्येह तपसो राम! फलं तव यदर्चनम् ।
सदा मे सीतया सार्धं हृदये वस राघव ।
गच्छतस्तिष्ठतो वापि स्मृतिःस्यान्मे सदा त्वयि ॥

"Today has my life become fruitful, having had your *darshan*. Today have my sacrifices, O Lord, become fruitful. It is the fruit of the long and single-minded penance I performed, O Rama, that I could have your *darshan* and worship you in person! O Raghava! Live eternally in my heart along with Sita. Whether walking or standing, may your thought always occupy my mind.

Nature is the visible garment of God.
—Goethe.

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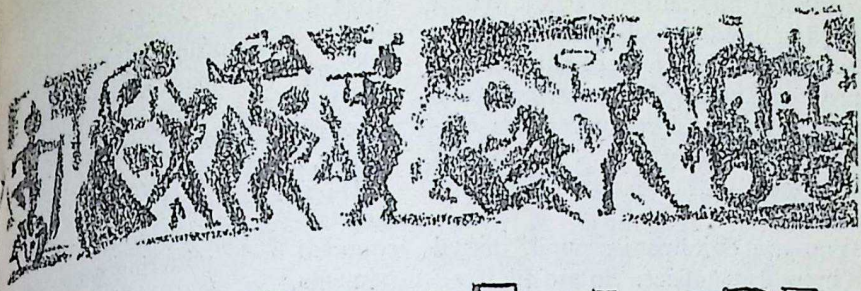

K. M. MUNSHI

20. Shvetaketu's Fall

WHEN Uddhava was introduced to Rudracharya and other *acharyas* by Punardatta, he told them of Krishna's exploits at Gomantak. He also shared with Punardatta his anxiety to get out of the 'hell' somehow and to warn Krishna of the dangers which awaited him if he persisted in his decision to meet Shrigalava. Punardatta informed him that the only outside contact which they had, was when every fourth day an officer came to them to inquire whether they were prepared to accept Shrigalava as God Vaasudeva. Thereupon, between them two, they thought out a plan of escape, and the next day, when the officer was expected, they waited for him on the floor of the cave.

Some time in the afternoon, two men, an officer and his assistant, were lowered in the cave in a basket. They got out of the basket and, groping in the semi-darkness, proceeded towards the opening which led to the valley. Uddhava threw himself on the officer, a flabby-looking youth decked out in a gold necklace, and deprived him of his arms.

Punardatta dealt also in the same way with the assistant who, being an untrained man, was soon overpowered by Punardatta and beaten into unconsciousness. But the officer proved tough. He appeared to be a trained wrestler, closed his arms on Uddhava, and tried to throw him on the ground. Soon both were rolling on the ground, arm in arm.

Uddhava was Krishna's comrade and Sandipani's pupil, and easily met the holds and tricks of the officer. But when he was on the point of be-

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ing thrown on the ground, the officer played a hold which Uddhava was surprised to find a speciality of his Guru Sandipani. He knew the counter trick well and countered the officer's hold successfully. 'The Sandipani trick, is it?' he could not keep muttering.

'You are Sandipani's pupil?' asked the breathless officer. 'So am I.'

'God of all gods,' exclaimed Uddhava in surprise. 'Is it Shvetaketu?'

'Uddhava!' exclaimed Shvetaketu, once the senior disciple of Sandipani, who had taught the *Vedas* to Krishna, Balaram and Uddhava in the Guru's walking school.

Both let go their hold of each other and became locked in affectionate embrace. 'And this is Punardatta, Gurudeva's son, whom Krishna rescued from Vaivasvatpur.' And all the three laughed together and embraced each other again.

They left the unconscious assistant and came out into the valley.

'What brings you both to this 'hell'?' asked Shvetaketu.

'How do *you* happen to be here?' asked Punardatta. 'You were Gurudeva's favourite pupil when I was kidnapped from Prabhas by Panchajana Rakshasa. And I never saw you in the *ashram* when Krishna brought me back. But you, of all people in the world, in the service of Shrigalava! I never saw you here before.'

'No. I was given this duty only today as some new man was sent to this 'hell' yesterday. It must be one of you, for I was told that there were thirteen old men and two young men,' said Shvetaketu.

'That is me', said Uddhava. 'But what a strange coincidence! We, your pupils, are rotting in this 'hell' for *Dharma* with these saintly *acharyas*—and you, our teacher and Gurudeva's favourite disciple, evidently living in luxury, is our jailor.'

'Have I changed so much?' asked Shvetaketu, looking down at his well-rounded body glittering with gold ornaments.

'Shvetaketu, brother, what has come over you—you, the most learned of us all, Krishna's beloved friend?' asked Uddhava.

'What has become of me? I am the same', said Shvetaketu.

'Don't delude yourself. Where is your well-knit body gone? And where is your ascetic face, illumined by intelligence? But for your playing Gurudeva's trick, I would never have recognised you in this flabby, gold-studded, self-indulgent, *asuric* servant of a pompous king who claims to be God of all gods!' said Uddhava in indignation.

'Don't talk like this. My assistant may regain consciousness and overhear you', said Shvetaketu.

'Brother, have you fallen so low as to be afraid of speaking or hearing the truth?' asked Uddhava. Uddhava, usually self-controlled in speech, had been roused to righteous wrath at seeing the fall of his old comrade.

'First tell me all about both of you. Then I will tell you about myself,' said Shvetaketu.

'Our story is easily told. You were in Prabhas with Gurudeva when I was there. Then Krishna and I left for the Punyajana ship to bring back Punardatta. Krishna, I always told

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you, was wonderful. Punyajana was sent to the bottom of the sea and we went to Vaivasvatpur in his ship, where Punardatta had been kidnapped. Krishna overcame the magic power of the Divine Mother, the queen of Nagaloka, fought the king who was called the God of Death, and brought back Punardatta', said Uddhava.

'Oh, wonderful! I knew Krishna would perform miracles. Then what happened?' asked Shvetaketu.

'We went to Mathura. Then we learnt that Jarasandha had decided to invade our city to take revenge on Krishna and Balaram for killing Kamsa. We were too weak to resist Jarasandha. Krishna decided to seek an asylum in the Sahya Mountains and so we left Mathura', said Uddhava.

'Then?' asked Shvetaketu.

'Then Krishna and Balaram sought an asylum on the Gomantak Hill. Your Lord Vaasudeva, your God of all gods, betrayed them', continued Uddhava sarcastically. 'Jarasandha and his allies came to Gomantak Hill and set it on fire.'

'Oh, Lord VAASUDEVA!' said Shvetaketu, using the usual exclamation in Karvirpur.

'And listen, you, devotee of Shrigalava Vaasudeva', sneered Uddhava. 'Krishna proved invincible. The sea, at his behest, surrounded the Hill and extinguished the fire. Then both the brothers came down the Hill and routed Jarasandha and his allies. King Gonard was killed. King Damagosh intervened and saved Jarasandha, who is now fleeing back to his country.'

'But how did you happen to come to Karvirpur? And then here?' asked Shvetaketu.

'Krishna wanted to make friends with Shrigalava in spite of his having betrayed him to Jarasandha; so he sent me as an envoy to inform him of his desire to come here. Your Vaasudeva would not accept the hand of friendship. He abused Krishna and insisted on my acknowledging him the Great God. I refused, and I was sent here as your prisoner', said Uddhava.

'And Punardatta?' asked Shvetaketu.

'That is what I want to know from you, Shvetaketu. Here is his maternal grandfather, old and wise, an ocean of learning. Here are thirteen other *acharyas,* dedicated to stern discipline and to the service of Mother Sarasvati. They are all flung in this living 'hell', because they will not do what you have done—forswear *Dharma,* learning, the gods of our fathers and the *Vedas,* and accept Shrigalava as the Great God!' said Uddhava. 'And noble Punardatta, true to Gurudeva's tradition, came here to serve his grandfather and other *acharyas.* And you—you, Shvetaketu—our ideal—is the slave of Shrigalava, our jailor.'

Shvetaketu, as Uddhava spoke with vehement eloquence, stood silent, ashamed of himself. Once he was on the highroad to an *acharya's* status with dreams of some day being a rishi with pupils of his own; now he was an officer of Shrigalava who kept the *acharyas,* his Gurudeva's son and his beloved friend Uddhava, as prisoners. Shvetaketu looked down for a little while and in a low voice said, 'Uddhava, what I have to tell you is the

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story of a fall, of dreams forsaken, of a life bartered for—what you would have rightly called—the beastly life of an *asura*.'

'But how did it happen?' asked Uddhava. 'Though Punardatta was living as a Prince, he was redeemed by Krishna.'

'No one can redeem me. I have chosen my life and must live it', said Shvetaketu sadly.

'Why did you choose this life? I also thought once that I had chosen my life or rather it was chosen for me and that I had to live it', said Punardatta reminiscently.

'Listen', said Shvetaketu, his heart full of emotion. 'Before you, Uddhava, and Krishna left in the Punyajana ship, a strange thing happened to me. I had been to the shrine of Mahadeva, God of all gods, whom the local people call Somanath. When I came out and sat on a stone on the seashore, a young woman came out of the sea—she was evidently taking a bath. Her scanty clothing, all dripping with water, clung to her perfect limbs. I noticed the tempting grace in which her legs and hips moved, though I felt it was all wrong to do so. But I simply could not help feeling the way I did,' said Shvetaketu.

'Then I recognised her. During the days that we were at Prabhas, she always attended our training school in arms or when I was leading the Vedic chants. You could not escape noticing her, for she was tall, slim and beautiful beyond description, and I remember her smiling at me whenever I looked at her,' continued Shvetaketu.

'On her way to the shrine she stopped near me. There was a light in her eyes, which I had never noticed in any woman's eyes before. They —her eyes—were very fine. She smiled and I felt a thrill running through my body. Then she said: "You are a fine young man—and very learned too. I have heard you chanting *mantras* at the shrine." I felt my heart throbbing. I had never heard such compliments from any young woman before.

'She added: "Come with me, will you? We are camping in a grove nearby. I would love to hear you chant the *mantras*. I also saw you training some young warriors. You were so wonderful." Her words went to my head like strong *sura* (wine). I had to go to our camp for the usual duties, but I could not tear myself away from this young woman. The sweet smell of her body overpowered my senses. For a moment, Gurudeva's teaching flashed on my mind: "Never be alone with a woman unless she happens to be your wife." But my senses darkened my mind and I went with her.'

'Then Shaibya—that was her name —took me to the grove where the party from Karvirpur had camped. She was a princess, the daughter of the brother of King Shrigalava Vaasudeva.'

'Is that the beautiful woman standing near Shrigalava, whom I saw supporting the Queen yesterday?' asked Uddhava.

'That is her. She always stands near the throne supporting the Queen who is not well,' said Shvetaketu and continued. 'Her party had come to that grove held sacred by them, for

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VAASUDEVA, the Great God, had entered Shrigalava some years ago at that very spot when he had come to Prabhas Tirtha on a pilgrimage.'

Shvetaketu paused for a while and then continued. 'When we reached the grove, her party was ready for the evening worship of the sandals of Shrigalava. Shaibya is a sort of high priestess of Lord VAASUDEVA. So she offered *arti*. At her request, I chanted the *mantras*. Then she offered me *prasad* which I took. There was a tang in it, and soon my mind began to float in air with easy buoyancy.

'I found myself in an unusually light spirit, when Shaibya took me to a sequestered part of the grove and told me many flattering things. They made me feel as if I was flying in the land of *gandharvas*[1] with Shaibya as *apsara*[2] by my side.

She talked to me of Lord VAASUDEVA, whose neice she was. She told me how Karvirpur was heaven on earth; how whoever worshipped VAASUDEVA became free from all bonds of human existence; how I, with my learning and mastery of the martial art, was born to be his right-hand man.

'I spent half the night with Shaibya, drinking in her winsome flattery. In fact, her presence was more intoxicating than her words. I went back to our camp in the morning. When Gurudeva asked me as to where I spent the night, I told a lie—oh, how I have felt since that I had the courage to tell the truth!—that I had spent it in the shrine. I could see that Gurudeva did not believe what I said. That is where my fall began.

'Though I had resolved not to go near Shaibya's camp, in the afternoon—that was the day when you left for the Punyajana ship with Krishna—I went and sat on the same stone as on the previous day. As on the previous day, Shaibya, after her bath, came out of the sea, talked to me and smiled at me. And though I struggled hard not to go with her, my feet dragged me after her.

'That evening we worshipped Lord VAASUDEVA as before, and Shaibya talked to me how the three worlds had to be redeemed by following her uncle, than whom there was no other God. Her voice had a magic in it, which was enhanced by the jingle of the little bells on her armlets. I spent the night with her, feeling for the first time in my life that a great destiny was opening for me.

'When I went to our camp early next morning, Gurudeva did not ask me where I had gone. He had been very, very unhappy, and after you left, Uddhava, he became quite heart-broken. But you know he is a man of vast understanding. He knew that I was a fallen man. He has also a large heart; never so much by a glance he upbraided me. And I was torn between my respect for him and my infatuation for Shaibya.

'Then on the fourth day, Shaibya asked me to go with her to Karvirpur. I was very unhappy. How could I leave Gurudeva? At the same time, I saw her graceful limbs and beautiful gait day and night. They tore my heart. My disloyalty to Gurudeva stabbed me every moment. So,

1. Musicians of the gods.
2. Dancing girls of the gods.

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when Gurudeva decided to leave Prabhas, I thought that once I left Shaibya, I would break through the magic web she had woven round me.

'Then the day of our departure came. I told Shaibya about it, almost with a breaking heart. On hearing me, her eyes filled with tears, her hand trembled as she laid it on mine. She said: "Shvetaketu, how can you be untrue to Lord VAASUDEVA? He wants you." My heart was in my mouth. I had already come to believe in VAASUDEVA because Shaibya so passionately believed him to be the God of all gods. Her swimming eyes were fixed on me. Her body seemed to yearn for me. Anyway, so I thought.

'Uddhava, I lost my senses completely and took her hands in mine. She made no resistance. "Do you really want me to come with you?" I asked her with my limbs on fire. She looked down, shot a loving glance at me from her flashing eyes, and for the moment I felt what a fragile being she was. I surrendered. I did not go back to Gurudeva and came with her here.

'On our way back to Shurparaka, one evening I was standing on the deck of the ship, when Shaibya came near me. I was thinking of how recklessly I had given up all my life, my hopes, my dreams, my future, for a strange adventure, lured by my passion for her. She came, stood by my side and looked into my eyes with her beautiful eyes, which could become liquid at her will. She asked me: "Are you sorry that you left everything for the Lord?" I shook myself out of my miserable mood. She placed her hand on mine. Her proximity set my body aflame. "I am glad I gave up everything for you, Shaibya" I said, utter misery oppressing me. And without realising what I was doing, I placed my hand round her shoulders and pressed her to my heart. Like an angry tigress, she shook herself free from me and with flaming eyes said: "Don't touch me. I am the Lord's. You must deserve me before you touch me. You must get the Lord's consent." I felt as if I had received a mortal blow. She belonged to Shrigalava and I was of no account! I felt mortified and begged of her to forgive me. But the joy of being with her left me; at the same time I realised that thenceforward there was no retreat for me.

'I was received by Shrigalava with honours. I was appointed the head of their school of military training and placed in charge of training young warriors, most of whom had no training at all; most of them could not even stand steadily in a moving chariot, and their knowledge of archery was rudimentary. But soon I was called to more confidential duties. You see gold and diamonds in plenty here. We bring them from distant forests to which we alone know the approach. In a year's time, I was placed in charge of expeditions sent to bring these valuables.'

'What happened to Shaibya?' asked Uddhava.

Shvetaketu sighed. 'She is as elusive as a glow-worm. She attracts me but she is never caught. I am convinced that she plays with me. She is wholly dedicated to her uncle and I not convinced that I am so equally dedicated to him yet. Though she say

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she is fascinated with my learning and skill in arms, all the time she is testing my devotion to him. Uddhava, I have lost my Guru, and have not got Shaibya. Sometimes I am furious with myself,' said Shvetaketu. He heaved a deep sigh.

'And now, Shvetaketu, you have come to ask us whether we will accept Shrigalava as the Great God,' said Uddhava with a touch of sadness in his voice. 'You, my best friend, have come to ask these venerable *acharyas*, some of whom are revered even by our Gurudeva, to accept your Shrigal—jackal—as VAASUDEVA'.

Shvetaketu could give no reply. Uddhava then defiantly turned to Shvetaketu and spoke with withering contempt. 'Go and ask, if you can, these *tapasvins* (ascetics) to accept Shrigalava as God, so that you can earn a few smiles from Shaibya. Go, go, my brother, you cannot fall lower.'

Shvetaketu stood dumb, in deep humiliation. Then in a choking voice he said: 'Uddhava, I am a sinner. I have fallen beyond saving. I will go back and never come here again.'

'How would it help you or us? If you are truly repentant, help me to escape and warn Krishna; otherwise he would come here and get caught,' said Uddhava.

'How can I help you? I can't be disloyal to Shrigalava,' said Shvetaketu.

'Why? It is just in your line. You were disloyal to Gurudeva and perhaps broke his heart. You were disloyal to your *Dharma* and were lured by your senses. And now if, once to be true to Krishna, your beloved comrade, you are disloyal to Shrigalava and help me to escape, Shaibya won't even discover it', said Uddhava sarcastically.

While they were talking, Punardatta's grandfather, Acharya Rudra, starved and gaunt, on his way to the stream, paused in front of them. 'My son, as usual you have come to ask us whether we will worship Shrigalava as Lord VAASUDEVA?' he asked Shvetaketu in a sad soft voice.

Shvetaketu, overwhelmed by a sense of shame, looked down.

'Tell him, if you dare, my son, that there are still men in this world who prefer death to accepting untruth, and Shrigalava is a lie,' continued the old man with quiet dignity, and slowly went his way.

Shvetaketu felt choked. Once he dreamt of becoming an *acharya* himself, a torch-bearer of truth. Now he, a slave of passion, had come to humiliate learned *acharyas*.

'Uddhava!' he impulsively caught Uddhava by the arm and said suddenly: 'I will help you to escape. Tell me how?'

And so Uddhava put on the regulation loin cloth, silver belt, necklace and armlet of the assistant who still lay unconscious, and went up with Shvetaketu in the basket as a subordinate official of Shrigalava.

[*To be continued*]

The intimations which are but whispers, the presences which are but half-disclosed, are those which we should intently obey.

—Mark Rutherford.

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12

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:

को मोहः प्रोच्यते राजन् कश्च मानः प्रकीर्तितः । किमालस्यं च विज्ञेयं कश्च शोकः प्रकीर्तितः ॥

What, O king, is delusion?

What is pride?

What is to be understood by laziness?

What has been spoken of as शोक *or grief?*

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

मोहो हि धर्ममूढत्वं मानस्त्वात्माभिमानता
धर्मनिष्क्रियतालस्यं शोकस्त्वज्ञानमुच्यते ॥

Delusion consists is not knowing Dharma.

Pride is self-consciousness.

Laziness consists in not doing Dharma.

Ajnana is spoken of as grief.

Here *ajnana* is used in the philosophical sense of ignorance of the Absolute Reality, that which is brought about by Maya or Adhyasa, superimposition, and it is this that brings about sorrow in the world. The Upanishadic text says that he who has the knowledge of the Atman crosses sorrow. "तरति शोकम् आत्मवित् "

The Yaksha then asked:

किं स्थैर्यमृषिभिः प्रोक्तं किं च धैर्यमुदाहृतम्
स्नानं च किं परं प्रोक्तं दानं च किमिहोच्यते ।

What is the steadfastness spoken of by the Rishis?

What is referred to as courage?

What is the supreme bath?

What is here said to be Dana or charity?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

स्वधर्मे स्थिरता स्थैर्यं धैर्यमिन्द्रियनिग्रहः ।
स्नानं मनोमलत्यागः दानं वै भूतरक्षणम् ॥

Not swerving from one's own duties of Swadharma is the steadfastness.

Courage is the control of the senses.

Bath is abandoning of the impurities of the mind.

Protecting all beings is charity.

Steadfastness is a general word meaning steadfastness in all purposes. Yudhishthira restricts its application to the steadfastness in observing Swa-

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dharma, thereby extolling it as the highest steadfastness which is specially mentioned by the *rishis*. Courage here does not mean physical courage. But Yudhishthira refers to moral courage in not yielding to temptation. Bath in the physical sense is washing the impurity of the body. But Dharmaputra uses it in the moral sense of washing the impurity of the mind. The *Gita* when mentioning the divine qualities includes शौच and Sri Sankaracharya in his commentary says that शौच is of two kinds—external and internal. External cleanliness consists in the washing away of dust by bath and the internal cleanliness consists in मनो बुद्धयो र्नैर्मल्यम्। purity of the mind and the intellect. The word Dana is not used merely in the sense of gift of money, but it is used by Dharmaputra in the extended sense of service and protection to all beings. In the same sense the word charity is used in the Bible in St. Paul's Epistle and by the *Brihadaranyakopanishad* when mentioning the three words—"दमो दानं दया"(५–२)

There the story is related of the *devas, asuras* and men, approaching their creator Prajapati and asking him for a message. Prajapati replied by uttering the sound 'द' and the *devas* understood it as दाम्यत or control yourself. The *manushyas* similarly asked him and again he gave the message 'द' which they understood as दत्त or give. Similarly the *asuras* are given the message 'द' and they understood it as दयध्वं (be compassionate).

Sri Sankara in his commentary on the above text of the story makes the significant remark that all the three दम दान दय are messages to humanity as persons having the qualities of *deva* and *asura* are also to be found among men. Here the word दान is used in the sense of charity to all, thereby meaning kindness and protection to all beings.

The opposite of all these three qualities is mentioned in the *Gita*:

कामः क्रोधस्तथालोभः तस्मादेतत् त्रयं त्यजेत्
(*Gita* XVI-21)

By लोभ is meant selfishness and averseness which make one unmindful of his duty to be kind and to protect all.

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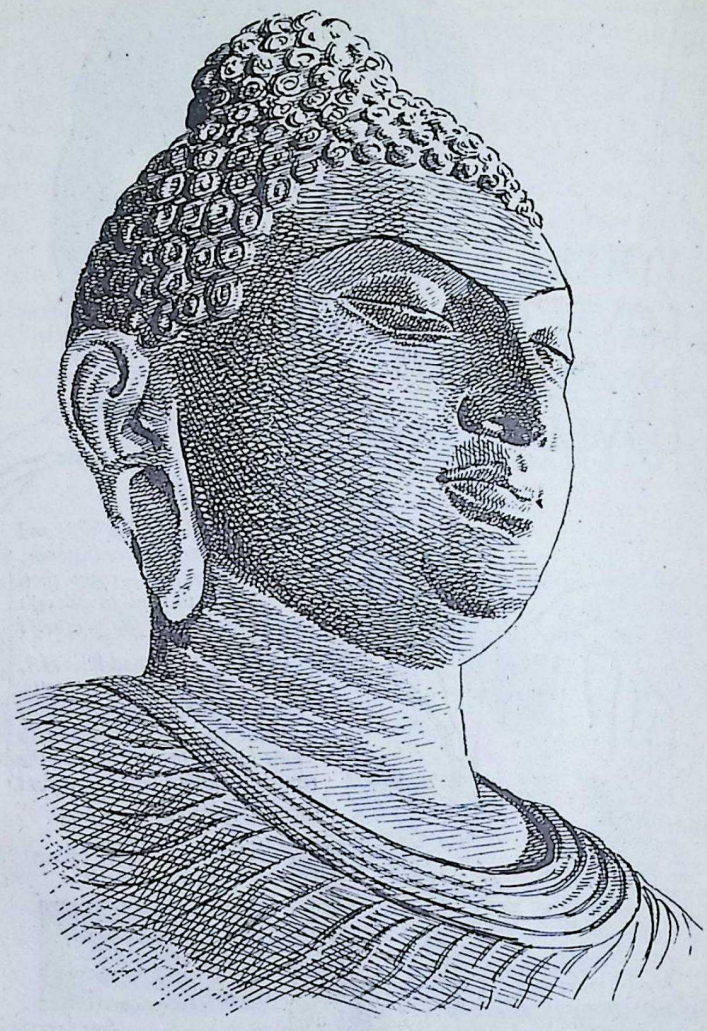
Homage



THE BUDDHA

Today, Vaisakha Purnima, marks the 2505th anniversary of the Buddha's Parinirvana.

"No decision is possible for me on the strength of others' words. I will arrive at the truth for myself by austerity and silent contemplation and will accept what is determined accordingly in this matter."

—The Buddha

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MAHATMA BASAVESHWARA

On the 17th of this month Basava Jayanti was celebrated.

"This world is a smith's workshop. If the coin minted here rings true here on earth, then one can be sure it will ring true in heaven too."

—Basava's Vachanas

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The tortoise plays a fecund role in Indian lore. It entertains children with its absurdity by opening its mouth off the bit provided by its hamsa pals while flying in flight line. It offers a convenient abode to Maha Vishnu. It teaches the yogi how to withdraw himself from the world. It tickles the poet with nostalgia by its mysterious family life....

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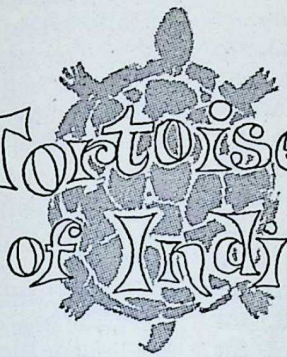

The Tortoise Myths of India

THE *Satapatha Brahmana* refers to the primeval tortoise (Adikurma) which was the source and support of all things. The conception that is current in Puranic lore is that the earth depends for its support on the reptile Ananta, which in turn in borne by the tortoise.

The *Bhagavata Purana* tells us that Vishnu in his eleventh incarnation supported the churning Mandara mountain in the form of a turtle when the celestials and demons churned the ocean (I-iii-16). According to this story, once when the Danavas seized power from the Devas, the latter approached Vishnu seeking relief from their domination. The Lord directed them to gain time by entering into an armistice with their opponents. Later, the Devas and Danavas put forth their united efforts for producing ambrosia by churning the ocean. Mandara was selected as the churning rod, while the serpent Vasuki served as the rope. While the gods and demons toiled hard at the churning operations, the mountain sank down in the waters for want of a strong support from below. Seeing that their efforts going waste, the Lord took the form of a tortoise, dived into the waters and lifted up the mountain (*Skanda* VIII, ch. vii-8). The poet Jayadeva also hints at this episode in his *Gita Govinda*.

The Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata* contains an interesting story narrated by Sage Markandeya about a turtle-king who lived for thousands of years. According to this episode, the righteous Indradyumna was elevated to the celestial plane by dint of the merits acquired by him. After the fruits of the merits had been enjoyed, the King descended down to the earth. The

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great King in his turn was anxious to collect his own credentials. The first person so approached was Sage Markandeya. The latter pleaded ignorance; but he advised Indradyumna to consult an owl by name Pravarakama near the Himalayas. The King in company with the sage met the owl, which in turn said that it had heard of a lake named after a certain Indradyumna and that further details could be gathered from a stork Nadijangha, which lived near that lake. The King next proceeded to the spot where the stork lived. When interrogated, the stork said that it had heard of the King Indradyumna, but admitted its inability to give a detailed account. Its suggestion was that the King could meet a tortoise by name Kupara, which was the seniormost in age. This Kupara had settled in that lake. The great King asked the turtle for information. Being a contemporary and witness of all the good that was done by the King in his life-time, this turtle offered its obeisance and narrated in detail the meritorious acts of the monarch. This story indicates that turtles have a very long span of life compared with other beings.

According to a *Jataka* story (story No. 206), the life that was to be the Buddha took birth as an antelope. Sariputta and Moggalana were born as a woodpecker and a tortoise respectively and became friends. The Buddha's adversary Devadatta was born as a huntsman. When the three friends were bagged by the huntsman, they manoeuvred to escape from his clutches. The tortoise bit the leathern snare and the antelope was left scot-free. The bird flew away. The hunter bagged the tortoise which was bel... and hung it to the branch of a tre... The antelope pursued and released t... bag by means of its horns when t... tortoise quietly entered into a pond.

It is common knowledge that t... tortoise is a reptile which withdra... its face into its shell. After viewi... the activities in the outer sphere, ... gets back into its shell, as it wer... Both the land and marine varieti... are encased in two scaly or leathe... shields forming a box. The term Ka... chapa in Sanskrit denotes that whi... does not dwell in a well. In view o... the limited storage of water in a we... it desires to have its abode in an ocea... river or deep storage of water. A pe... son who is placed in a narrow circ... is generally styled *koopa-koorma* (... turtle in a well).

The tortoise is compared to th... cosmic egg inasmuch as its she... shields or covers its content (organ... etc.) against exposure. In *Ma... Smriti*, it is laid down that one shou... get his limbs covered in the same ma... ner as a turtle, thereby conceali... all his secrets (weaknesses), whi... are of vital importance to the aggre... sor who makes capital out of them.

In the science of Yoga, various si... ting postures suitable for purposes ... meditation are described. These a... termed as *asanas*. The Koormasana ... tortoise-pose is one of these. In th... pose, the meditator sits cross-legge... so as to admit of the heels comin... under the glutaeus.

Oval shaped seats made either o... ebony or the bael wood are generall... prescribed for sitting in contemplation. The face and feet of a tortoise a... this type of se...

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which is known as Kurma-Peeta.

The tortoise is generally compared to the *Sthitapragna*. While describing the characteristics of this type of *upasaka*, the *Bhagavad Gita* says "And even like the tortoise, drawing in its limbs from every side, this man draws his senses from their objects, his understanding is secure." This is *pratyahara yoga*, when the man who has for his goal the highest realisation can at any point of time shake himself clear of all impressions relating to the world of senses. He straightaway goes into *samadhi* with that ease and naturalness that becomes of a tortoise, by drawing its limbs inward.

During the Vedic period, altars were prepared resembling the figure of a tortoise. Sacerdotal texts describe the Kurmachayana (sacrifice of the tortoise). A Vedic passage from the Taittiriya *Agnichayana Brahmana* says that the Kurma is the very essence of all creatures. A tortoise led the Sage Angiras to the celestial regions. By the performance of this sacrifice, it was believed that the conductor or performer had the benefit of having performed a ritual with all other types of *pasus* in Srouta Karma. (Kanda V).

In a passage of the Taittiriya Aranyaka of the *Krishna Yajurveda* (Pr. 7 An. 25), it is said that the tortoise by virtue of its relation with the waters is the very essence of the clouds. It is said that by a religious observance with the tortoise (*Upadhana*) one obtains the very essence besides ascending to the higher planes.

In Anuvaka 27 of the same *praapaaka*, there is a reference to a certain rite (*vrata*) known as Agnichayana, once, who assumed form long before which was known to the sage Arunaketu. It is said by knowing and observing this rite (which involves the abstention from eating aquatic creatures like the fish and the tortoise), one will get immunity from a watery grave. This passage may also be suggestive of the dangers that may be caused by undue killing of the fish and the tortoise as they always keep the waters clean and free from pollution by insects and worms.

An interesting story connected with the evolution of the world is narrated in Anuvaka 23. Prajapati with a view to project forms from out of the macrocosm, once entered into severe penance and shook off his entire bodily frame. By this process, from out of his flesh sprang out three forms of seers, who bore Aruna and other names. From his nails issued forth a class of ascetics styled Vaikhanasas, while from out of the very essence of the body, there arose a certain tortoise. A dialogue next ensued between the tortoise and Prajapati. Said Prajapati to the tortoise thus: "Oh turtle! You should know that you are part and parcel of my limbs".

This tortoise who was none other than the Cosmic Purusha replied "This cannot be so ; I being the eternal Spirit (Intelligence) am holding this position, long before you took any form."

Immediately, the Purusha in the form of the turtle assumed a form with thousand (innumerable) heads, eyes and legs, rose up from the waters and stood before Prajapati. Perceiving the Supreme Spirit in this form, Prajapati said thus: "Thou art the

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I took shape. So, be pleased to create this Universe as heretofore."

One of the winds of the human body is styled Kurma. In the art of dance, a particular pose of the fingers is known as the Kurma. The Kurma-mudra represents one of the positions of the fingers prescribed at the time of contemplation (Japa).

The tortoise serves as an emblem of Vishnu. Icons of Vishnu in his Kurma incarnation are generally represented with the upper portion of the body in human form, the lower part being that of the turtle. Some of the provincial rulers of Vijayanagar adopted in their coinage the figure of the turtle to denote Kurmavatara. Certain images of Vishnu in the Kurma form have in recent years been discovered by scholars at Quiringua Central America. In Peru has b found an icon of the Sun god sea upon a turtle and a snake.

The tortoise has been taken as an example of that quality of perse rance, single-minded devotion t achieving the object in view. The fa of the hare and the tortoise remi one of this quality. It also serves t purpose of an example of one's po in life. Like the tortoise one sho abridge (shrink himself up) and be all attacks (कौर्म्यसंकोचमास्थाय प्रहार मर्षयेत् ॥ When favourable conditio arise, one should retaliate and rise t to the occasion like the ferocious s pent. This is the lesson propounded b great men says the *Hitopadesa.*

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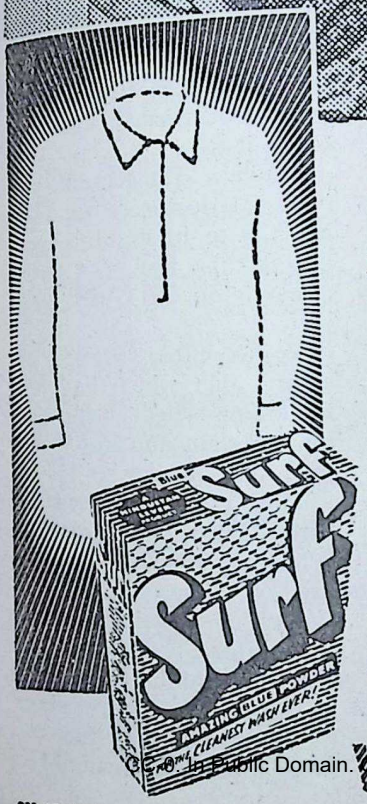

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The basic principle in safe weight reduction is the use of foodstuffs which give the system more calorie-loss in digestion than calorie-profit in nutrition.

HOW TO TAKE OFF WEIGHT

E. Fordham

A GREAT many people, at some time or other in their lives, have to take off weight, in the interests either of health or beauty. Insurance rates reflect grimly the true dangers of extra poundage. Men are not easy to convince: if any wife of a husband who is twice the man he was, desires to make the point clear to him, let her fill a suitcase equivalent to the amount of overweight he is carrying and make him bear it up the stairs rather smartly. For that is what too much weight is asking the heart to do, all day and every day.

Slimming has become big business and advice that benefits someone (not necessarily the fat person), is yours on every hand. Yet the central, unshakable facts of slimming remain pretty much the same.

In 1939, an American doctor, Victor Lindlahr, published a book which still remains a witty bible for those who are prepared to take the bull by the horns and adjust their food to their requirements. "Eat and Reduce" seems now to be unfortunately out of print: it is a pity, since it emphasises the truism that any fool can take off weight, but that it takes a wise man to do it safely.

Lindlahr, fat himself, and the son of a fat doctor father (a cured diabetic, who in gratitude qualified and devoted the rest of a medical life to research on diet), observed a strange fact.

In his clinic, patients on the low calorie diet which had been devised for taking weight off fat diabetics, lost more weight and lost it more rapidly than did those who fasted.

This greatly puzzled him: eventually, after long research, he devised a low calorie diet whose basis is the use of foodstuffs, which give the system more calorie-loss in digestion than calorie-profit in nutrition.

If one thinks of the human body as an extraordinary clever furnace, the food which is fuel to the body takes a certain amount of energy (

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....Turkish and Finnish baths will clean and refresh temporarily until you make it up with your first drink.... Reducing creams will not reduce weight....

presented by calorie loss), to burn it
. According to the calories a given
od contains you will end with either
plus or a minus.

Lindlahr, being also a very know-
dgeable biochemist, knew accurately
hat he was doing: I have never met
nyone who used this diet who did
ot feel extremely well on it; and
his is more than can be claimed for
ost recipes. Perhaps the fact that
he author—very fond of food him-
elf—was cunning enough to make it
ith flexible and delicious, helps.

On an average people on this diet
se a pound a day at first, and then
erhaps half a pound till normal
eight is reached: after which, my-
eriously, it seems impossible to lose
ore.

It appears, naturally enough, that it
easiest to lose weight at those times
life when you do not normally put
on. Thus it is easier to take off
eight over 70: very difficult in baby-
ood. The 20s, 30s, and 40s lose more
adily than the 50s and 60s. Men
se weight more easily than women;
ut women stick at it better. Vanity
ears a different face to the two
exes!

Because body chemistry is very in-
ricate, things do not always work
ut as you might expect. The human
ody, like other living organisms, is
collection of fluid-filled cells, held
gether; and some odd effects can
e produced by freak diets which up-
et its fine balance.

The hydrogen present in body fat
ill pick oxygen out of the blood to
form water, so that 100 oz. of body fat will actually yield up 107 oz. of water.

The camel's hump of fat works on this principle: it is water that it supplies him with, rather than food. The correct water balance of the body is not only essential to health, but a key to safe and comfortable weight-reduction.

But this means that some very undesirable reducing diets can be based on the camel's hump principle: the slimmer appears to lose weight; but in fact dehydrates! This water loss can produce a hideous, shrivelled appearance and a chain of symptoms ranging from headache to toxaemia.

There is a great deal that could be said about the dangers and difficulties of upsetting the water balance of the body: the main point to remember is that diets worked out by people who only use the scales as yardsticks can make you look and feel extremely ill.

The plain fact is that, when you lose weight, you literally "eat" your own fat—and a mighty indigestible substance it is.

Unless this fat is burnt up in your system, by proper balancing of fuel in the shape of sugars (NOT sugar!), you may feel—and look—awful. You may also emaciate in the face and neck and get left fat in the middle. Some people, too, can miss an occasional meal with benefit; others cannot do this without feeling ill.

If you are seriously overweight (and that means over 10 per cent up

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....The great value of massage or exercise is not so much that it reduces, as that it helps firm up muscles and prevents sagging....

on what was your correct weight at 25), a doctor who knows what he is doing about nutrition—not just any old doctor—is the proper person to whom to go. If his diet makes you feel ill, after the first day or two (when it often will), go back to him and continue to worry him until he gets it right.

And, by the way, just make sure that you have not got hidden diabetes. Many people who put on weight are affected in this way; detected early, it can be cured and later calamities averted.

There *are* unqualified people about, often naturopaths, who are extremely knowledgeable about diet; but it is always sensible to have a thorough check-up with your doctor before undertaking a heavy programme of slimming.

Every person is slightly different from every other; and every person's slimming may pose slightly different problems. You should feel *well*—even stimulated—during correct weight reduction. If you feel tired and irritable, except for, say, the first 48 hours, something is likely to be wrong with the method.

Secret remedies have gone somewhat out of fashion. "Slimming Creams" are still with us, and there are a few potions and pills about. If they worked, they would be dangerous; the few that do anything at all, such as destroying appetite, are, of course, prohibited from sale, except on prescription.

Preparations containing glandular extracts, such as thyroid, should n be taken at all except under medica direction.

Will Turkish or Finnish baths you? They will not, though they clean and refresh you. Temporar you will lose some water weight, you make it up with your first dr Cold baths, or showers, or even baths, on the other hand, help speed up metabolism and so a any regime.

Will reducing creams? They not, except that some people seem find that rubbing, if persisted in enough, may break down a l fatty tissue, protem. You should n touch the breasts, either with "red ing cream" or massage; and cre for reducing, which warn wom against their use for the first two d of the monthly cycle, are highly pect.

Will massage do the trick? It d appear that a limited amount of is called "spot-reducing" can be d provided that any loss in weigh held by diet. The great value of sage or exercise is not so much it reduces, as that it helps to firm muscles and prevents the sagging often follows loss of weight.

Most of the other salon treatm vibrating couches, friction b radiant and infra-red heat baths, so forth, stimulate bodily energy, that a lazy system wakes up and d some work for itself, which will casionally astonish all. If mass sometimes gets slightly undeser credit for this, it matters not.

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Suggestion, too, can work in slimming, as in all else.

Much to be commended are the beauty clubs, springing up all over the place. They do not pretend to be medical in any sense; but the young girl who forms the habit of using their exercising-rooms, showers, and fruit juice bars is more likely to retain her figure than her mother had the chance to do.

Recommended, only as part of a prescribed regime, are the "fillers"—the cellulose stuffing which kids the stomach into thinking it has had a proper meal. Used unwisely, cellulose may lead to not eating enough or, alternatively, the very fact of distension may keep appetite going and prolong the agony. On correct dieting excessive appetite fades quickly.

To sum up: the only sensible and lasting way to slim and remain slim is through correct eating and drinking.

If you are healthy and only a little overweight, commonsense and self-control will do the trick.

If you really need to lose a lot of weight, get proper advice; and, in any case, do nothing unadvised if you are not in the pink of condition.

This is not being hypochondriacal; it is horse sense.

Disregard, as ever, the advice of friends, often followed with a devotion that would be envied by a mere medical adviser.

Above all, try not to let it happen. Occasional overeating hurts no one; it is the steady build-up that matters.

It is all so much a matter of habit.

[Condensed from the *Guardian*]

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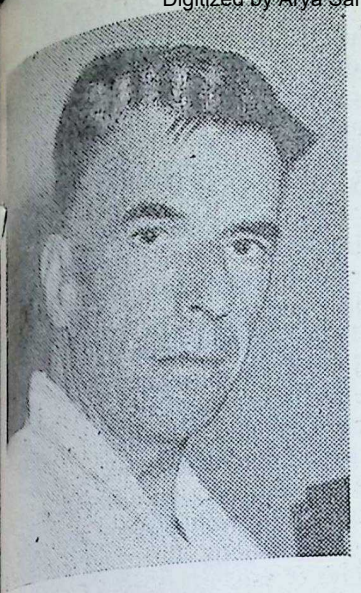

Ambassador GALBRAITH

AMONG the New Frontier assignments of President Kennedy, Prof. Galbraith's appointment to the U.S. Chancery at Chanakyapuri is certainly an imaginative one, what with the Professor's thought-provoking utterances and writings of the recent past and the part played by him before, during and after Kennedy's election to the White House.

It is said that since the election, Prof. Galbraith has had a table at the White House and did considerable work as word-man supplying Kennedy's speeches and other post-election documents with what he describes as the 'cosmetic touch'. Indeed it has been reported that the Professor looked forward to this assignment with eagerness. Thus we have the man in our midst, a veteran Kennedy brains truster, unorthodox Harvard economist, a big-picture thinker who can call a spade a spade and yet be humble enough to feel and say he is in India as a student. Which intellectual of his calibre would not watch the greatest democratic experiment of this century?

Incidentally, a wag has totted up the number of Harvard Graduates and Faculty men, that Kennedy has imported into the upper reaches of his new administration and found that there are 30 including five posts of cabinet rank, out of 85 top Federal jobs! No wonder that Washington wears the cute intellectual look these days!

At the time Ambassador Galbraith was sworn in early this month Ambassador Chagla said of his counterpart: "He has the right outlook, right approach and as an economist and an intellectual, he will be most welcome in my country". He was right. There has never been a dearth of appreciation of intellect in this country, though, of course, the converse has not always been as vocal, for obvious reasons. But what remains to be seen is whether the protocol and red-carpet, not to speak of other developing con-

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siderations, would stifle the new incumbent's voice. One dares hope that the New U.S. Frontiers leave him enough latitude to be of real help to our developing economy to express himself as an economist. Was it not this 'friendly critic', as a non-official, who described ours a 'post-office' socialism? Not that he has been less critical, less provocative in analysing his own country's affairs.

Tall even for an American (6'-7"), ruggedly built, John Kenneth Galbraith looks much less cut out for a diplomat than for a philosopher. He carries himself with greater ease than would one associate with the age of 52; but perhaps that is an America trait and possibly due to to his professional background. The angle of his mouth is an index of his commiseration for what he considers the foibles of humanity; do not mistake it for scepticism.

Of Canadian Presbyterian stock, he moved into U.S. in his 22nd year. After receiving his Doctorate from the University of California, he taught for some time at Harvard, did social science research at the Cambridge University, England; became Assistant Professor of Economics at Princeton University and in 1940 entered Government service. The War years saw him at the office of the Price Administration, and later, at higher levels, fetching him the Medal of Freedom and the President's Certificate of Merit for war-time services.

The itch to write and perhaps, to speak, invariably drives one into the fourth estate and Prof. Galbraith was not an exception; indeed he was a brilliant recruit to its ranks, serving as he did on the board of Editors of the "Fortune"; besides, he did other advisory work on committees and bodies. Once a journalist, always a journalist and till yesterday he has been a witty and erudite contributor to a variety of American periodicals.

It is not a long distance from periodicals to books and Ambassador Galbraith has written quite a few books, the most famous among them being "The Affluent Society" and "The Liberal Hour". The impression one gets from these and other writings and utterances is that he is not a laissez-faire or doctrinaire economist; he is essentially an advocate of dynamism and would seem ultimately to end up taking the wind out of the Marxist sail.

Here are a few typical observations of his on India: "India's commitment to the semantics of socialism is at best as deep as ours to the semantics of free enterprise". "By almost any test the economy of India is less responsive to public guidance and direction than that of the United States." "Indian Marxists as well as the very large number of Indian economic leaders who "look for guidance to the sophisticated economic theory of the West" have made little efforts to apply the doctrines to the Indian scene." "An astonishing proportion of the economics that is taught and discussed in India has little relevance to Indian problems."

Not less characteristic are his observations about his own country. He is of the view that what America needs is greater expenditure on public services which would in the long run

(Continued on page 57)

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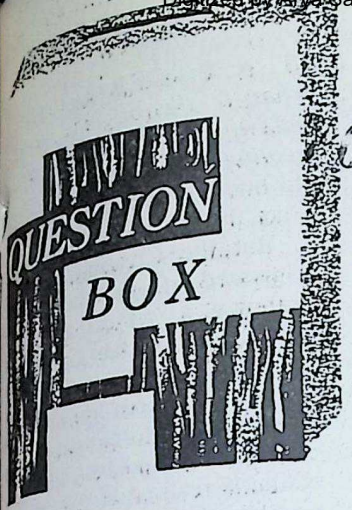

ANSWERS by

K. M. MUNSHI

883

Sri T. R. Shama Bhat, Mangalore.

Q: *Please refer to Q. No. 836 wherein you have stated that Vinoba's Mission in Chambal Valley was a setback to the law and order situation in the State. When the surrendered dacoits will be liable for the regular trial before courts and for the punishments thereon without regard for their voluntary surrender, I do not think that your answer is justifiable. If Gandhiji were alive today, he would have done the same thing as Vinobaji did. Please clarify your stand.*

A: (1) It is always difficult to predict what Gandhiji would have done in any particular situation.

(2) In India law and order, most essential for the success of democracy, is passing through a criti-cal stage. In that stage, anything which has the appearance of giving prestige to crime, has a very deleterious effect on the public mind.

(3) I have no doubt Vinobaji's action, however noble and well-intentioned, has had the effect of creating an atmosphere in which murderers and gangsters came to be considered respectable, and police officers who, to my knowledge, braved great dangers and some of whom heroically died facing murderous gangs, have come to be looked down upon. Such treatment of dacoits is sure to create a situation in which witnesses appearing in Court would consciously or unconsciously tone down the misdeeds of the dacoits, and the judiciary catching the infectious atmosphere of pseudo-benevolence, would be influenced to take a light view of heinous crimes.

(4) It is of the essence of law and order that investigating, prosecuting and adjudicating machinery should not be deflected from doing their duties towards criminals by our creating an emotionally-charged atmosphere of benevolence (or for that matter political partisanships) towards them.

(5) The proper place of human considerations comes after the criminal is convicted. There are enough legal powers vested in the Government and the Governors to secure these ends.

(6) Our law and order situation is anything but satisfactory and any sentimental condonation of

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crime is sure to lead to a dangerous drift which in the end would jeopardise our national stability.

884

Sri K. Shyamprasad, Bellary.

Q: *Why should not you try to organise on an all-India basis, a good organization for the preaching of 'Dharma' in every nook and corner of the country?*

A: I wish I had the power and means and the grace of God to do so. Till I get them I must rest content with whatever little I can do.

885

Sri G. N. Reddy, Secunderabad.

Q: *My own experience shows that intense study and practice of Vedanta causes mental derailment resulting in unrest. Then what is the correct path to reach God?*

A: You seem to be misled into a wrong way of following Vedanta. The great Adi Shankaracharya, who taught and practised Vedanta was not mentally deranged. The Kamakoti Shankaracharya, who is one of the greatest living exponent of Vedanta is a very saintly person. The Lord in XIIth Adhyaya of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, has shown the path. If you cannot realise unity with God by living in Him, follow the path of Dhyana-Yoga ; if you cannot do that, offer whatever you do to Him as an humble tribute ; if you cannot even do that, do your duty without concerning yourself with the fruit or the result thereof. There is no fifth way.

886

Sri T. A. Prasad Rao, Tanuku.

Q: *What is the origin of creation and what is the aim in creation?*

A: No one has been able to find out what the origin of the Creation is. But the Creation must have originated from the supreme Brahman, as we call God.

The aim of the Creation appears to be the evolution of matter into life, from life unto mind, from mind unto conscience, from conscience unto spirit, till the Absolute is realised in the individual and all other centres of consciousness.

887

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: *Tagore was a world poet as Shakespeare was. But what appears reasonable from the view points of Tagore goes wrong with Shakespeare and what is true of Shakespeare is false of Tagore even as judging from their writings of true poetry. Will you kindly enlighten my point?*

A: Shakespeare was an Englishman who lived over three hundred years ago. Tagore was an Indian who died a few decades ago. Naturally the social, intellectual, mental and aesthetic heritage received by each was different. Their viewpoints therefore are bound to be different.

They were both great poets for they had a great creative faculty, a keen sense of beauty and a wide humanity. But their gifts each of them had a diffe

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rent temperament and their attitude on life was different, and naturally, their way of seeing beauty and expressing it differs. There is no question of reasonableness; they were not two lawyers nor logicians arguing at the same time.

888

Sri G. N. Reddy, Secunderabad.

Q: *We realise that we are a part and parcel of Satchitananda Brahma and sufferings of the present birth are due to past Karmas. Then how have we separated from Brahma in the very beginning into so many forms with so many differences (physically, intellectua ly and mentally) and how did Karma occur in the very beginning?*

A: No one knows it. From wide experience of ages thoughtful men or seers with great insight have seen the working of universe according to the Law of Karma.

889

Sri Bulusu Hanumantha Row, Bamra, Orissa.

Q: *What is Moksha-Swarupa and how can it be got? By* gnyanam *or by* tapas?

A: By *gnyanam*, by *tapas*, by *yoga*, by *bhakti* and by *nishkama karma.*

890

Sri D. J. Patro, Joda.

Q: *Can a man live in this world just like a water drop on a lotus leaf?*

A: Life is compared by our religious literature to a water drop on a lotus leaf, because it is very transient and even when an individual disappears, the life continues to be the same. You cannot live like a water-drop by choice; there is no choice in the matter; you are just a drop which will slide off the leaf any moment.

AMBASSADOR GALBRAITH—*Contd.*

ed to a happier, healthier and better educated population rather than on increased production which only gratified artificial wants created largely by advertising. This accounts for President Kennedy's recent prescription for the present American recession.

Ambassador Galbraith is not new to this country. He visited India in 1956 and 1959 and prepared notes on his observations relating to problems of industrial management and economic development in general which, it is said, formed the basis of discussion in the preparation of our Third Five Year Plan.

A Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he is also a member of the Cosmos Club in Washington. Skiing is his favourite recreation. He spends his summers on his "unfarmed farm" in Southern Vermount where he is a neighbour of the outgoing Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker. Happily married to Catherine Atwater, the Galbraiths have three sons.

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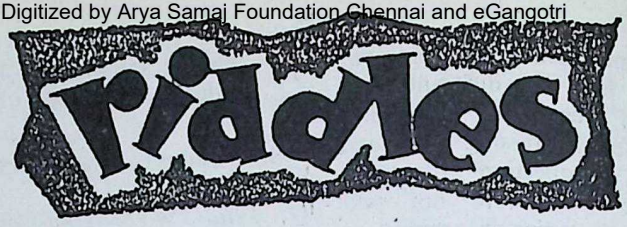

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES X

Sri Rajanikant Mody, Bombay.

1. *Endurance is my watchword, and content*
   In bearing man's burden all my life is spent.
   The world's great sportsman and the world's great fool
   Have half my name usurped;
   The other half, if found, unlocks all doors;
   Though solemn and grave, I make you, humans, laugh.
   What am I?

★

Sri Jang Bahadur Khanna, Delhi.

2. *It is neither rain nor sea;*
   It is neither river nor pool;
   It says everything to the masses without saying anything.
   What is it?

★

Smt. R. Chella, Bombay.

3. *I speak to the public, but I am not an orator;*
   I echo the voice of men, but I am not a mike;
   My sharpness is a terror even to the bravest of men, but I am not a sword;
   I can sometimes rule the men, but I am not a king.
   Who am I?

★

Sri L. Kamakhya Kumar Singh, Imphal (Manipur).

4. *I sit like the dog*
   But I jump like the tiger.
   I sink like the stone,
   But I float like a boat.
   In winter I vanish,
   But spring to life with the rains
   Who am I?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series IX

(1) Map (2) Tongs (3) Swing (4) Eyes

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Tapaswini

by K. M. Munshi

or

THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

46. MORE DIFFICULTIES

SHEELA had expected Rajba to meet her at the Matheran Station when she arrived. She was disappointed. Durlabhji came to receive her and gave her news of Uday. She was, however, impatient to find out for herself how Uday was and straightway went to Parvat-ashram.

When she entered the room of Uday, she found Rajba sitting by his side. She was going to say how grateful she was for calling her to Matheran, but Rajba looked so detached that she could not bring herself to utter a single word.

Uday was evidently in pain. He was barely conscious and kept murmuring something all the time. Hesitatingly, Sheela addressed Rajba who looked up with an effort as if she was bringing herself back from another world, and seeing Sheela, she stood up and said: "Sheelaben, I am so glad that you have come. Uday's temperature at the moment is 103-0°F. He is very unwell. His lungs are conqested and he is unconscious."

"When did the doctor see him last?"

"He has just left, after giving him some medicine to induce sleep."

"Is he any better?"

Rajba shook her head and for a time both of them stood looking intently at Uday.

"Will you please sit down by Uday's side? I will have your food brought here. Gangoo will attend to you and will sleep just here outside the door. I am going to take bath and then...."

"Will you come back?"

"I am in the next room. I shall come at two in the early morning; then you can go and have some rest."

"Certainly," said Sheela. "You must have been keeping awake for days; you must now go and rest."

"Oh! No. I am going to sit in meditation till two o'clock after my bath," replied Rajba with a smile.

Sheela was surprised and could

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scarcely believe what she had just heard.

"Do you mean the whole of the time?"

"Yes. God is putting me to test all the time."

"How do you mean? Are you performing *dhyan* (meditation) so that Udaybhai may be saved?"

"No. I am praying to God that He may give you the strength to save Uday," remarked Rajba, as she left her.

Sheela felt the whole atmosphere to be somewhat strange. She had only met Rajba for a few minutes at the Neral Station though she had heard much about her peculiar ways. She had been impressed when she had a talk with Rajba on the telephone. She was more impressed by all that had happened since early morning; the strange talk with Raj over the telephone, the strange coincidence which made it possible for her to come to Matheran at once; the brief conversation which had just taken place. Evidently Rajba had begun some spiritual experiment to save Uday. Was it likely to save Uday in that way? 'Uday, am I going to lose you just when I had won you' she murmured to herself.

Sheela sat down on a chair by the side of Uday's bed. Soon afterwards Durlabhji brought her some food, but she sent it back for she had no appetite. She was deeply affected by Uday's wan face and swollen eyes. Surely, she said to herself, Uday was not going to die.

Sheela had no brother or sister younger than herself; she had no child; she had found it impossible to love her vain and arrogant husband. Now her maternal instincts were roused. Uday was so charming, so affectionate, and so intelligent. She must do the best for him, bring the warmth of affection in his lonely life and save him from death. She was watching him fighting for his life with the poignant anxiety of a mother.

At ten o'clock Gangoo came and lay down just outside the door and was soon asleep. When the clock struck eleven, she saw that Uday was breathing with some difficulty and his eyes filled with tears. She wanted to take him in her arms as if he was a little child. She bent low and put her face by Uday's. Uday moved a little and vainly tried to open his eyes, and then whispered slowly 'Raj.'

"Uday, shall I give you some water?" she asked.

Uday, half conscious, nodded his consent.

Sheela put some water in his mouth with a little spoon.

Again Uday called for 'Raj'.

"I am not Raj. It is I, Sheela," she said.

"Sheelaben, Tapasvini!"

With great effort he tried to open his eyes, but without any success. He spoke softly: "It is for me that you have undertaken this immense sacrifice.... the agony that you are undergoing." Tears began to flow from his half-closed eyes.

"Uday, I am Sheela. I have just returned to Matheran."

"But you went back to Bombay," murmured Uday, who succeeded in opening his eyes and fixed them on Sheela.

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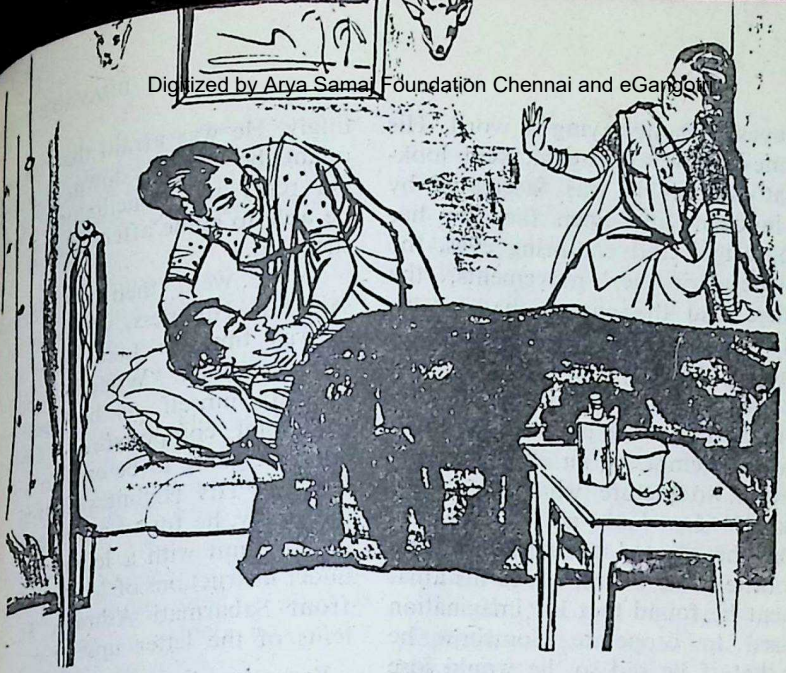

"I have come back today. I shall now remain here till you get well." Uday lifted his trembling hand and slowly moved it across Sheela's face. "Tapasvini," he said.

"My poet." She had now got over her shyness. She took Uday's hands gently into her hands and pressed it close to herself. "My baby," she called. Her voice was like that of a loving mother.

Uday kept gently stroking Sheela's hand. "Sheelaben, you must be going through a severe trial."

Sheela bent low again and embraced him. Just then Raj came into the room through the connecting door. Sheela wanted to move away and replace Uday's head on the pillow, but she was stopped by Raj, who raised her finger not to move. Sheela felt that Raj was like a goddess endowed with superhuman power and wanted to beg her to save Uday, but instinctly she kept quiet. In a little while Uday turned sides in the bed. She stood up and faced Raj. "You have saved my brother," Raj said.

"Who? I."

"Yes, you."

●●●

His Highness and Radharaman, immediately on arrival in Matheran that evening, went straight to Uday's hotel to enquire after him. They were told that he was on the mend, though he still had fever and his lungs were not completely clear. But he was no longer delirious.

The following day His Highness came by himself to ask how Uday was progressing. In fact he had come in the hope that he might get to know Rajba a little better. Sheela received him and asked him to sit in the verandah, but he did not like to be forced into formal relations and followed her into Uday's room.

His Highness sat down next to Raj, who welcomed him with a flicker of

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her eyes without saying a word. His Highness, now and again, kept looking at Rajba. He was fascinated by her innocent and open face, by her large, bright and enquiring eyes, the gentleness of her movements, the dignity, and the charm that set so easily on her face. All these things he noted carefully.

It was a matter of habit with him whenever he looked at a beautiful woman to attempt, by an effort of imagination, to picture what she would look if she had no clothes on. Today he wanted to indulge in this favourite game of his, but to his amazement he found that his imagination refused to cooperate. Somehow he felt that if he did so, he would lose Raj for ever. This was a new experience for him. After a while he took leave of them and Rajba went out of the room to see him off.

"Rajba, you must not overexert yourself, otherwise you would be the next patient. Would you care to come out for a walk in the evening?" he asked.

"No, Bapu. For the moment I would rather be with my brother."

His Highness did not like Rajba addressing him as 'Bapu'; that was a mode of address suited only to a dependent of the ruler; but there was nothing that he could do about it. Nevertheless he persisted in his enquiries. "You could not have slept a wink these two nights?"

"That is true. But until Uday is out of danger, I can think of nothing but of him. Sleep has become secondary."

"In any case then, when you can manage it, do please come to my bungalow," said His Highness hesitatingly. He was afraid that his reque might be turned down, but inste her reply was conciliatory. "I wou be able to come after Uday is better she said.

"Very well, then, Jai Mahade said His Highness, who decided tha it was time to take leave on th friendly note. "Wonderful girl," h said to himself, as he went out o the hotel compound. "I am afra it is not going to be easy to win her

When His Highness arrived at h bungalow, he found a messenger wai ing for him with a letter sent to hi under instructions of Mahatma Gand from Sabarmati Ashram. The co tents of the letter upset him.

Respectworthy Maharaja Sahe

Mahatmaji has received a telegra from the Dowager Maharani o Manigadh, Hanskunverba, of whic I am enclosing a copy. Your fathe was well known to Mahatmaji, an therefore, he has asked me to ascer tain the facts from you. I am leavin for Bardoli immediately, but I co come and see you next week i Bombay, or anywhere else you de sire. Please let me know at the ad dress given below, the time, date an place which would be convenient t you.

Yours sincerel
Jagjivan Bhagvanda
c/o Bhagvandas Maste
Bhatwadi, Sandhurst Roa
Bomba

The enclosed telegram of Han kunverba ran as follows:

Mahatmaji, Sabarmati Ashra Ahmedabad,

The Arab servants of His Highnes Samarsinh of Premkot beat me u and tortured me. They locked me u in Islamgadh, searched my perso and took away some important docu ments of mine. I have managed t

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escape with my two maid servants. I approach you to secure me justice, helpless and weak woman that I am. Hanskunverba, Dowager Maharani of Manigadh.

"Damn the woman", exclaimed His Highness. "Vikram, where is Barrister Radharaman?"

"He has gone for a walk towards Louisa Point."

"Damn," repeated His Highness. He decided to walk towards Louisa Point, and as soon as he saw Radharaman burst out. "I have been looking for you. We are in a mess."

"What has happened, Your Highness?" asked Radharaman. "What is the new mess in which you have found yourself now?"

"Damn the woman," exclaimed His Highness, as he handed over to Radharaman Jagjivan's letter and Hanskunverba's telegram.

The Barrister was in good mood. The letter and the telegram only tickled his sense of humour.

"But what is there in this letter to amuse you?" enquired His Highness angrily.

"Now you are well and truly caught. Once you get into the hands of that old man, well, that will be the end of you," Radharaman burst out.

"Hell. What is there to laugh about? I certainly realise what I am in for. Once Mahatmaji starts talking about 'truth', he will persist till I am done forever."

"And through his newspaper, *Navjivan*, he will add lustre to your name," Radharaman said.

"Why do you talk like this? What I would like to know is who invited him to interfere in this affair?"

"Don't you know? He is the self-appointed guardian of us all," sarcastically commented Radharaman. "Anyway what shall we do next?" They started walking towards the bungalow. "Listen, Your Highness, the matter is getting serious. I know this Jagjivan. He is the son of Sheela's former tutor. Sheela stays with him when she goes to Bardoli. That is point number one. Point number two: there is nothing to be gained by irritating the Mahatma. If you try to throw your weight about, he will soon break you." In fact Radharaman was thinking aloud to find a way out.

"Well, then, it is possible that Jagjivan might know Uday," said His Highness.

"He knows him very well indeed," said Radharaman.

"If Jagjivan comes here, will not Uday tell him the whole story?" asked His Highness anxiously.

"Well, it is up to you to look after Uday. By the way, have you seen that girl again? You are quite right to call her regal. A queen! No. She is not a queen. What was that quotation from Tennyson which you used? 'A daughter of the gods.' You know that is an apt description of Rajba. How did you get on with her?"

"She is staggering, but I am afraid I made no progress whatever. But what shall we do about this new problem?"

"This ought to teach you a lesson." Radharaman persisted with cruelty: "Wanting to carry on with someone like Hanskunverba!"

"Well, I agree I have only myself to blame for inviting her to my house.

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Have you anything more to add?" asked His Highness angrily.

Radharaman became serious and arriving at a decision drafted a telegraphic reply to Jagjivan.

> Letter received. Convey my gratitude to Mahatmaji for taking such interest in my affairs. Shall be happy to meet you next Monday at Matheran. Sheelaben Dalal is also here as my guest and has particularly asked me to request you to bring your father Mastersaheb and Nirmalaben with you.
>
> Samarsinh of Premkot

"But what shall we tell to Jagjivan when he comes here", enquired His Highness.

"Now, listen. Do not be impatient. Let us plan our tactics." Radharaman began thinking aloud. "Sheela is our trump card. She knows how to win over people. Fortunately for you she happens to be an admirer and a devotee of Gandhiji, while Mastersaheb and his wife dote on her."

"Shall I send my saloon to fetch these people?" asked His Highness.

Radharaman was about to say 'don't be foolish' but checked himself in time.

"These *charkha mamas* will be a terrible nuisance when they arrive here. They have very inquisitive noses. They will want to check up on the number of servants you have, on the amount of money you spend every day, or what you drink, and if so how much. This is where Sheela comes in very useful. We had better get her to send a telegram to say that she is at Parvatashram Hotel nursing Uday who is very ill and they should stay with her at the hotel. We might ask the hotel people to reserve separate

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rooms for them next to Uday's room. Sheela will be able to keep the *charkha* going in good humour."

"Will not Jagjivan feel hurt if we do not put them up at my place?"

"He loves Sheela as his sister and we shall explain to him that you had to give in to Sheela's persistence."

"Sheelaben is a great person," remarked His Highness.

"Of course, she is wonderful," the barrister joined in praise of his wife who had such capacity for being useful to him at every turn.

"Now, listen, Your Highness. What we have to consider is about yourself and Rajba. I am leaving for Bombay tomorrow evening as I have a case in Court on Monday morning. You had better stay here for a week or so."

"My God! What shall I do here all by myself?"

"Worship Rajba! If Jagjivan comes to know that you are in Bombay, he will immediately want to see you there rather than come all the way here."

"But what am I to do about Rajba?" asked His Highness impatiently. "She is quite indifferent to me."

"You have had such successes with so many young women, why are you so pessimistic now? Look, you study their weaknesses and play upon them. Surely you have not lost the skill which you acquired in London and Paris."

"My dear sir, this woman is entirely different. Upto now every woman danced to my tune. Here I have to dance to her tune."

"Well, do the best you can, Your Highness. If you cannot make any progress at all, go on a hunger strike," remarked Radharaman. "I have yet to come across a woman who cannot be conquered. Lay siege to her. By next week you would have succeeded in creating the right atmosphere. That will be the time to propose to her. Uday will make no difficulty, once she agrees."

"I do not really know what I should do to make her like me," said His Highness in despair.

"Well, you might do worse than reread Casanova's autobiography," advised Radharaman.

[*To be continued*]

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Manjura Returns

ASKED by the Brahmin pilgrim why King Siddhadatta had to die of *putra-shoka*, Ganga-mata replied: "Young man, I am glad you have a live interest in the sequence of this story. Every effect has a cause behind it; nothing happens haphazard in this universe. Listen. Long back, a Brahmin performed penance in the midst of a forest propitiating Lord Shiva. During intervals he used to study the Vedas as a pastime.

While he was thus engaged, a Chenchu woman who lived in that part seeing the holy man brought him some forest-fruits and bulbs. When the Brahman opened his eyes he saw the woman standing before him with her offerings. That woman had a shapely form and her natural beauty turned out to be too tempting for him. His mental equipoise fell and he made indecent overtures to her. The woman frowned; but the Brahmin became violent when the woman pushed him away, shouting: "You fool! Take care of your behaviour. If you persist I shall call my people who are fierce and will shoot you down with their poisoned arrows!"

Frustrated in his attempt, the Brahmin hissed like a serpent and with blood-shot eyes pronounced this curse on the woman: "You base one! Since you fell foul with me in utter disregard of my passion, you shall become a bitch and spend your time howling near the precincts of hermitages!"

Rattled by the curse, the woman begged of the Brahmin: "Holy one! Please forbear, and tell me how I can emancipate myself from this curse."

The Brahmin replied: "Since you spurned me in this life, you shall lead the shameless life of a bitch and when you die, you will do so out of grief for your pups; then shall you be relieved of this curse!"

As a result of the curse, the woman led the life of a bitch, with drooping ears and a stomach ever hollow like the mind of the unlearned and unsatisfied like the mendicant begging of a miser; licking the castaways in the street; hunted out like a public enemy; barking at every passer-by; like the envious man, always quarreling with members of its own fold; procreating in the streets and playing with its young ones.

One day this King Siddhadatta was on his way to the forests for hunting. He was followed by an equestrian retinue. As the litter of pups was on the way, the bitch started barking loudly and when the party came near it, became greatly afraid of the safety of her young ones and so started behaving violently in an effort to drive the horses away. The King who

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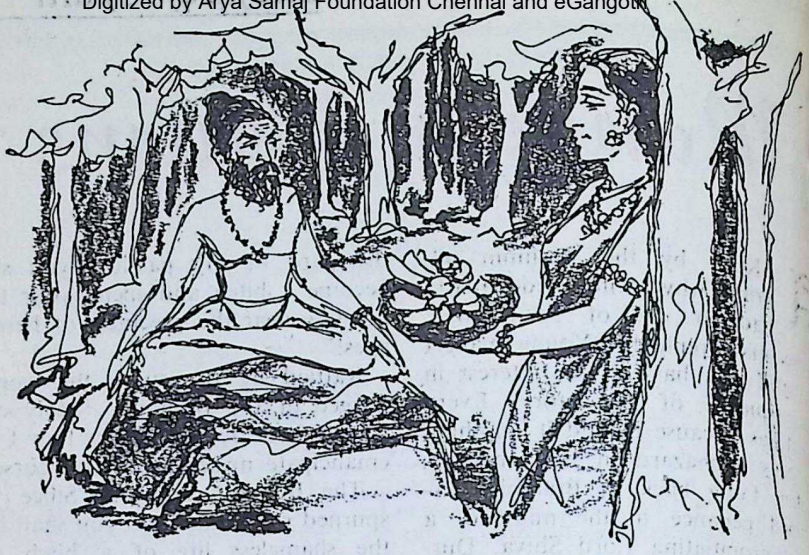

....brought him some forest-fruits and bulbs....

noticed the menacing bitch became angry at its behaviour and drew his bow and arrow to shoot her; but as he came nearer, he saw the pups and quickly sensing the cause of the bitch's fury, shot down the pups first and then aimed another at the mother. When she saw the fate of her young ones, the bitch was overwhelmed by sorrow and addressing the King, she said: "O King! What harm did these young things whose eyes have not even opened do to you? By your action, you have become the cause of my *putra-shoka,* earning for yourself the great sin of killing babes. Don't you know that the love of a mother for its child is the same in all strata of creation? May you also die of *putra-shoka!*"

Returning to its young ones, the bitch looked for long at their sweet innocent faces. "Children! Where con your silken body has the cruel sha inflicted its fatal wound? O, how could you bear that bolt? I have nev heard of kings killing innocent an mals like us, but only killing w beasts in the forest. Alas! I am fault. Why should I become unnec sarily alarmed at the party and w should I threaten them by my w behaviour? O, I went there for k ing, but got killed myself!"

Thus bewailing it ran amuck in t forest until at last it died. Now, account of that dog's curse, K Siddhadatta had to die of *put shoka.*

When Jahnnavi completed t story, the Brahmin asked her: "M ther Ganga! When did Manjura he of his father's death? Did he retu to his kingdom? Did he go back Kashi? Kindly tell me all this!"

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Mother Ganga continued her narration.

After King Siddhadatta died, his Minister met in council and decided to send word to Prince Manjura asking him to return home immediately. For that purpose they sent a batch of Brahmins who hurried to overtake him. And they did. Said they to Manjura: "Your father has suddenly departed from this world. Your country is now without a King. It is your clear duty to cut short your pilgrimage and return to the capital this moment. If you fail to do so, jealous things will surely overtake your country."

Prince Manjura was overwhelmed by the news of his father's death. As copious tears flowed from his eyes, he asked the Brahmans: "Revered Sirs! Did my father die a natural death?"

"No," replied they, "he tried his best to dissuade you from your trip to Kashi, but you were adamant. He died of the sorrow of separation from you."

"O, my father!" cried Manjura. Continuing he asked, "Knowing that he died of my pigheadedness, how possibly can I have the courage to return home now? Again, having set out on a pilgrimage to Kashi, whoever would break it in the middle? Would you do me a favour? Please cremate the body of my father with due honours and despatch his ashes to me. Let me at least consign them to the Ganga and earn for him liberation from the cycle of birth and death."

One Brahmin replied: "Prince, having known of the death of your father and the threat it implies to your country, how possibly can you be devoid of the common-sense to persist in your mad idea?"

Warming up at this chastisement, the Prince retorted: "How do you connect the two—the death of my father and the security of my country? It is a specious argument. How dare you place obstacles in the way of my pilgrimage, even though you are Brahmins? I refuse to return. You had better hie back home."

Without in the least feeling offended the Brahmins employed a different technique: "Most noble Prince! Does it become you to fall foul with us? Whoever would call a man his enemy who always blesses him: 'May you long live, may you live happily' as we do? Indeed you have only proved the rule that gratuitous advices are always discounted. You know very well that a temple without a deity and a country without a king will decay ere long. Knowing it, is it meet that you should turn down our plea? Your subjects live in great suspense, feeling orphaned by your absence. Please come and reassure them. Your enemies are looking at your kingdom like hungry dogs with greedy eyes. Rajya-Lakshmi is beckoning to you with expectant eyes and heart like a devoted wife. Show your *prem* to her. The throne which has been bequeathed to you by your forefathers is eagerly awaiting you to occupy it. Ascend it and free us from our fear. This very act will fetch all the holy waters of the land to your palm. You have little to doubt. Do not for a moment think that it is our intention to break

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your vow, nor that your return home wiil amount to it. Far from it. Achievement of objectives lies on the lap of gods. Man cannot arrogate to himself the power to change the divine pattern: You need not have any doubts on this score. We are well versed in the ways of *dharma*. You can have complete confidence in our words. Are you not aware that your father was wholly guided by us? Is it not your duty too to do so? Even granting that you wish to fulfil your Ganga-yatra, it is quite permissible to return home now, accept and do your kingly duties, marry, beget children and when the time is ripe, you can always resume the pilgrimage after installing your son on the throne! Who said you should give up this *yatra* for ever?"

This powerful plea had its intended effect and Prince Manjura felt that the Brahmins were right and they were only pleading for his good. Deciding to return, he faced north and contemplating on Kashi prayed "Mother Ganga! I shall come and fall at your feet later; now I return home!"

Prince Manjura thus returned to his country, followed by the Brahmin emissaries.

[*To be continued*]

Even in the murderer, the Pure Soul is there; it dies not. It was his mistake; he could not manifest It; he had covered It up.

—Vivekananda.

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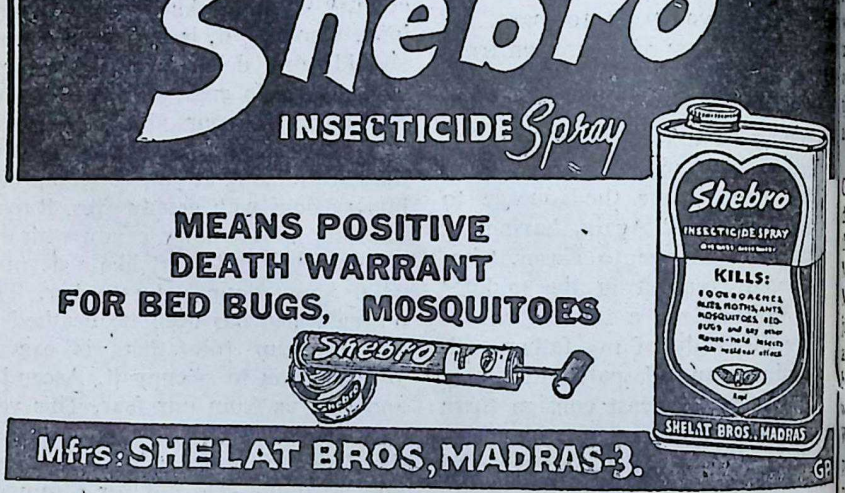

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It was the ninth night and the turn was that of the elder Princess to entertain Chaturya and so she entered the nuptial chamber with a song on her lip. Chaturya invited her to sit on the couch. Preliminaries of a short repast over, the Princess became restless. Chaturya who never lost sight of his mission tried to divert her thoughts by pulling out one more story for her edification at which the Princess sat back and listened. Said Chaturya:

Long back there lived a King at Champakpur who ruled over his kingdom in the manner adumbrated in the *shastras*. With his Prime Minister, Minister of Intelligence and Defence Minister, he ruled over his subjects justly and fairly. Despite his justness and piety, he had no children for long; but in his later life he got two girls whom he named Jyoti and Lakshmi. When they were seven and five respectively, he had them married to neighbouring princes with great pomp. While his elder son-in-law chose to stay with him, the younger son-in-law lived but for a few days with him and departed to his own country intending to proceed abroad in quest of adventure.

The two sisters were so devoted to each other that there was no secret between them which they did not share. In course of time, the Princesses came of age which event the King celebrated elaborately, and awaited the other son-in-law for the consummation of his daughters' marriage.

While the royal household was thus delightfully expectant, there came a bolt from the blue. The Intelligence Minister brought the news to the King that there was a strong rumour that his younger son-in-law had died of an accident. The King was shocked to hear it, and keeping the news away from his younger daughter, ordered his Minister to investigate the matter and find out the truth.

The elder Princess whose ears however this news had reached was overwhelmed by this calamity to her dear

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sister. Knowing that the news was shut out from her, she stifled her emotions and tried to behave as jocularly as possible with her sister while her heart bled out in secret. One day the younger Princess came out from her room looking like a peach and dressed in a most alluring manner. When Jyoti saw her, the colour in her face involuntarily went up as a wan smile played on her lips at the irony of fate. Before she could check herself Lakshmi had noticed the unusual expression on her face and demanded: "Sister! Why do you look at me thus? I thought I saw a tear in your eye at a time when we should be happy. Why? Tell me!"

Jyoti was quite embarrassed. For a moment she tussled with her conscience whether to tell the unwholesome truth or hide it and be nice. Her upbringing, unlike our present-day sophisticated times which equate truth with rudeness and untruth with politeness, was such that it would not admit of selling her conscience for a mess of pottage. She had been taught that courage was the best armour whether for men or women. It begot truth. To wed oneself to fear was to mother lie, deceit and cowardice which never led towards the goal.

So, putting her arms round her, Jyoti gently led Lakshmi into her room, and seating her by her side, wiped the solitary tear from the corner of her own eyes and said: "My dear! I am going to tell you an unpleasant truth. You have no doubt gauged me correctly. A rumour is current that your husband has died in the course of his adventure, but it is as yet unconfirmed. Our father has

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sent his men to ascertain the truth. Let us hope it is not true. We had conspired to keep the news away from you for obvious reasons. When I saw you coming out in this charming dress, my heart which is bleeding with grief, betrayed its feelings unwittingly."

Lakshmi who heard these words sitting statuesque rose sedately when they ended and walking across to her room removed all the trappings of joyfulness and putting on the white robes of widowhood walked up to her father who was stunned at her appearance. Nearing him she said: "Father! I blame no one for the fate which has befallen me. You no doubt lavished upon me all the love you are capable of and meant nothing but well by me by giving me in marriage to the noble Prince; but fate presumably willed otherwise; for, why should he die now? I have no malice towards any; I only wish to follow the footsteps of my noble husband which is the only noble way for an Aryan woman. Would you therefore be kind enough to order a fire to be lit that I may immolate myself in it?"

The King replied amidst tears: "My child! If your husband is dead, am I, your father, not here, who can support you to the end of the world? All my property is yours. Do all the *danas* and *dharmas* and this way seek the other world. It is not at all compulsory to commit *sati!*"

However much the King argued, Lakshmi would not listen. Finally, the King called his ministers and said: "Look! I have completely failed in my efforts to persuade my daughter to give up her decision. There is no alternative but to allow her do as she wishes. Please therefore arrange for lighting the fire!"

The fire was lit with tons of sandalwood and tins of ghee at the bank of the river near a huge grove and when the tongues of the fire leapt to the skies, Lakshmi went round the fire thrice and uttering the name "Govinda, Madhava!" jumped into the fire while Princes and nobles looked on nervously. But no sooner had she done so than a gale swept over the place bringing a heavy downpour of rain with it which not only quenched the fire but literally washed the field away.

While the royal party fled from the scene on account of the heavy rain, it went with an easy heart that Lakshmi was by now with her husband. But fate had woven its own pattern for her; for, the rain which poured in cascades completely washed her, long before she was thought dead; actually she was washed down into the river and towed like a jetsam downstream for miles together till at last she managed to stand on a patch of wild grass midstream. Looking ahead, she saw a grove and thither she walked in the slush, weary and doddering. When she entered the grove through a slit in the fence, she saw its keeper who happened to be an aged woman before whom she fell down exhausted.

The old woman was first dazed at the sight, for she thought she saw in the new-comer an angel of the forest. But later she was convinced of her human origin as the lady's feet touched the earth squarely. By the time the old woman brought her some edi-

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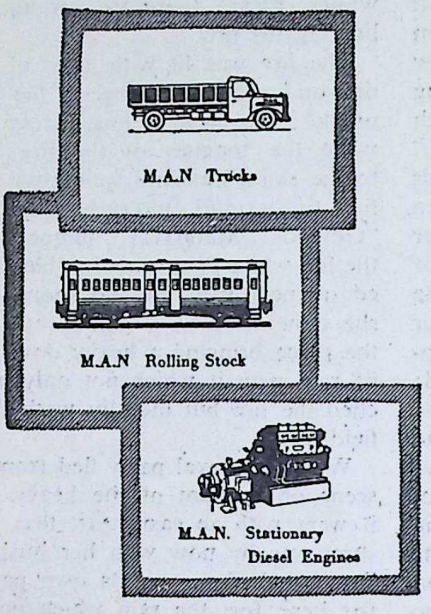

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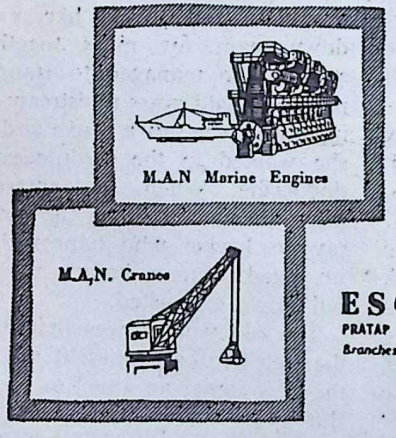

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ks and water, Lakshmi had had a ick apprisal of her new situation. nding her effort to moil herself foil- by fate, she thought there must e some Ulterior Purpose and there- e decided to play her part in the d drama. She could understand s much, that fate did not want her e to be taken away of her own voli- n. She would, she thought, conform that new norm and wait for the xt step.

When Princess Lakshmi fully re- ined consciousness, the old woman ked all about her. Lakshmi replied her aptly: "Mother, I and my hus- nd tried to ford the river, but sud- nly the rains caught us unawares ddstream and we were dragged by e current. I have landed here, but don't know what has happened to y husband!"

"Daughter!" said the old woman othingly "Do not worry. I shall ake enquiries about your husband und about here, for I know these rts very well. In the meantime you n live with me here as my daughter r as long as you wish."

"I am so grateful to you" replied akshmi.

The old woman took her to her ttage, gave her change of clothes d hot gruel.

Now this woman was a florist. It as her custom to collect the flowers om the grove, weave them into gar- nds and supply them to the royal ousehold of the place. With the oney that came out of it she eked t a living. She had no other rela- e in the world.

One day the old woman brought e flowers from the garden and feel- ing tired, said to Lakshmi: "My dear, I feel rather tired. Won't you weave the garlands today? I shall take them later on to the palace."

Lakshmi readily agreed and while the old woman had a nap, Lakshmi sorted out the picks and deft as she was in the art, wove such wonderful garlands out of them in charming colour designs that the old woman was charmed by her performance when she saw them. The old woman walked to the palace with wings in her gait that day. She could hardly contain her pride when she handed over the basket to the Queen who was astonished at the art that went to make those garlands.

"Who wove these garlands, Maji?" asked the Queen.

"My daughter!" replied the woman scarcely hiding the tunnel of her mouth revealing a solitary tooth precariously dangling from one side.

"Is that so? How beautiful! Would you bring her here?"

"Sure!" said she and practically ran home. Dressing Lakshmi up for the occasion, the old woman brought her to the Queen who, on seeing Lakshmi, was greatly impressed by her appearance. She said to Lakshmi "My dear girl! You had better stay in the palace itself offering company to my daughters."

The old woman's opaque eyes glinted with pride. The Queen gave rich presents to the old woman for permitting her daughter to remain in the royal household and treated Lakshmi just as another daughter.

One day the King and Queen were gifting *danas*. One of the *danas* consisted of pearl-necklaces. A heap of

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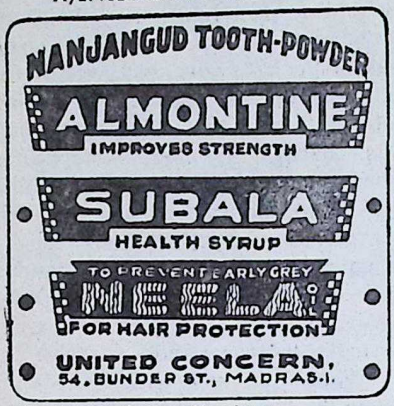

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pearls was handed over to the servants who threaded them into garlands for purposes of making gifts of them.

Lakshmi too offered to join them and taking a quantity of them to a secluded corner, started threading them into fanciful patterns.

After some time the dinner gong went and all of them filed inside. Lakshmi too placed her unfinished pearl-garland in a niche which held a doll-shaped metallic lamp-holder and went inside to join the others in their meals.

But as soon as she went the impish doll in the niche became animated and grabbing at the unfinished pearl garland threaded by Lakshmi and after gobbling it up stood mute as before.

When Lakshmi returned to her unfinished work, she was shocked not to find the pearl necklace she had threaded. She made a frantic search for it, questioned the servants but, naturally, every one denied all knowledge of it.

News of this loss reached the Queen's ears in a distorted form, for the servants of the palace were envious of Lakshmi, a florist's daughter, in enjoying the privilege of a princess. Envy knows no barriers; and the sense of comparison is the gateway to its realm.

Naturally the Queen became furious: "How could that garland disappear unless it be stolen? And who could have done it except herself? All our other servants have been in this household for generations! I was a fool to have been taken in by her looks, without checking upon her. What a shame!"

The Queen without giving her an opportunity to explain, sentenced her to a severe punishment, according to which her head was to be clean-shaven and she made to work as a lamp-bearer lighting the corridor of the palace.

[*To be continued*]

You cannot buy God. His vision comes only through His grace. Does this mean that you should not practice spiritual discipline? Certainly you must practice, otherwise passions will create havoc in you. Contentment with external conditions—yes; but never be contented with your state of spiritual growth. —Swami Brahmananda

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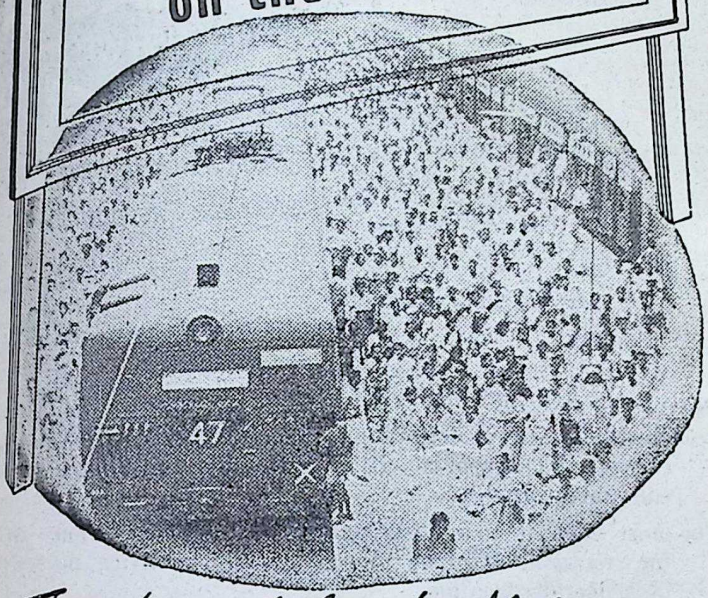

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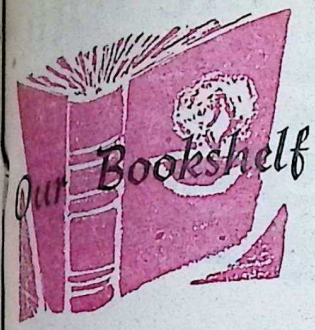

KRISHNA: HIS PHILOSOPHY AND HIS SPIRITUAL PATH. By Bahadur Mal, Head of V. V. R. Institute. Published by Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur, Punjab. pp. 334 Price: Rs. 4.

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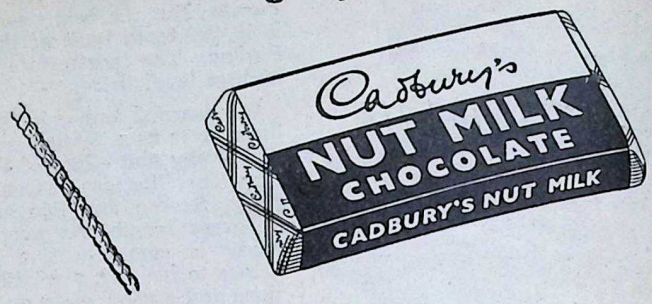

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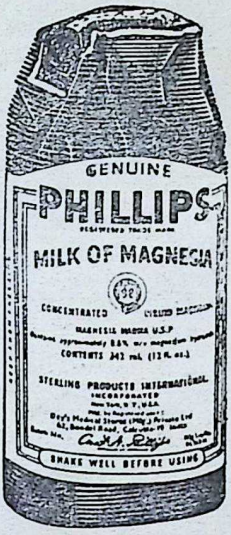

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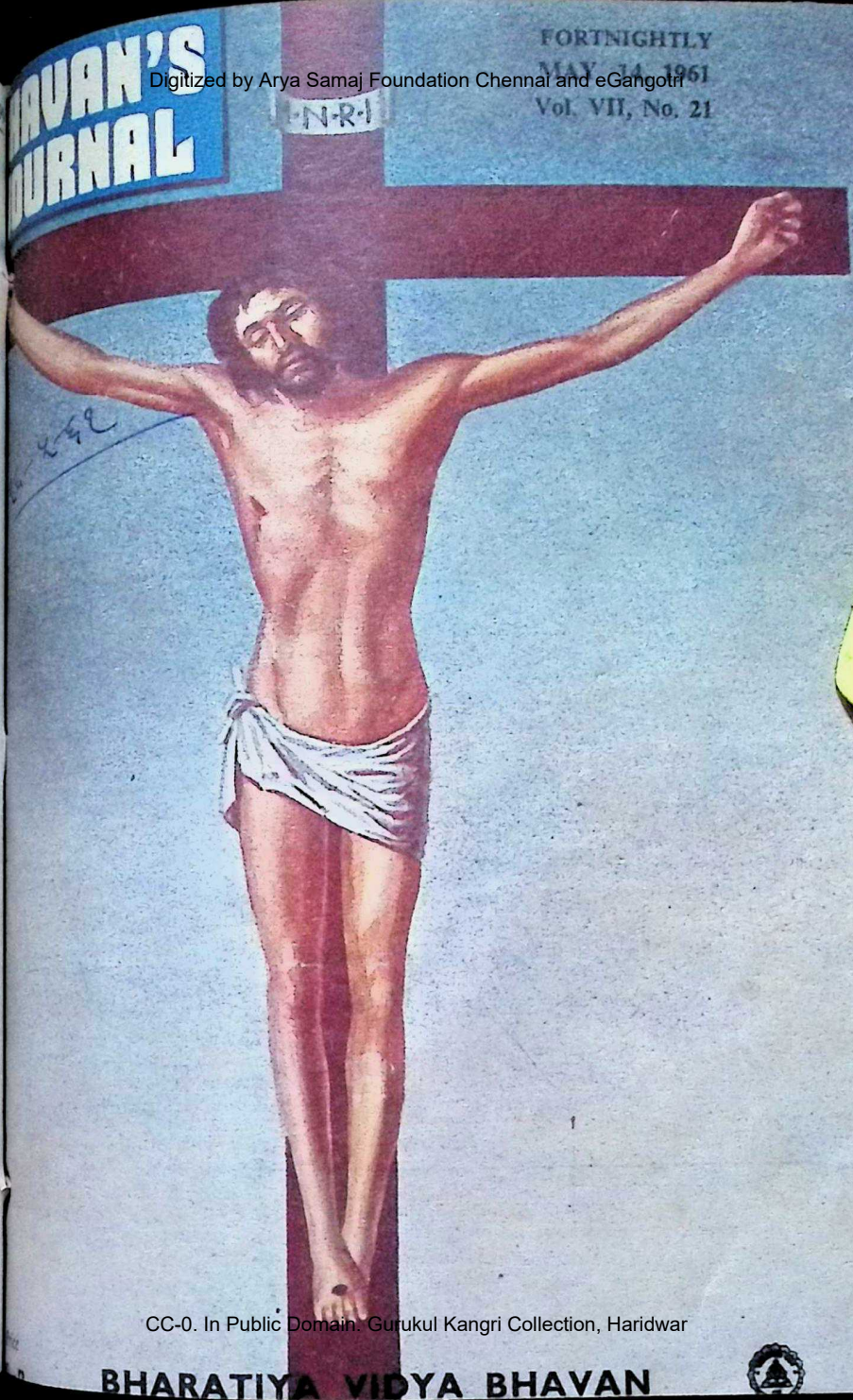

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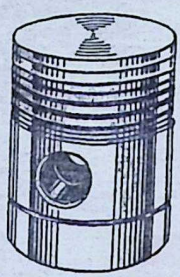

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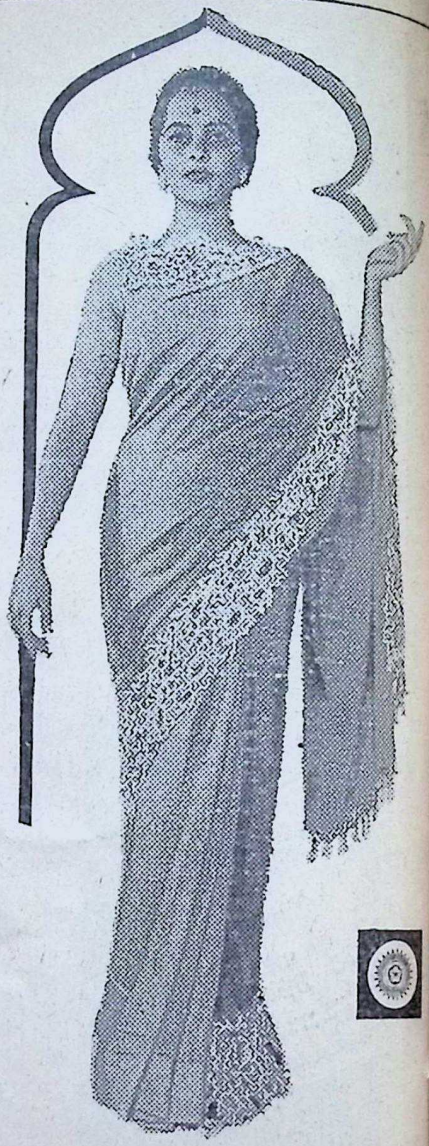

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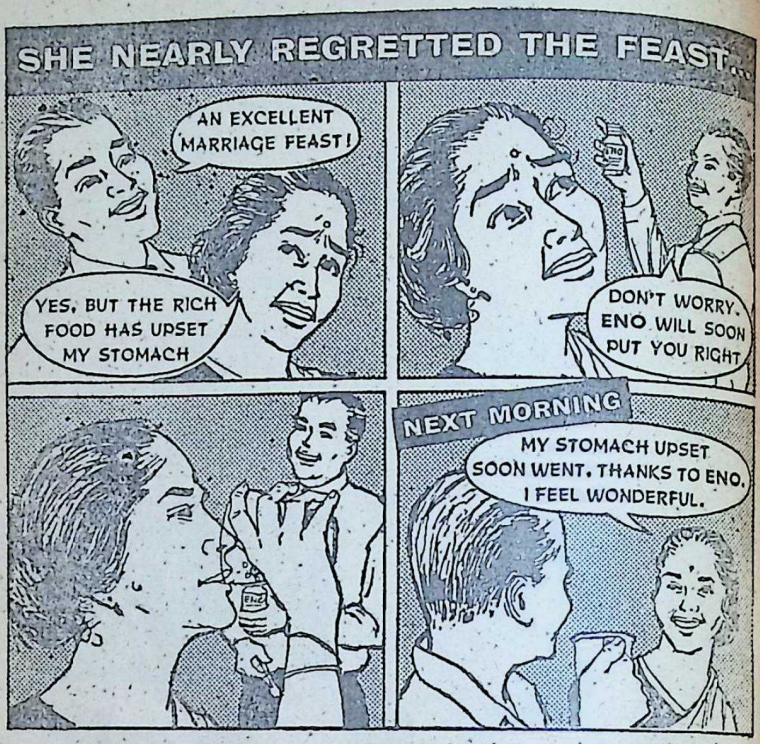

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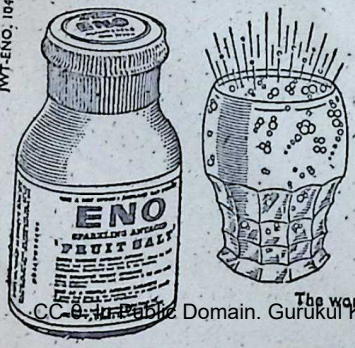

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VII, No. 21 May 14, 1961

LONG LIFE AND PROSPERITY

या ते रुद्र शिवा तनूः शिवा विश्वाहभेषजी।
शिवा रुद्रस्य भेषजी तया नो मृड जीवसे॥

O Parameswara! You have a body which is capable of curing all ills to which humanity is heir and which is therefore called the 'Auspicious'. For that reason You are the Eternal Physician, bestowing Atma-Gyan besides. Bless us, Lord! with long, healthy and prosperous life with Your Grace.

Yajurveda, XVII, 16, 55.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 231

★ POLICE METHODS IN THE PUNJAB ★ JAYAPRAKASH DETENTION ★ PARDIVALA CASE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHA
BOMBAY.

MAY 14, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE police methods in the Punjab has a special pattern. It is based on a complete ignorance of the Rule of Law, at any rate on the assumption that it is a nuisance.

In 1940 I saw these methods in operation in undivided Punjab while conducting the cases of Jayaprakash and Pardivala, the last one of which is reported in *A.I.R.* 1944 at page 196. The whole case had created considerable sensation at the time.

During the last year I had two more occasions to see the pattern of these methods in East Punjab—one in the Garewal case which I conducted before the Circuit Court of the Punjab High Court, the other when, as Chairman of the Enquiry Committee of the Swatantra Party, I studied the situation arising from the Punjabi Suba agitation.

Recently the *Times of India* reported on the authority of the Chief Minister that in the Punjab Congress legislators sat with some Magistrates when they decided cases; that a High Court Judge found a large number of persons rotting in custody w trial for long periods of time; lawyers complained that Magis were selling Savings Certificat the compound of the Courts.

It struck me that neither passage of 17 years nor the ga 13 years of freedom has change leopard's spots.

About 1943, Minoo Masan quested me to appear for Jayapra Narayan who had been arreste Amritsar and detained in the L Fort under Rule 129 of the De of India Rules, in a *habeas c* petition filed under Section 49 the Criminal Procedure Code i Lahore High Court. The matter considered very seriously be Lahore was in the grip of police ror and the third degree method opted in the Lahore Fort had acq ed for it an ominous notoriety all the country.

Purshottam Trikamdas, no Supreme Court Advocate, who been detained in Kasur Jail, had

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...1961

...s to friends in Bombay and ...n Jeevanlal Kapur, then a lead...yer of Lahore and now a Judge ...Supreme Court, to take steps ...that Jayaprakash came to no ...Messrs. Kanga & Co., a well-...firm of solicitors in Bombay, ...prepared the petition.

...divala, a practising barrister of ...bay, who had been detained in ...Quit India' Movement and re...in the middle of 1943, under...to proceed to Lahore for filing ...petition. I gave him letters of in...duction to my friends, to Mahashai ...ma, the Arya Samaj leader and ...r of *Pratap*, and Jeevanlal ...ar.

...llowed by the police, Pardivala ...d on his way to Lahore at Delhi ...ure the consent of Smt. Purnima ...rjee to be the petitioner. ...sister, Smt. Aruna Asafali, ...at that time an active under...nd worker of the Congress and ...police were making vain efforts ...n her to earth. I do not think ...Pardivala contacted her during ...day in Delhi, but the police sus...d that he had, and that the letters ...rried to Lahore were not mine ...ers.

...n November 8, Pardivala con...d Jeevanlal Kapur, who present...e *habeas corpus* petition on be...of Purnima Bannerjee for the ...ction of Jayaprakash Narayan, ...ivala appearing with him. After ...petition was amended as suggest...by the Court, the next day the ...on Bench consisting of Chief ...ce Trevor Harries and Justice ...r Rehman, issued a Rule On his ...cation to interview Jayaprakash, the Court suggested to Jeevanlal Kapur that he should first apply to the Government for securing an interview and if he failed in getting it, he should apply to the Court.

On issue of the Rule to the Punjab Government, the matter became very sensational. The newspaper reporters and the C.I.D. officials gathered in the Visitors' Room of the Bar Association for making all sorts of enquiries. Jeevanlal, being busy in some other matter in Court, left Pardivala to answer the questions, making an arrangement to meet him in the Bar Library at 4 p.m. to discuss the matter; it had become very urgent on account of the rumour that Jayaprakash was to be whisked away from the Lahore Fort to Nepal.

At about 4 p.m. the same day, when Pardivala was on his way to the Bar Library, he was met by Sub-Inspector Baig, who enquired whether he was the gentleman who had appeared in the Court with Jeevanlal in Jayaprakash's petition. On his replying affirmatively, he was arrested. He was not allowed to see Jeevanlal, who was waiting for him in the Library, nor was he allowed to send him word to follow him to Superintendent Robinson of the C.I.D.

In the meantime a friendly police officer informed Jeevanlal that he would soon be arrested and taken to the Lahore Fort. Naturally he did not like spending time in the Lahore Fort; its insanitary dungeons were scarcely tempting. He, therefore, rushed to the chamber of Sir Trevor Harries, the Chief Justice, and told him that he was not going to practise

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in that Court as it carried a great hazard; that if advocates were not allowed to do their duty for their clients, it was no use continuing as members of the Bar.

The Chief Justice was most sympathetic. He was indignant at finding that the police were threatening members of the Bar with arrest and thereby preventing them from discharging their professional duty. He said to Jeevanlal: "If they arrest you, I am going to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* and then they can go to the Privy Council if they like." Jeevanlal then applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* in regard to Pardivala's detention on behalf of the members of the Bar Association.

On the evening of November 9, Pardivala was kept in solitary confinement. His request to see Jeevanlal was turned down. On the 11th, however, when supplied with paper and pen, he wrote out a *habeas corpus* petition for himself and three letters, one to the Advocate General of Bombay and another to the Advocate General of Lahore, and a third to the D.I.G., C.I.D., Punjab, forwarding the two letters. On November 12, Pardivala handed over these documents to Sub-Inspector Baig for being forwarded to the D.I.G., C.I.D.

On the same day the Government cancelled the order of detention of Jayaprakash under Rule 129 of D.I.R. and clamped another order of detention on him under the Bengal Regulation No. III of 1818, which expressly excluded the jurisdiction of the High Court!

On the 13th at 6 p.m. Pardivala was released from custody, driv the Railway Station and seen to he left for Bombay by the Fro Mail. On his way back Pard wrote several letters to the auth and the Bar Associations, in whi stated that he had handed over *habeas corpus* petition to the p on the 12th.

A few days before the petitio Jayaprakash Narain had been for hearing, Masani once more a me to appear in Court. At first I fused saying that it was not w while travelling hundreds of m only to submit to the Court that petition in support of which I ap ed was no longer competent. H ever, all friends felt that I sh appear even for the ritual of s mitting to a dismissal of the petit Jeevanlal Kapur had also sent word that he would not appear the Court unless I was there to pear with him.

So Pardivala and I started Lahore on an infructuous adven In the course of our conversation the way, Pardivala showed me diary in which he had recorded a s mary of the documents which he handed over to the police on the I I saw light; there was a way to vert our ridiculous adventure to effective purpose.

In the train I dictated a peti against the police officers conce for a Rule to show cause why t should not be committed for c tempt of Court, firstly for having rested Pardivala while he was charging his professional duties a lawyer and secondly, for not forw

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> Rain-water flowing down from a terrace through spouts shaped grotesquely like tiger's head, appears to come through the mouth of these animals, but in reality it descends from the sky. So also the holy things that come out of the mouths of godly men seem to be uttered by them, but in truth they come from God Himself.
>
> —Sri Ramakrishna

his *habeas corpus* petition to the Court.

Jeevanlal Kapur received us at the Lahore Station. It was very courageous of him, for the police had indicated to him that if he dabbled in these affairs he might get into trouble. He immediately went into conference and produced a proper petition asking for a Rule of contempt against D.I.G. Police, Superintendent Robinson, and Deputy Inspector Mirza Asdaq Baig of the C.I.D. Branch.

Lahore was so much in the grip of Robinson's terror that my appearance in Court was a minor sensation. Everyone had taken for granted that after submitting to the disposal of Prakash's petition, we would disappear in a minute or two. But when I applied for a Rule against the police officers for contempt of Court and the Chief Justice Trevor Harries and Justice Abdur Rehman granted the rule, particularly against Robinson who had been nicknamed the 'Gestapo' of the Punjab, the minor sensation turned into a major one.

The public had been demoralised by the police so much that our action against the police officers was looked upon as a triumph of law and quite a crowd gathered at the Railway Station to join Jeevanlal Kapur in seeing us off.

The hearing was fixed for February 14, and again Pardivala and I travelled back to Lahore in order to fight our battle against the police. When we reached the Lahore Station, Jeevanlal Kapur told me that when he met the Chief Justice in his chambers to fix the date for the petition, the latter had told him: "Don't you worry about the petition, Mr. Kapur. It is not going to be heard. When the train arrives at Amritsar, Munshi would be arrested there. When you go to receive him at the station, you would be arrested. When I come to preside over the Court, I would be arrested too."

Incidentally, I would mention that in the course of my fairly long career I have never come across a finer Judge than Sir Trevor Harries.

Clear-headed, well grounded in law, extremely pleasant, he had a profound sense of fair-play and a meticulous regard for judicial independence. In Court he was frank and invited frankness.

In his Court one felt like speaking to a friend in an informal conference. He never hustled counsel as smaller men are apt to do, but controlled the proceedings with patience and dignity.

I shall narrate the rest of the story in my next letter.

Yours sincerely,

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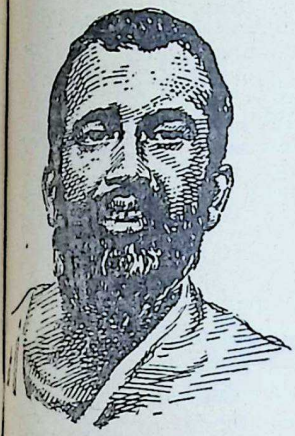

Nature & Content of MAYA

Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

UNDER the spell of God's maya man forgets his true nature. He forgets that he is heir to the infinite glories of his Father. This divine maya is made up of three gunas. And all three are robbers; for they rob man of all his treasures and make him forget his true nature. The three gunas are *sattva, rajas,* and *tamas.* Of these, *sattva* alone points the way to God. But even *sattva* cannot take a man to God.

Let me tell you a story. Once a rich man was passing through a forest, when three robbers surrounded him and robbed him of all his wealth. After snatching all his possessions from him, one of the robbers said: 'What's the good of keeping the man alive? Kill him.' Saying this, he was about to strike their victim with his sword when the second robber interrupted and said: 'There is no use in killing him. Let us bind him fast and leave him here. Then he won't be able to tell the police.' Accordingly the robbers tied him with a rope, left him, and went away.

After a while the third robber returned to the rich man and said: 'Ah! You're badly hurt, aren't you? Come, I'm going to release you.' The third robber set the man free and led him out of the forest. When they came near the highway, the robber said, 'Follow this road and you will reach home easily.' 'But you must come with me too', said the man. 'You have done so much for me. We shall all be happy to see you at our home.' 'No,' said the robber, 'it is not possible for me to go there. The police will arrest me.' So saying he left the

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Devotee: "We have passions l... anger and lust. What shall ... do with these?"

Sri Ramakrishna: "Direct the ... passions to God. The impulse ... *lust* should be turned into lo... passionately the Atman. F... angry at those who sta... in your way to God. Feel gre... for Him. If you must have ... feeling of *I and mine*, then as... ciate it with God. Say, for i... stance, 'My Rama, my Krish... If you have *pride*, then feel l... Vibbishana, who said, 'I bo... touched the feet of Rama wi... my head; I will not bow th... head before anyone else.'"

rich man after pointing out his ...

Now, the first robber, who s... 'What's the good of keeping the m... alive? Kill him', is *tamas*. It dest... The second robber is *rajas*, w... binds a man to the world and en... gles him in a variety of activ... *Rajas* makes him forget God. *Sa*... alone shows the way to God. It ... duces virtues like compassion, r... eousness, and devotion. Again, s... is like the last step of the stairs. N... to it is the roof. The supreme B... man is man's own abode. One ca... attain the Knowledge of Brah... unless one transcends the three g...

God is nearer to me than m... He is just as near to wood and ... but they do not know it.

—E...

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The oldest and most devoted aspirant Narada sowed the seed of the name of Narayana in the soul of man.

It germinated in the personality of young Dhruva.

It became a sprout with the great devotee Prahlada.

It began to shoot up and bear tender leaves through the efforts of kind-hearted Rukmangadha.

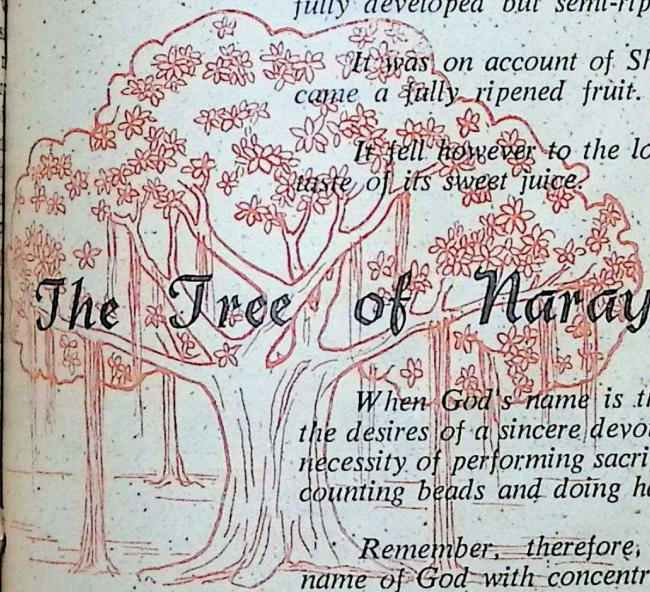
It became a flower through the one-pointed devotion of Bhishma, the grandfather of the Kauravas.

It bore fruit in the great devotee Draupati.

It was due to the efforts of Gajendra, the King of Elephants, that it reached the fully developed but semi-ripe condition.

It was on account of Shuka that it became a fully ripened fruit.

It fell however to the lot of Ajamila to taste of its sweet juice.



The Tree of Narayana

When God's name is there to fulfil all the desires of a sincere devotee, where is the necessity of performing sacrifices and rituals, counting beads and doing hard penances?

Remember, therefore, Oh man, the name of God with concentrated devotion.

SANT PURANDARADASA

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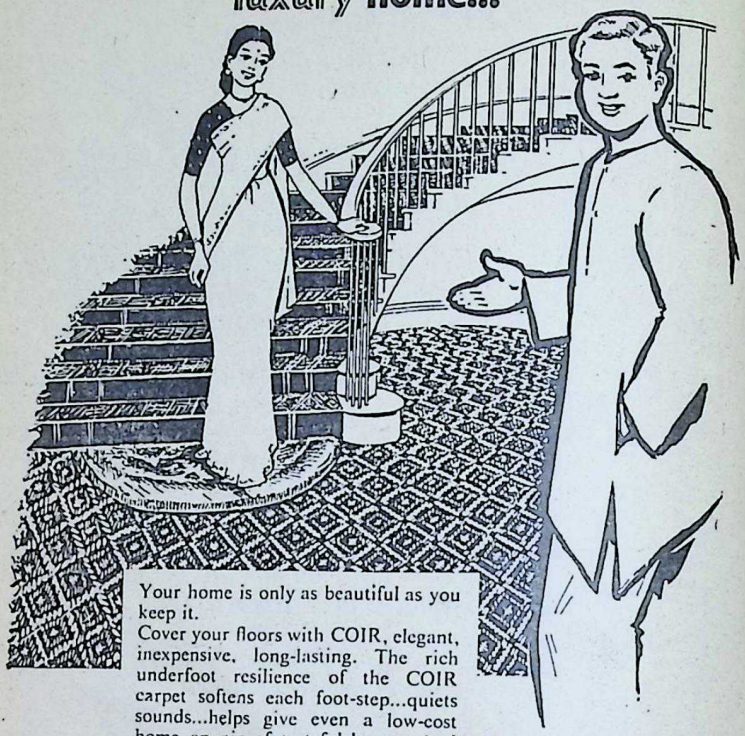

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How Self-Realization Came to Me

It was about six weeks before I left Madura for good that the great change in my life took place.

It was quite sudden.

I was sitting alone in a room on the first floor of my uncle's house. I seldom had any sickness, and on that day there was nothing wrong with my health, but a sudden violent fear of death overtook me.

There was nothing in my state of health to account for it, and I did not try to account for it or to find out whether there was any reason for the fear. I just felt 'I am going to die' and began thinking what to do about it.

It did not occur to me to consult a doctor, or my elders or friends; I felt that I had to solve the problem myself, there and then.

The shock of the fear of death drove my mind inwards and I said to myself mentally, without actually framing the words: "Now death has come; what does it mean? What is it that is dying? The body dies."

And I at once dramatized the occurrence of death.

I lay with my limbs stretched out stiff as though rigor mortis *had set in and imitated a corpse so as to give greater reality to the enquiry.*

I held my breath and kept my lips tightly closed so that no sound could escape, so that neither the word 'I' nor any other word could be uttered.

"Well then", I said to myself, "this body is dead. It will be carried stiff to the burning ground and there burnt and reduced to ashes. But with the death of this body am 'I' dead? Is the body 'I'? It is silent and inert but I feel the full force of my personality and even the voice of the 'I' within me, apart from it. So I am Spirit transcending the body. The body dies but the Spirit that transcends it cannot be touched by death. That means I am the deathless Spirit."

All this was not dull thought; it flashed through me vividly as living truth which I perceived directly, almost without thought-process.

"I" was something very real, the only real thing about my present state, and all the conscious activity connected with my body was centered on that "I".

From that moment onwards the "I" or Self focussed attention on itself by a powerful fascination.

Fear of death had vanished once and for all. Absorption in the Self continued unbroken from that time on.

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—Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi.

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SPARKS FROM GREAT MINDS

That only which we have within, can we see without. If we meet no gods, it is because we harbour none.

* * *

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.

* * *

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm.

* * *

Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude.

* * *

A man will not be observed in doing that which he can do best.

* * *

Love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men.

Healthy things are sweet-tempered, works in sport, and goodness smile last.

* * *

Better be a nettle in the side of you than his echo. The condition whi friendship demands is ability to do it.

* * *

Do not craze yourself with thinki go about your business anywhere. not intellectual or critical, but sturdy

* * *

As we are, so we do; and as we is it done to us; we are the builders fortunes.

* * *

Nothing is at last sacred but the of our own mind.

* * *

A man inspires affection and because he was not lying in wait for

* * *

Nature forever puts a premium on

* * *

All private sympathy is partial.

* * *

Genius is religious. It is a larger ing of the common heart.

* * *

The only thing grief has taught me know how shallow it is.

* * *

Insight we must have, or we sh against one another, and miss the our food; but intellect is selfish and

* * *

The only reward of virtue is virtu only way to have a friend is to be one

* * *

Men talk as if victory were somethi tunate. Work is victory.

* * *

All things are moral, and in their less changes have an unceasing refere spiritual nature.

* * *

The key to every man is his thought.

R. W. EMERSON

A man's fortunes are the fruit of his racter. A man's friends are his magne

* * *

Discontent is the want of self-reli is infirmity of will.

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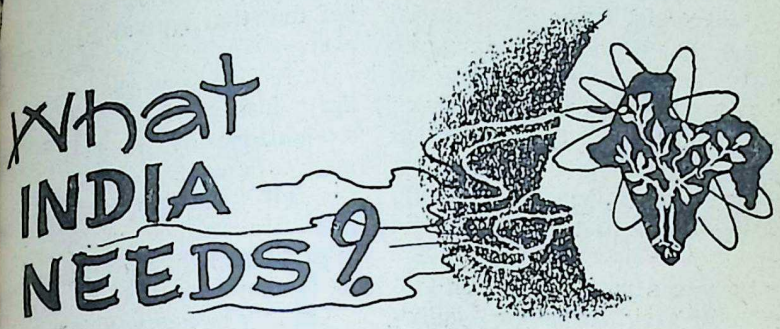
We have to fill the minds with the idea of the country and present a lesson in the practice of virtues. If not, we may as well give up the attempt to build up an Indian nation.



Sri Aurobindo

WHAT India needs especially at this moment is the aggressive virtue, the spirit of daring idealism, bold creation, fearless resistance, courageous attack on the passive *tamasic* spirit of inertia which we have already too much. We need to cultivate another training and temperament, another habit of mind. We would apply to the present situation the vigorous motto of Clinton that what we need, what we should learn above all things is to dare and still to dare.

The Japanese, when they teach Bushido to their boys, do not rest content with lectures or a moral catechism; they make them practise Bushido and govern every thought and action of their life by the Bushido ideal. This is the only way of inculcating a quality into a nation, by instilling it practically into the minds of its youth at school and college until it becomes an ingrained, inherent, inherited quality.

This is what we have to do with the modern ideal of patriotism in India. We have to fill the minds of our boys from childhood with the idea of the country, and present a lesson in the practice of the virtues which afterwards go to make the patriot and the citizen. If we do not attempt this, we may as well give up our desire to create an Indian nation altogether; for without such a discipline of nationalism, patriotism, regeneration are mere words and ideas which can never become a part of the very soul of the nation and never therefore a great realised fact.

Mere academical teaching of patriotism is of no avail. The professor may lecture every day on Mazzini and Garibaldi and Washington and

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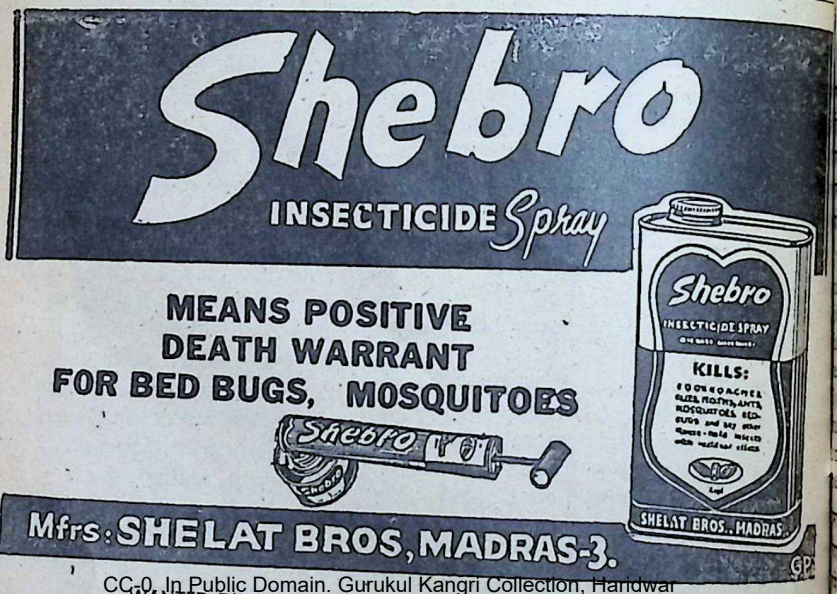
the student may write themes about Japan and Italy and America, without bringing us any nearer to our supreme need,—the entry of the habit of patriotism into our very bone and blood. The Roman Satirist tells us that in the worst times of imperial despotism in Rome, the favourite theme of teachers and boys in the schools was liberty and tyrannicide; but neither liberty nor tyrannicide was practised by the boys when they became men; rather they grew up into submissive slaves of the single world —despot.

Men who can prefer the selfish gratification of their transitory individual needs and interests to the good of the nation are not needed in the new age that is coming. They are there only to exhaust a degraded and backward type which the world a the nation are intended soon to o grow. If some of them still pose men of weight and leading, it is o for a moment. They will vanish an the whole earth heave a sigh of r lief that that type at least is gone f ever.

It is also a world of truth, co age, justice, lofty aspiration a straightforward fulfilment which seek to create. For the coward, f the self-seeker, for the talker w goes forward at the beginning a afterwards leaves his fellows in t lurch there is no place.

God does not want falterers a flinchers for His work, nor does H want unstable enthusiasts who ca not maintain the energy of their fir movements.



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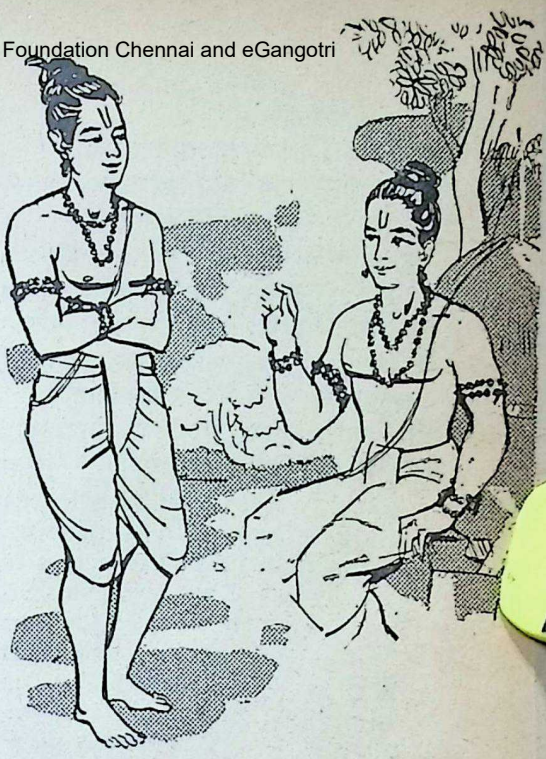
...ile staying in the Panchavati ...am, Lakshmana asked Rama ...ay: "Instruct me, Lord, on the ...t way to Moksha."



...YATMA RAMAYANA

...ATHWAY TO MOKSHA

...ama replies:

...वक्ष्यामि ते वत्स गुह्याद्गुह्यतरं परम्।
...य नरो जह्यात्सद्यो वैकल्पिकं भ्रमम्॥
... मायास्वरूपं ते वक्ष्यामि तदनतन्रम्।
...न्य साधनं पश्चाज्ज्ञानं विज्ञानसंयुतम्।
...च परमात्मानं यज्ज्ञात्वा मुच्यते भयात्॥

...Listen, Child, to the most secret ..., knowing which man at once ...s up the illusion of Samsara. I ...l first tell you about Maya; then ... means of attaining Gyana; then ...na coupled with Vigyana and ...lly about Paramatman (who is be...nd all these) knowing which one ...erates from the fear of *samsara*.

...न्मनि शरीरादावात्मबुद्धिस्तु या भवेत्।
... माया तयैवासौ संसारः परिकल्प्यते॥
... द्वे निश्चिते पूर्वं मायायाः कुलनन्दन।
...वरणे तत्र प्रथमं कल्पयेज्जगत्॥

लिंगाद्यब्रह्मपर्यन्तं स्थलसूक्ष्मविभेदतः।
अपरं त्वखिलं ज्ञानरूपमावृत्य तिष्ठति॥
मायया कल्पितं विश्वं परमात्मानि केवले।
रज्जौ भुजंगवभ्द्रान्त्या विचारे नास्ति किञ्चन।

"That which creates a feeling of Atman on all un-Atman things like the body is called Maya. That same faculty or power creates the illusion of Samsara. O, delighter of the race! The ancients have divided Maya into two kinds: Vikshepa and Avarana. The first variety causes all things from Mahattatva to Brahman in their gross and subtle forms. The second manifestation of Maya veils pure knowledge. Thus Maya has successfully veiled the Pure Atman with a created universe, even as investing a rope with a serpent-fear. Inquiry however will reveal that there is nothing whatsoever

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beyond the Atman.

श्रूयते दृश्यते यद्यत्स्मर्यते वा नरैः सदा।
असदेव हि तत्सर्वं यथा स्वप्नमनोरथौ॥
देह एव हि संसारवृक्षमूलं दृढं स्मृतम्।
तन्मूलः पुत्रदारादिबन्धः किं तेऽन्यथात्मनः॥
देहस्तु स्थूलभूतानां पञ्च तन्मात्रपञ्चकम्।
अहंकारश्च बुद्धिश्च इन्द्रियाणि तथा दश॥
चिदाभासो मनश्चैव मूलप्रकृतिरेव च।
एतत्क्षेत्रमिति ज्ञेयं देह इत्यभिधीयते॥
एतैर्विलक्षणो जीवः परमात्मा निरामयः।
तस्य जीवस्य विज्ञाने साधनान्यपि मे शृणु॥

"(As at present we are conditioned) All that we hear, see and think of, are but unreal, dream-like and *a la* wishful thinking. The body alone constitutes the strong roots of the tree called Samsara, and the family-tie is at the back of its strength. But for it, what other relationship has the Atman with them? The body is a place where the five Bhutas, five *tanmatras,* ego, *buddhi,* the ten senses, *chit,* mind and the *mulaprakriti* lead a collective life. But the unsullied Paramatman Who is present in man as Jivatman, is totally different from all these. Listen to some methods by which you can discern Jivatman.

जीवश्च परमात्मा च पर्यायो नात्र भेदधीः।
मानाभावस्तथा दंभहिंसादिपरिवर्जनम्॥
पराक्षेपादिसहनं सर्वत्रावक्रता तथा।
मनोवाक्कायसद्भक्त्या सद्गुरोः परिसेवनम्॥
बाह्याभ्यन्तरसंशुद्धिः स्थिरता सत्क्रियादिषु।
मनोवाक्कायदण्डश्च विषयेषु निरीहता॥
निरहंकारता जन्मजराद्यालोचनं तथा।
असक्तिः स्नेहशून्यत्वं पुत्रदारधनादिषु॥
इष्टानिष्टागमे नित्यं चित्तस्य समता तथा।
मयि सर्वात्मके रामे ह्यनन्यविषया मतिः॥
जनसंबाधरहितशुद्धदेशनिषेवणम्।
प्राकृतैर्जनसंघैश्च ह्यरतिः सर्वदा भवेत्॥
आत्मज्ञाने सदोद्योगः वेदान्तार्थावलोक
उक्तैरेतैर्भवेज्ज्ञानं विपरीतै विपर्ययः॥

"Jivatman is but another name Paramatman. Do not see any d ence in them. You can gain Vig by: giving up the sense of 'my-n abjuring pride and violence; lear to tolerate the objections of oth by never being crooked; serving preceptor devotedly by thought, and deed; by inner and outer cle liness; pursuing Vedic acts with vacillation; harmonising thou word and deed; spurning s pursuits; by egolessness; reflect on the difficulties attendant upon from birth to death; by killing attraction to children, wife, and rich looking equally at welcome and welcome developments in life; with single-minded devotion to all-souled Rama. The man sho live in a pure place unfrequented society. He should always avoid association of the ill-informed. must incessantly strive for attain knowledge of Atman and inquire i the meaning of Vedantic texts. By f lowing the steps outlined above, the d sired knowledge will be obtain Other courses will beget other resu

बुद्धिप्राणमनोदेहाहंकृतिभ्यो विलक्षणः।
चिदात्माहं नित्यबुद्धो एवेति निश्चयम्
येन ज्ञानेन संवित्ते तज्ज्ञानं निश्चितं च मे
विज्ञानं च तदेवैतत्साक्षादनुभवेद्यदा॥
आत्मा सर्वत्र पूर्णः स्याच्चिदानन्दात्मको
व्यः
बुद्ध्याद्युपाधिरहितः परिणामादिवर्जितः॥
स्वप्रकाशेन देहादीन्भासयन्नपावृतः।
एवं तृतीयश्च सत्यज्ञानादिलक्षणः॥
असंगः स्वप्रभो द्रष्टा विज्ञानेनावगम्यते

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...cording to me, that knowledge ... makes me out for sure as Chi... ...n entirely different from Buddhi, ...vana, *deha* and *ahankara*; ever ... Knowledge-Absolute—when one ...es firm in that belief. that is true ...dge; when that knowledge ...es one's experience, it becomes ... Atman is omnipresent; con... ...ness-bliss; never decaying; un... ...tioned by *buddhi* and other ...s; unlimited; self-effulgent; ...g himself and others by ...wn effulgence; alone; with... ...a second; truth and knowledge ...ate; without company; his own ...r; seer; and can be recognised ...*gyana* alone.

...वेदशास्त्रोपदेशादैक्यज्ञानं यदा भवेत्।
...ो जीवपरयोर्मूलाविद्या तदैव हि॥
...कार्यकरणैः सहैव परमात्मनि।
...वा भक्तिरित्युक्ता ह्युपचारोऽयमात्मनि॥
...शस्वरूप ते कथितं रघुनन्दन।
...ज्ञानवैराग्यसहितं तं परात्मनः॥
...तदुर्लभं मन्ये मदभक्तिविमुखात्मनाम्॥

When, by the teachings of the Pre... ...r and study of *sastras*, the unity ...een Jivatman and Paramatman ...mes clear, then Avidya or igno... ...e, along with the senses, merges ... causes and effects in Para... ...an. That stage is gratui... ...y called Mukti or liberation (for ...an is always liberated). O, de... ...er of Raghu race! You have been ...ing to the description of Para... ...man and the means to liberation ...h includes *gyana, vigyana* and ...gya. At all events, I am afraid, ...is impossible of achievement for ...e who are devoid of *bhakti* in ...

3

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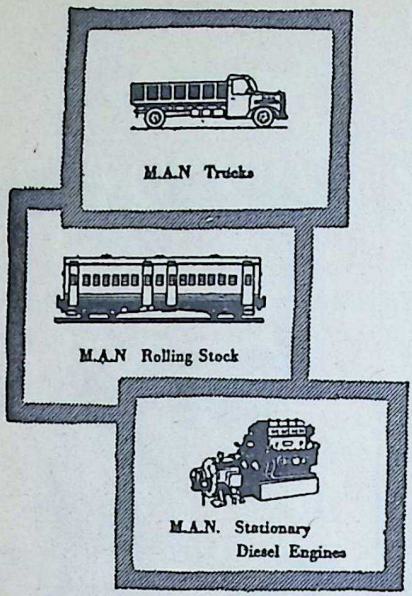

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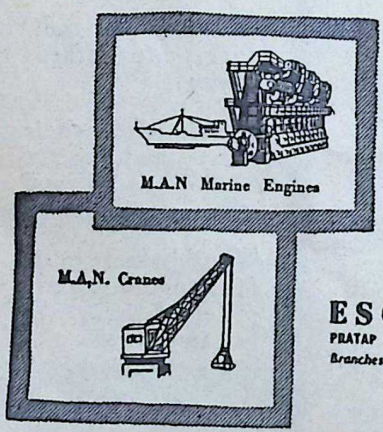

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Humanity is my goal

J. KRISHNAMURTI

I HAVE long been in revolt from all things, from the authority of others, from the instructions of others, from the knowledge of others; I would not accept anything as Truth until I found the Truth myself.

I never opposed the ideas of others but I would not accept their authority, their theory of life.

Until I was in that state of revolt, with every creed, with every dogma and belief, I was not able to find the Truth....

For long have I searched for that goal and during my search I have watched people trapped in their desires, as a fly is caught in the web of a spider.

Ever since I was able to think I watched people absorbed in their own thoughts, suffocated by the futility of life.

Wherever I went I saw people who believed that their happiness consists in the multitude of possessions.

I saw people who had all the comforts of this world and yet their lives were in confusion because they were enslaved by these things.

I saw people who loved greatly and yet were bound by their love because they had not found the way to give love and yet be free.

I saw people who were wise in knowledge, and yet they were bound by their very learning.

I saw people who were steeped in religion and yet they were bound by their traditions and their fear of the unknown.

Watching people thus I have seen that they build for themselves walls of prejudice, walls of belief, walls of credulous thought, walls of great fear against which they fight, trying to escape from the very walls they themselves have built.

Watching all people, I have seen how useless is their struggle if they are not free from the very gods they worship, from the interpreters who would guide them.

Ever since I was a boy I have been.... in revolt. Nothing satisfied me. I listened, I observed, I wanted something beyond mere phrases, the *maya* of words.... I did not want to rely on any one....

When I went to Europe for the first time, I lived among people who were wealthy and well educated, who held positions of social authority; but.... they could not satisfy me.

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I attended labour meetings, communist meetings, and listened to what their leaders had to say. They were generally protesting against something. I was interested but they did not give me satisfaction.

By observation of one type or another I gathered experience vicariously....

I passed from one pleasure to another, from one amusement to another, in search of happiness and found it not.

I watched the amusements of the young people, their dances, their dresses, their extravagances, and I saw that they were not happy with the happiness which I was seeking.

I watched people who had very little in life, who wanted to tear down those things which others had built up.

They thought that they were solving life by destroying and building differently and yet they were unhappy.

I saw people who desired to serve going into those quarters where the poor and the degraded live. They desired to help but were themselves helpless....

Then I came to India and I saw that people there deluded themselves equally, carrying on the same old traditions, treating women cruelly. At the same time they called themselves very religious and painted their faces with ashes!

In India they may have the most sacred books in the world, they may have the greatest philosophies, they may have constructed wonderful temples in the past, but none of these were able to give me what I wanted.

Neither in Europe nor in India could I find happiness.

Still I wandered in search of the happiness which I knew must exist. This was not merely an intellectual or emotional conviction. It was like the hidden perfection which cannot be described, but of whose existence you are certain....

Still lacking a fixed purpose from which comes the delight of living, I went to California. Circumstances forced me there because my brother was ill. And among the hills we lived in a small house in complete retirement, doing everything for ourselves....

There I was naturally driven within myself and I learned that as long as I had no definite goal or purpose in life, I was, like the rest of mankind, tossed about as a ship on a stormy sea.

With that in my mind, after rejecting all lesser things, I established for myself my goal.

I wanted to enter into eternal happiness.... I wanted to drink from the source of life.

I wanted to unite the beginning and the end....

I wanted to destroy the separation that exists between man and his goal....

So I set about destroying all the barriers that I had previously erected. I began to reject, to renounce, to set aside what I had gathered, and little by little I approached my goal.

So I have.... struggled towards that light which is my goal, which is the goal of all humanity because it is humanity itself.

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K. M. MUNSHI

21. Krishna at the Gate

EXT day, when the morning came, the palace of Shrigalava Vaasudeva was as usual in a e mood. Courtiers, dressed in e ornaments, had gathered for first ceremony of the day. Shveta- was there. In a corner stood Ud- a, now fully decked out as an , looking down lest he might cognised; he had to wait till dusk e Shvetaketu could safely ge for his stealthy departure.

ere were incense, colour, flowers music—all ready to go in action n Shrigalava entered the court. the bodies of the principal wor- ers glistened with gold and dia- ds.

rigalava came to the triumphant of numerous conchs. The flash- jewels in his diadem, necklaces, band and armlets, spread round an aura of radiance.

Then the notes of the conchs were still as he walked in with a slow, majestic tread, his plump face set in a solemn cast. Everyone in the compound fell prostrate on his face. When he had reached the place, near which his offerings had been stacked, he extended his hands in blessings. And the conchs sounded again.

Then an exceedingly beautiful young woman, decked in diamonds, with an *arti* light in her hands, led an elderly lady—evidently the Queen —into Shrigalava's presence.

'This is Shaibya. She is bringing Queen Padmavati,' muttered Uddhava to himself.

Uddhava missed a heart-beat when he saw Shaibya and forgave Shvetaketu for all his lapses. Shaibya was lithe and graceful, and in the scanty dress she wore, every limb of hers could be traced in vivid voluptuous-

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ness. Though dark-skinned, her eyes had a wonderful light in them, which became all the more impressive as it was set off by the elaborate diamond ear-rings which dangled from her shapely ears.

On the other hand, Queen Padmavati was a picture of misery. Once she must have been a beautiful woman. Now she was emaciated and her face wore a frightened look as it turned to Shrigalava. Uddhava could not help feeling that she was living under constant torture and the way she glanced at Shaibya from time to time showed that she stood in fear of her husband's niece. His heart went out to her in silent sympathy.

All those assembled rose to their feet and shouted 'Victory to Lord VAASUDEVA, the God of gods'. Then, beginning with the Queen, everyone sipped a little of the water with which the feet of the living god had been washed. Uddhava could see that Queen Padmavati was going through the ceremony like an automaton, while Shaibya performed the rituals in ardent devotion, her face assuming the look of one inspired. Her devotion to her Lord was evidently everything to her.

Chants of praises for Lord VAASUDEVA were sung. Lights were lit and waved before Shrigalava, who sat with stolid dignity. People sang hymns to Vaasudeva, led by Shaibya, whose du'cet voice rose above others in devotional intensity.

When the ceremonial was at its climax, the keeper of the fortress was seen coming to the palace. He hurriedly flung himself from the horse which he had been riding furiously, and entered the courtyard in e perturbation. Though the courtier attendants went on chanting, galava's eye caught the unce nious entry of the keeper.

Shrigalava held up his hand. one stopped singing abruptly. T beckoned to the keeper of the to approach him, which he did. the ceremonial prostration, the k stood with folded hands, awaiti query.

'What is the matter?' queried galava in his booming voice.

'Victory unto Lord VAASUD the Great God. Krishna-Va— fumbled. 'I mean Yadava of Ma has arrived at the gates. He say has come to pay his respects to Lord. He wants to enter the fort said with a stammer, as he saw Shrigalava's face had assumed awesome aspect.

Uddhava heard what the k said and his heart missed a Krishna had come, unaware of had happened to him, ignoran what risk he was running! 'God o gods!' he muttered.

'We will not meet such men. S taketu, come here,' said Shrigala

Shvetaketu felt very anxious the keeper announced the arriva Krishna, but now his heart sank. stepped forward with folded han

'Shvetaketu, you know his lang well. Go and ask this man who and what he wants of us,' said S galava.

Shvetaketu hesitated for a mom

'Go and return immediately. let us finish the ceremony,' said S galava.

Shvetaketu saw that he had

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and after prostration, was Shrigalava's presence, when Padmavati coughed, hesitated, a feeble voice spoke. 'Lord, if comes to pay respects, should be welcomed?'

galava struck the Queen dumb ferocious look. The words she to utter were choked in her and even her pale, hollow were suffused with red. She have fainted had not Shaibya ed her.

dava could see how Shrigalava tured the queen by open in- whenever she tried to say a word otest against his assumption of infallibility. He could also see in this vicious game, Shaibya his instrument; in fact, she ap- d to be the high priestess whose devotion lifted 'Shrigalava ip' from sordid submissiveness. vetaketu left the courtyard. The monial was resumed, though the sphere was no longer festive. *prasad* was distributed and re- d in unusual silence. Everyone as if waiting for an impending trophe.

a short time, Shvetaketu rode came off the horse at the gate returned with evident signs of tion.

er he had offered due honours, aited with folded hands for be- questioned.

hat does the man say?' asked galava.

ord VAASUDEVA, Great God,' aketu began in a shaking voice. visitor, in reply to the Lord's stated thus: "I am Krishna, Lord Vasudeva, the lord of the Shooras of Mathura. I have come alone, leaving my brother and the King of Chedi and his men behind. I want to make friends with the—." Shvetaketu hesitated for a moment—"the lord of Karvirpur"—that was his word, Lord—"and ask him for one boon: send my friend Uddhava back to me and release the *acharyas* you have detained. I will take them away with me." That was what he said.'

Shrigalava laughed loudly in contempt. 'Didn't you turn out the impudent cowherd?' he asked sternly.

'Lord, how can I do so without the Lord's order?' asked Shvetaketu. 'But I told him what the Lord stated to Uddhava: "Accept my lord as the only VAASUDEVA, God of all gods. Then the lord may be graciously pleased to allow you to see him",' he continued.

As he said this, Shvetaketu remembered what had passed between him and Krishna. Krishna had immediately recognised him and understood the plight in which he was. With the indulgent affection of a mother, Krishna had put him the question: "Shvetaketu, brother mine, you—you of all others, *you* ask me to forswear the God of gods, whom we worshipped together?" The words were uttered in a sad voice; its poignant significance had shown, more than Uddhava's indignant words had done, the depth to which he had fallen.

'What did he reply?' asked Shrigalava.

Shvetaketu thrust back the memory of Krishna's question from his mind and became alert. 'Krishna Yadava, I could not understand what I said and replied: "When I go to Mount Kailas,

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I would bow before the God of gods, Mahadeva. I have yet to go there',' said Shvetaketu.

'Oh, he is wicked, impertinent, sinful,' shouted Shrigalava. 'Is he alone? Is he armed?' he asked.

'He rides a chariot driven by a charioteer and is attended by a man with an eagle's face, who holds his banner. He is armed with a mace, a bow, a chakra and a conch. He repeated that he had only come to make friends with the Lord,' said Shvetaketu.

'Make friends! Impertinent cowherd wants to be the friend of Lord VAASUDEVA!' said Shrigalava contemptuously.

'If the Lord permits me, I will complete what he said', Shvetaketu asked.

'Do so,' ordered Shrigalava.

'Krishna said:. "For a short while I will be waiting at the gates with patience. But if Uddhava and the *acharyas* are not sent to me soon, I will force open the gates and release them myself",' said Shvetaketu.

The worshipful audience stood horrified. A stranger had the temerity to offer a threat that he would force open the gates of Karvirpur, the shrine of Lord VAASUDEVA!

The Queen, eyeing Shrigalava in terror, piteously exclaimed: 'Lord, please, please, I beg of you, release the *acharyas*. It is sinful.'

Shrigalava looked at her fiercely. 'No one shall dare to advise us,' he commanded and the words froze in the lips of Queen Padmavati as she swooned in the arms of Shaibya, whose face, as Uddhava, could see, was lit up with pride and devotion as she looked at the awesome face her uncle.

Shakra, the twelve-year-old son Shrigalava, clung to his mother sobbing.

'Before this Yadava touches sacred gates of our shrine, he will visited by our divine wrath. Shvetaketu, gather our best warriors, them out of the gates and bring to us the head of this murderer his uncle. Jarasandha, the son Brihadrath, might flee before he was a coward. We shall punish upstart,' said Shrigalava.

Shvetaketu felt like fainting. that moment he saw Shrigalava's termined face—Shaibya's eyes as were fixed on him with expec pride—Uddhava's anxious face—pale face of the unconscious Qu who, throughout life, had been te fied into submission by Shrigalava his ears sounded the question, a with the tender affection of a mo by his beloved friend: "Shveta brother mine, *you* of all others me to forswear the God of whom we worshipped together?"

The fear of Shrigalava oppr him. His longing for Shaibya tu at his heart. But Krishna's words, the memory of a hundred occas when they, as students, had w shipped Mahadeva, the God of g together at the shrine of Mahakal var in Ujjain, proved more power The struggle in Shvetaketu's h lasted but a moment. The voice of beloved friend won. He folded hands and stood with head erect.

'Lord, give me any order but t fight Krishna', said Shveta firmly.

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Shrigalava's face was aflame with surprise. Shaibya looked shocked and a cry of vexation escaped her

'What!' shouted Shrigalava.

The tender voice of Krishna again sounded in Shvetaketu's ears: "Shvetaketu, brother mine, *you* of all others have me to forswear the God of gods, whom we worshipped together?" and he was no longer afraid. 'I will not forsake Krishna. If the Lord wants, he may have my head', replied Shvetaketu to Shrigalava.

The courtiers stood aghast. They had never expected such effrontery in the sacred presence, and whoever had ever spoken in the past had lost his

Uddhava felt it was no longer necessary for him to stay there. He was decked out as an officer of Shrigalava and could be useful in opening the gates from inside, without putting Krishna to the trouble of forcing them open. Taking advantage of the shock which the assembly had received, he slipped out of the court unnoticed, but as he did so, he could not help glancing at Shaibya, whose face wore an angry look. It was a revelation; he could never have conceived that anger could look so captivating.

For a moment even Shrigalava was taken aback at the temerity of Shvetaketu. 'How do you happen to know him?' he asked.

'We were both students in the *ashram* of Guru Sandipani. I loved him. I love him still', replied Shvetaketu.

'Then you too shall die,' Shrigalava said and made the familiar gesture to his guards. 'Send this traitor to hell.'

A piercing cry escaped Shaibya as Shvetaketu surrendered his arms and was led away by the guards. While leaving the courtyard, he flung a look of defiance at her. He had broken her magic.

'And now we shall go and destroy the cowherd with our own divine hands,' said Shrigalava. 'Master of Chariots, bring forth our chariot. Master of Arms, bring out our great bow. The God of Death is calling the Yadava'.

Soon the magic chariot came. It was a four-wheeled, gold-studded vehicle, drawn by four horses of Karvirpur breed, small, lanky but sturdy. Two charioteers, with shining gold breastplates, waistband and armlets, drove it. Eight guards stood on it, wooden clubs in hand. And Shrigalava's banner fluttered bravely from a pole held by a warrior.

Shrigalava took his mighty bow. His quiver, studded with gems, was held for him by an attendant. He stepped on to the chariot and took his seat on the highly-placed throne. And on that magnificent seat, dressed in gold and shining jewels, he looked a divinity of wealth and power.

[*To be continued*]

The shadow belongs to the light as the evil belongs to the good and vice versa. —C. G. Jung.

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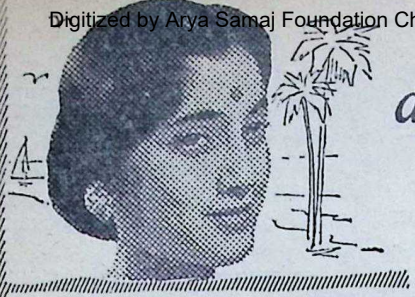

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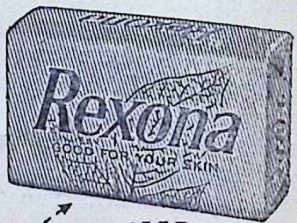

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Who but
the Son of God
could say
to His persecutors
"Father,
"forgive them,
"for they know not
"what they do"?

THE LAST ACT

Fulton Oursler

IT was high noon as workmen arranged the crosses on the ground. The three condemned prisoners stood together—Dysmas and Gestas and Jesus, while the soldiers shoved back the crowd and the common workmen disposed the crosses in the ground near the holes and heaps of fresh earth.

It was a quick business; the three victims were tired out, inert, incapable of resistance. They stretched Jesus out on the prostrate device, fingers in His armpits and palms forcing down His thighs and holding His head in the middle of the crosspiece and they held Him so while they hammered huge pointed spikes through His palms—then nailed His feet to the main piece. Up now, hoist high, and dump the foot of the cross in the open hole.

On the hill of Calvary the crowd of watchers was growing constantly, in a vast half-moon of concentrated attention before the figure on the central cross.

Jesus, turning from the tapestry of faces, murmured to the sky: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

* * *

"I thirst," said Jesus.

So the monstrous-conscienced guards prepared for Him a cup of wine mixed with myrrh and gall and bile. He would not drink it. His last cup on this earth was the chalice of the communion at the Last Supper. The leering fools who had mixed up the filthy mess could not force it down His throat, so there was nothing left for them to do but to spill all of it on the ground.

Calmly He hung there, suspended, as the guards who had nailed Him up threw dice for His robe which was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They had taken all His garments and divided them into four parts—one for each soldier. But when they looked at that beautiful seamless robe one of them proposed: "Let's not tear it. Let's cast lots for it, whose it shall be."

It was while the soldiers were throwing the dice that Jesus looked down and saw that He was not alone. Moving slowly forward through the crowd, coming ever closer to the cross, were three women—three Marys close at

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hand. Mary, His mother, stood at the foot of the cross. And Mary, the wife of Cleophas, His mother's sister, knelt beside her; Mary of Magdalen, out of whom he had cast seven devils, was prostrate on the earth.

With a sudden access of strength Jesus called out in the premature gloaming that was creeping in:

"Woman, behold your son!"

With infinite tenderness He called to her; and then, turning to John, the drops of sweat glistening on His neck and forehead and cheeks, He summed up all the concern and compassion in His heart in these words to His dear follower: "Behold your mother!"

And from that day on John would be like another son to Mary. But his devotion was a symbol of a greater service, for Jesus had spoken to mankind, had showed all living the symbol of motherhood.

The slowly darkening indigo sky was losing its deep violet blue and turning to black. The agony of the gentle prisoner, the memory of His good works, the wailing of the women all helped to change the mood of the watchers. Twice He had spoken from the cross: once to pray for the soldiers even at the very moment they were enforcing the tent pegs through His hands; and again when He spoke to His mother. The compassion of the suffering man moved the people to a dangerous sympathy, so back came the priests with their troupe and they began to jape:

"He saved others; let Him save Himself if He be Christ, the elect of God."

But there were some who noticed that as the darkness deepened a small light shone behind His head, and that it grew more luminous as death came ever nearer.

But Dysmas, on the right-hand cross, called back to him:

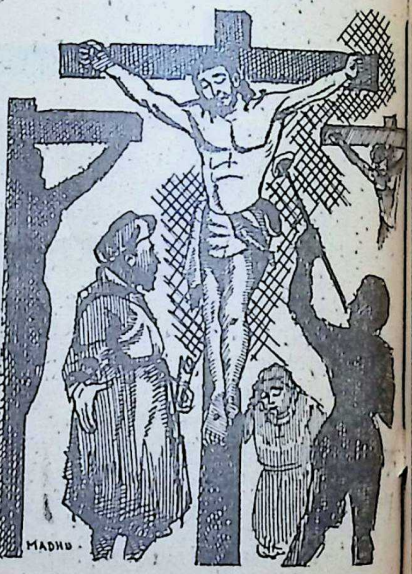
"Neither do you fear God, seeing that you are under the same condemnation. And we, indeed, justly—because we receive the due reward of our deeds. But this man has done no evil."

Then, turning his head toward the Master, he said with pleading sweetness, amazing in so rough a voice:

"Lord, remember me when you shall come into your kingdom."

"So be it, I say to you—this day you shall be with me in Paradise."

The storm was gathering its darkness now; the air of the black sirocco was getting murkier by the minute



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...h a wrack of clouds and dark ...ating vapour scudding across the ...

...It was close upon 3 o'clock in the ...ternoon, when, for the fourth time, ...ey heard Jesus speak:

"*Eloi, Eloi, Lamma sabacthani!*"

What Jesus had said was: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

With an unearthly smile down upon His mother and His other loved ones, Jesus had spoken the words as King David anciently predicted; without further protest He let the vinegar from the sponge pour down into His parched throat and He spoke the sixth time from the cross:

"It is consummated."

Caiphas then knew what that meant. "It is consummated!"

Having said that He took a deep breath and spoke out softly, spoke as Mary remembered He would often speak when He was a boy, falling off to sleep, on His bed in Nazareth—softly and with a tone of surrender and relief:

"Father, into your hands I commend my spirit."

And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost.

Thus it was that Jesus of Nazareth died, about 4 o'clock in the murky air of Good Friday afternoon, April 7, A.D. 30.

[Condensed from "The Greatest Story Ever Told"; *Courtesy:* The Author]

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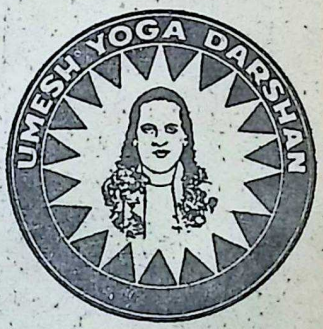

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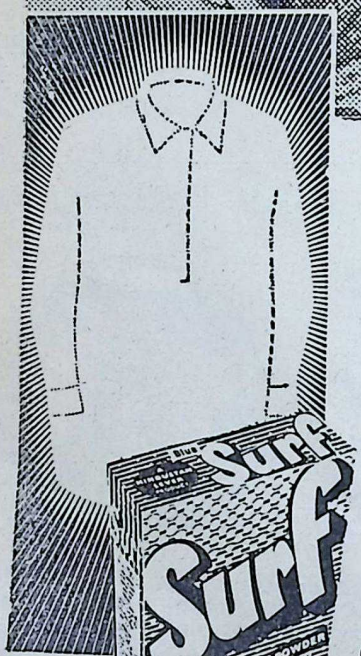
SURF IN THE MODERN HOME ...



'THE SORT OF CHANGE I LOOK FOR . . .'

says social worker
Mrs NOREEN AMOLIK of Bombay

'THE SORT OF CHANGE I look for is in the home,' says social worker Mrs Noreen Amolik.

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NEW GUJARAT

Diary Notes

LILAVATI MUNSHI

FOR a long time I had been thinking of visiting Gujarat. I felt that although I had visited many parts of India and some countries of the world, I had only seen a few cities of Gujarat, and that too, very recently. I was not really well acquainted with what it is now. I had always taken for granted my connection with Gujarat; now when I no longer belonged to it, the desire to see its progress grew!

There were three objects of my recent 16 days' tour of Gujarat. Firstly, as mentioned above, to see the new Gujarat and its development; secondly, to see the railway stations on behalf of the National Railway Users' Consultative Committee and find out how they were functioning; and thirdly, if possible to establish a branch and sub-branches of the All-India Women's Central Food Council and also to interest people in planning kitchen-gardens and growing vegetables.

With regard to the inspection of railway stations I felt that officially conducted tours did not give the same idea as an independent one. The Railway Board had circulated to the members that those who cannot join their conducted tours may visit areas of their choice independently, provided they forego their allowances. Many times the time selected by the Railways did not suit me. This time I thought I had better begin my tour with Gujarat which is nearer Bombay and where I was acquainted with people.

Now about the third object. During the annual conference of the All-India Women's Central Food Council held at Chandigarh in February last, it was decided that the office-bearers of the Central Food Council should tour and assess the work done by the State Councils and that new branches in suitable areas for furthering the aims and objects of the Council should be opened and vegetable-growing should be encouraged.

So with these three objects in view I undertook a tour of Gujarat for 16 days which covered areas up to Ahme-

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dabad. I had thought of going further covering Palanpur, Kutch and Kandla, but a little accident prevented me from doing so. This is by way of explaining the objects of my visit. I shall now narrate my experiences in the form of a diary.

●●●

We started from Bombay on the 8th March by the Gujarat Mail and reached Anand on the 9th morning at 5-30. We mean, myself, my secretary Sri Sivaram and Dattu, the servant. We drove to the Institute of Agriculture and in two hours' time, i.e., at 7-30 a.m. we left by car for Khambhat to go to Dhuaran. From Anand, Sri Maganbhai Patel, Director of the Institute of Agriculture, Sri Shanabhai and Sri Kapur, the Railway Inspector, accompanied us.

We reached Khambhat which is about 35 miles away from Anand where we changed our car for a jeep and proceeded towards Dhuaran which was further 12 miles away. At Khambhat Sri Sundararajan and Sri Hotchandani, the engineers of Dhuaran, joined us.

The approach to Dhuaran is through a low-lying silted coastal area which is still being flooded now and then by sea-water. The site of Dhuaran itself is situated where the river Mahi meets the sea. While passing through that track, it struck me that this land could be permanently reclaimed. On enquiry I was told that some Dutch experts were being consulted in this matter. On our way to Dhuaran we saw a large number of goats and other animals grazing, and some moving carts, led by nomads carrying their children and household goo on their back. There were some *bab* shrubs here and there and some gra stubs too, proving that the land, w not barren. If this land could be re claimed and even *babul* trees we grown, it could be a good forest f fuels and also good grass land. Th reminded me of Israel and what the have done with their waste lands.

By about 9 a.m. we reached Dhu ran where a thermal station is bei erected. When it is ready, it will ge rate 2,50,000 kw. of electricity.

There are lots of firm soil ne Dhuaran itself. The place is fallo at present, but it is a fertile lan where vegetable and trees could b grown. The site must be about 5 feet above the sea level. From th high level where we were standing we could see a sheet of water up t a long distance. It was the *'sangam'* of the river Mahi and the sea. Every day the tidal waters of the sea trave eight miles into the Mahi river and turn back. This force of tidal water is to be utilised for working the Dhua ran project. In a few months' time therefore this locality will be trans formed. A new railway line is being

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...t. 1961

...from the Ras side, which, when ... will bring material quickly, ...gs will go up, the thermal sta... will be erected, trees will grow ... the whole landscape will be ...formed. It will be all different ... I would call it the beginning of ...ighty Gujarat of future. We re...ed inspired.

...n the way back we again return... to Khambhat and started in the ...osite direction to see the oil and ...plant sites which are six miles ... from Khambhat itself. There ...e *khajura* (date palms), mango ... other trees on both sides. I do ...describe the oil and gas plant site ...e as a lot has been written about ...already in the press.

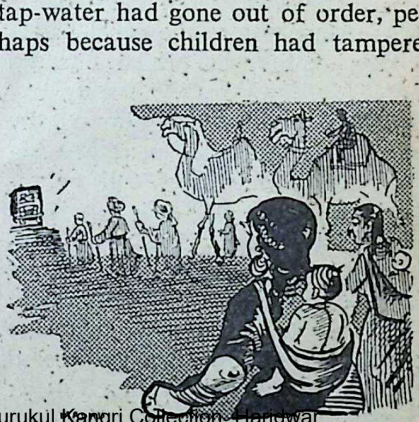
...On our way back to Khambhat we ...e a house of Muslim artisan who ...s cutting Akik, agate and other co... ...ured stones to different shapes. A ...k trade in these stones is carried on ...n this place. We were told that ...re were weavers too.

Thereafter we went to the Kham...at Railway Station, as the purpose ...my travels included inspections of ...way stations. We had gone to the ...ion unannounced. The cleanliness ...the station was found to need a ...t deal of improvement.

On the way back we went on dis...ing many problems. One of the ...rvations made by Sri Sundarara... struck me to be very true. "Every ...blem has a solution unless it is ...ed up with persons or politics." By the time we returned to Anand ...as nearly two o'clock in the after...on.

In the evening I visited the Institute's ...me Science School, where I spoke to the trainees. Thereafter we went to a 'Balwadi' at a nearby village where many villagers—more women than men and many children—had gathered. The slogan recited by the Balwadi children struck me to be quite novel: The teacher shouted "Whose hands are dirty," the children replied in chorus: "Not mine, not mine," The slogan went on to say, "whose teeth are dirty," "whose eyes are dirty" and "whose hair were dirty" and each time they replied in chorus: "Not mine, not mine." And still every child showed signs of dirt! Anyway these slogans made them conscious about it and very soon, I am sure, cleanliness will be the rule.

In the gathering were many Muslim women who were quite bold. I talked to the gathering about the slogans of the children which I said could be turned into a reality. I also spoke about the vegetable-growing in their home yards. Some of the Muslim women began to argue, "Sister, first bring us the tap-water, we will do everything afterwards." The pump of the village-well providing them with tap-water had gone out of order, perhaps because children had tampered



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with it. However, I was quite glad to see them so bold in making demands. Most of the men were quiet and silent.

On our return we visited the Anand station. Sri Kapur, the Railway Inspector, and the Station Master took us round. Anand is a busy station. What struck me was that most of the catering trollies were mostly serving fritters, *chivada* and other gram preparations. "The eating habits of Gujaratis do need a change," I mused. As I am writing a separate report on the railways, I had better leave my observation of the station at that.

On return we went to Sri H. M. Patel's place, told him about our visit to Dhuaran and Khambhat and my observations about trees. But I shall give the list of trees which I saw in this area or which can be easily grown a little later.

The next day on 10th morning at 7-30, we started by car from Anand to go to Dohad via Godhra. We mean Sri Shanabhai, Sri Sivaram, myself and my servant Dattu who was following us in a jeep with the luggage.

While travelling in the car I had a few random thoughts which I would like to jot down here. During my travel to Khambhat and now on the road to Godhra I could see that Kheda (Kaira) district was full of tobacco plantation. In India ten lakhs of acres are under tobacco cultivation, out of which sixty per cent, I was told, was grown in Kaira and Andhra alone. While looking at the big tobacco fields, a thought crossed my mind. 'Suppose Sir Walter Raleigh had not brought tobacco plant to England, how many millions of rupees would have been saved and not ended in smoke.' Supposing the habit of smoking had not travelled from Europe to India, how much more land could have been spared for food cultivation? How many more million tons of foodgrains could have been grown, how much more milk and vegetables people could have been able to afford.

Tobacco is a cash crop. The income from it is more than double the income from wheat crop. In this age evidently the easiest way to make money seems to be to encourage people to develop some bad habit. More and more young men, even boys, have started smoking, not because all of them enjoy it, but it is a fashion, a badge of being considered progressive —civilised. All cinema heroes do it and so it must be copied. Even girls have started smoking in order to show that they have broken the bondage of the society. They also feel that this was the way to establish equality with men. Sometimes they even do it with a view to attract men, just as some of them dress in a particular way.

The cactus hedges were everywhere; they are only seen in Gujarat and nowhere else.

But there were not many roadside trees on the way to Godhra. Near the city there were some. Some of the trees I saw on the road were teak, Indian Butter tree, flame of the forest, and mangoes. The soil in these parts is stony. The principal crop in Panchmahal is maize and groundnut. Rice is also grown if there is good rainfall during the year.

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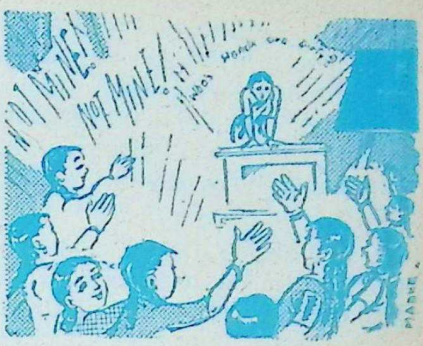
During World War II the European ...ers indiscriminately cut down ...s for war purposes and so the jun... in the area were destroyed. Once ...re was a flourishing home trade of ...earing dishes and cups out of dried ...es of the flame of the forest. ...erally those were prepared by wo... and extensively used in caste ...s. Now its place is taken by ...ss thalies and katoras.

Aravalli hills provided a backdrop ...the distant scene, Abu being the ...est point of the chain. The rain... in the Dohad area is 20" to 25". ...mentioned earlier, the soil is stony, ...t good for growing trees. After ...ving Godhra we saw some sparse ...ngle still existing.

Seeing this jungle, it struck me that ...resters are not trained in Gujarat. ...ayway I did not come across any ...resters working in Gujarat. I felt ...at an active and imaginative forest ...nister can restore the green glory ...f Panchmahal and turn it into a ...Nandavan' (Heavenly forest) in ten ...ars' time.

In Godhra Smt. Lilavati Pandya ...om the Congress House joined us ...d we reached Dohad at about 11-15 ...here we stayed at the District ...ungalow. After leaving our luggage ...here, we went immediately to the ...hil Seva Mandal Kanya Ashram ...here Sri Dayabhai Naik, the Pre...dent of the Bhil Seva Mandal who ...so is the Secretary of the Adim Jati ...eva Sangh, and Rupajibhai met us. ...is Ashram is a hostel for Bhil girls ...ho are being trained and taught. ...n Naik struck me to be a very cap... man. After taking lunch at his



place we returned to the District Bungalow at 1-15 and after a little rest, at about 2-30 we again started for Jesawada Ashram. This Ashram is a '*Sagan*' Kshetra as well. Here also a number of Bhil girls and boys live and have their education and training in village work.

After visiting the Ashram I spoke to the assembly, among other things, on the necessity of tree-planting and vegetable-growing.

On our way to the Jesawada Ashram which was about 12 miles from Dohad I saw the desolate hills which once had thick jungles. The fields were quite barren. Aravalli hills overlook this area and one could imagine the glory of the landscape if it were studded with mighty trees. There are a large number of undulating hills which, a barren at present, could be planted with trees by the Forest Department of New Gujarat. I am sure in course of time they will do it.

At present on account of scanty rainfall there was a general scarcity all-round. People were migrating in search of work which was not yet well organised. For a long stretch no

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water was seen. I was wondering how people who were walking in the hot sun without any shade anywhere managed without water while going through such long distances. The old idea of '*parab*' where drinking water was provided to passers-by needs to be revived.

We returned to Dohad at 4 p.m. and went straight to a triple High School run by the Dohad Anaj Mahajan Sarvajanik Education Society. There are about 2,000 students—boys as well as girls—in this school. The school is working in shifts; the building is triangular, having three sections in the same compound. A large number of boys and girls had collected for the meeting. I humoured them a little and spoke to them about the necessity of vegetable-growing and tree-planting being taken up by the students. "In Japan during vacation the students were taken out for tree-planting. In some other countries they were helping the farmers," I said. "There is no reason why our students cannot do the same." I believe the suggestion was highly appreciated.

The children at the school belonged to the middle class. This provided a contrast. On one side there were the primitive people like Bhils and on the other there are people like us who enjoyed city amenities.

In Dohad all roads are dusty. I wonder whether any Municipality is functioning. There are no trees on the roadside either.

From the school at about 5-15 p.m. we went to the 'Bhagini Samaj', a women's organisation. A good number

of middle class women had collected there. I spoke to them about the Food Council's programme and of growing vegetables and if possible trees. I asked them to organise a branch of the Food Council.

After the meeting was over, we went straight to the Railway Workshop where Sri Viswanathan, the Engineer-in-charge and his assistant Sri Pandey, met us near the office. "Only four people were to be allowed in the workshop," he said. Everywhere I was accompanied by Sri Dayabhai Naik, Sri Rupajibhai, Sri Shantilal Pandya and our own party. Only four of us went to the workshop with Sri Viswanathan. It was evening and only partial work was going on.

This is a very big railway workshop where a large number of engines are being repaired. Sri Viswanathan casually said that Godhra existed mostly because of the railways, which may or may not be true, but I think a large part of the population does depend on it. After seeing the workshop we drove through the railway colony where about sixteen thousand workmen reside. It is a well-laid out colony with good houses and roads. Also it has good facility

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water drawn from Kali Dam re-
ir some seven miles away spe-
y made for the use of the Rail-
and its colony in some famine
It has a capacity of storing water
two years, though at present it is
ng silted. In this scarcity year if
desilting work is taken up by the
ilways, it will restore the storage
acity of the tank as well as help
ple by giving them work.*

From there we went to the Rotary
b where I was invited to speak.
e meeting was held on a high ter-
e of a Mandir (temple) where a
ge number of high-ups of the city
re invited. Sri Girish Pandya, son
Sri Shantilal Pandya was the Pre-
ent of the Club. He is a foreign
turned young man and a progres-
e farmer, who seems to be quite
terprising. Here I spoke on various
bjects covering several grounds in-
ding my usual ones, tree-planting
d vegetable-growing. After the
eeting we went to Sri Shantilal's
ouse where we were to have our din-
er.

Shri Shantilal Pandya is a self-made
an. He has a large farm of about
00 acres where new and progres-
e methods of farming are applied.
n Pandya who is an Agricultural
aduate observed sometime during
e conversation that he studied
rough public charities and so he un-
derstood the value of education the
ost. The younger members of his
mily are well-educated and foreign
turned. His wife is an old type of
lady, ever smiling and grandmother-
ly, but very competent. Once she
used to look after his herd of cows.
His daughter is a doctor who has
finished her studies in Ireland and the
daughter-in-law a graduate. His son-
in-law also is foreign returned—a
Manager in Sarabai Chemicals in
Bombay. His other sons also enjoy
good positions in life. Sri Girish Pan-
dya stays with the father and looks
after the farm.

Sri Pandya's father, an old man
of 86 is well looked after by the
family. The whole family is a very
good combination of the old and
the new, a cultured and flourish-
ing unit, members of which care for
each other with affection. The wo-
men of the house cooked and pro-
vided us with a sumptuous meal.
Their house is built with village mate-
rials, i.e. with bamboo and mud and
plastered with chunnam, it caters to
all necessities but not luxuries.

After dinner we went to the Ash-
ram again at about 9-15 where pray-
ers were held by the Bhil girls in the
open. Lights were extinguished while
they recited the prayers. Thereafter
they gave us two Bhil dances. The
prayers were Gujarati translation of
the second Adhyay of *Gita* which was
well-sung by the girls with correct
pronunciation. The atmosphere was
calm and peaceful which produced
very good effect on all of us.

Thacker Baba who started the Bhil
Ashram did great pioneering work.
Today several such Ashrams training
tribal girls and boys are functioning
in Panchmahal. A real missionary
work indeed. The present President
Sri Dayabhai Naik struck me to be

*I understand that a decision has
been taken by the Railways to take up
the desilting work of Kali Dam this
summer.

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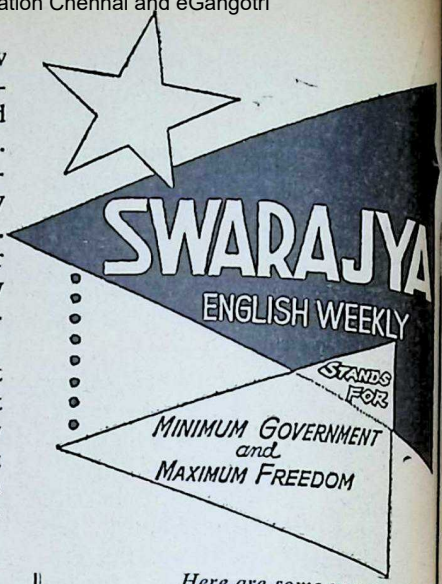
a very understanding man who knew the problems of the area and its people. He has travelled very widely and has great sympathy for the people. He is also the Chairman of the District Local Board and the Secretary of the All-India Adim Jati Seva Sangh. Lately he was working as the member of the Commission presided over by Sri Dhebarbhai inspecting all the tribal areas.

This was a very tiring day, but it gave me many new ideas and insight into the problems which were new to me. Dohad so far was a distant place and the problems of the Bhils would have been still remote in my mind had I not come to this place.

By the time we went to the District Bungalow it was 10-30 a.m.

[To be continued]



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This symposium was held on December 5, 1960 on the occasion of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Foundation Day Celebrations. We had already published the speech as delivered by two participants, viz. Shri K. M. Munshi as Kulapati's Letter No. 223 and Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar in this Journal dated February 5, 1961.

Symposium

DISINTEGRATION : HOW TO AVERT IT

Acharya J. B. Kripalani

NOW-A-DAYS there is a great deal of talk about the disintegration of our country. However there must have been some unity before there can be disintegration. If there was no unity there can be no disintegration. This brings us to consider the question, if ever there was any unity in India!

Our British masters before Independence always denied that India was ever a united country, that it was ever a nation. But we repudiated this assertion. We held that the differences in India were trotted out by the foreigners simply to justify their imperial rule. We held that India was and is a nation. The seeming differences and divisions were superficial and in minor details. Unity was the more fundamental aspect of the Indian life. Throughout the ages Indians have considered themselves as a distinct people. They have been considered so by other countries.

The nation, as the individual, is a complex organic whole. It is often difficult through analysis to discover where the principle of unity lies. One can analyse a flower in a laboratory and find out its component parts or ingredients; but no combination of its ingredients may give us the colour, the lustre or the fragrance of the rose! The unity that makes an organic whole escapes analytical and laboratory treatment.

[*Please see page* 45]

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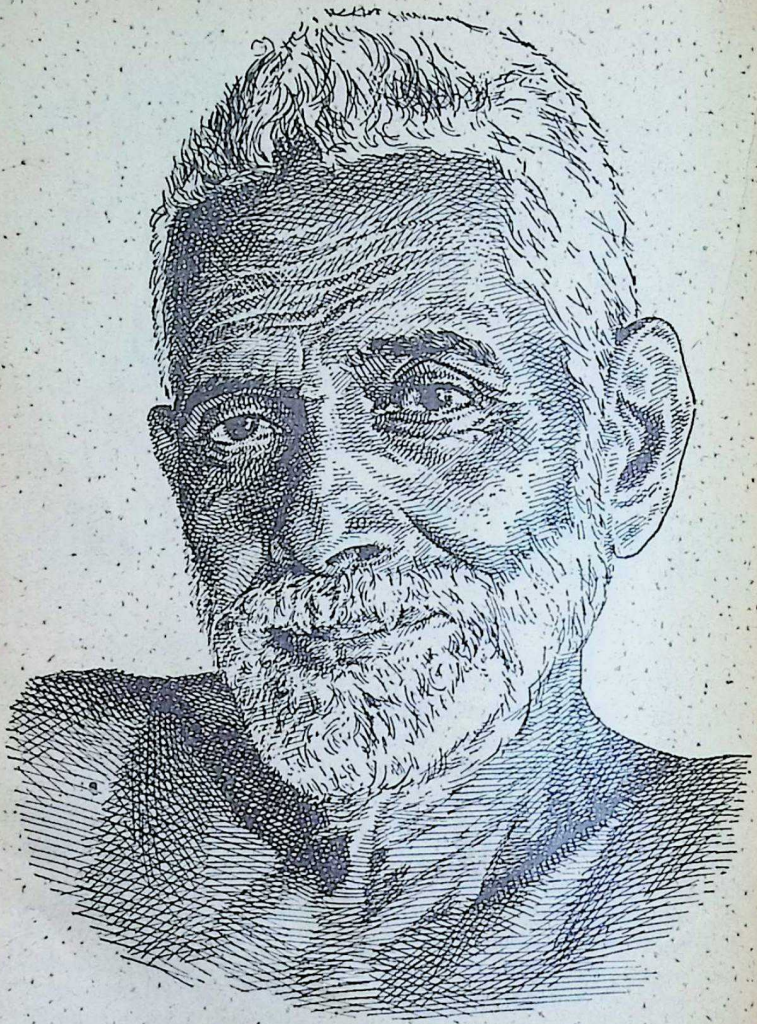

BHAGAVAN SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

The Eleventh Anniversary of the Mahanirvana of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi was celebrated on the 12th of this month.

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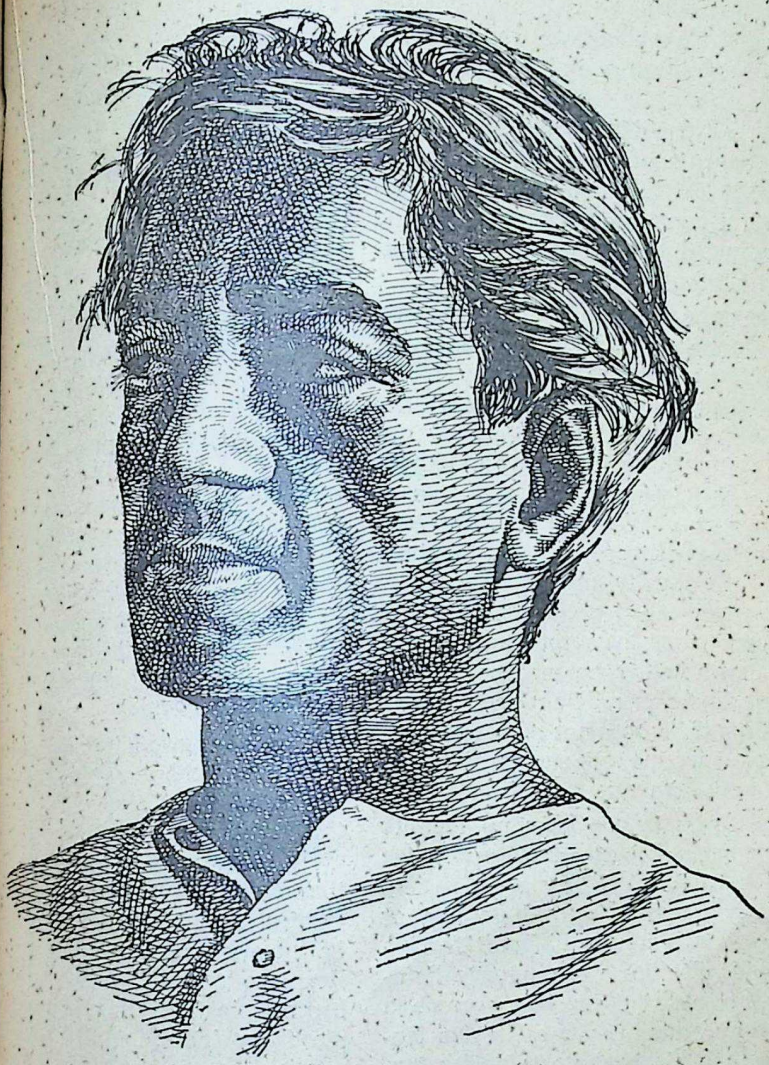

J. KRISHNAMURTHI

The noted philosopher's 66th birthday was on the 12th of this month.

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Generally the unity of a nation consists in the will of the people to consider themselves as one and united. It is more psychological than external or organisational. It is a subtle unity of culture and a way of life which often defies analysis. External elements of geography, identity of historical experience, religion, language, a common political set-up and economic interests greatly help this psychological factor.

But none of these is of the essence. The Jews not long ago, and most of them even now, are united neither by geography nor by history of the last two thousand years. They are not united through identity of language. They speak diverse tongues. There is no political unity, for they are citizens of many nations, to which they owe loyalty and for which they fight when called upon. There is not in some cases even religious unity. The Jew whether belonging to Judaism or any other religion is a Jew after all. Even if he does not recognise himself as one, his opponents and enemies seek him out.

The Swiss people have no identity of language or even of culture in the narrow sense. Yet they are a nation. Recently Yugoslavia, whose five or six units were under different foreign masters and who were bitterly fighting with each other, has become a nation and this in spite of its five languages and a few more minority languages and dialects.

The U.S.A. is a nation even though emigrants from different countries, and cultures have been pouring therein through three centuries. The Amer-

ricans, in spite of many differe claim to have a way of life of own. For it, they are as willing down their lives as they are, if be, to take the lives of others. larly has India been a nation thr the centuries—nation, not in the ern Western sense but in a more tle and undefinable way.

The only external unity that possessed in the past was that of graphy, with the Himalayas on north and the seas on the three India was never politically united cept for brief historical periods native or foreign imperial rule. never had one language, or even religion. Economically it was div in many regions. As a matter of economic unity is a modern conc tion. Before that, on account of ficulty of transport, different regi had their own economy. Despite these differences there has been is such a national entity as India the Indian people.

The latter are distinguishable fr all their neighbours—the Tibetans, Burmese, the Chinese, the Japan the Pathans, the Persians, the Mogh and the Arabs. They are distinct fr the people of South East Asia Central Asia. The fundamental u of India is such that even Indian M lims are called, by their non-Ind brothers in the faith, Hindis, the pe ple from India.

This unity has been recognised rulers, whether Indians or conquer from outside. The ambition of ev indigenous ruler was to be a *Chakr vartin* and to perform the *Ashwam Sha Yagna*, the Horse Sacrifice, to

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...ised as the supreme Sovereign ...erlord of the whole of India. ...Muslim rulers, whether Pathans ...e Moghuls, and after them the ...attas and the Europeans had the ...ambition to unite the whole of ...politically under one rule. The ...h succeeded in fulfilling this ...n of every native and foreign ...more completely. Every ruler, ...er Indian or foreign, felt that ...could be no peace or prosperity ...e land unless the whole of In... was united under one political ...rity.

...is unity, difficult to analyse by any ...nal tests, was sedulously foster... by our Rishis, Munis, philosoph... law-givers, writers, poets and the ...t men of old. They were never ...tified with any locality, kingdom ...province of India. They all were ...dia personalities and were so ...sidered throughout the length and ...dth of the country, ever since the ...n of history. Nobody knows or ...mbers in what part of India a ...icular Rishi of old was born! The ...t Acharyas and the saints of the ...ter ages too were all-India per...alities. Each of the Acharyas wan...d throughout the length and ...dth of India. They did this, as it ..., for the spiritual conquest of the ...ntry. Sri Shankaracharya, to con...date his spiritual empire, establish... *maths*, monasteries, in the differ... corners of India. Puri in the east, ...rinath in the north, Dwarka in the ... and Sringeri and Kanchi ...e south. The chief places of pil...age also are distributed at the ... corners of India—Badrinath, Puri, Rameshwar and Dwarka. A Hindu is said to have completed his pilgrimage to the holy places of his land only after he has visited all the four sacred places, *Char Dhama.*

Through the centuries the great Acharyas, the *sadhus, sannyasis* and saints have traversed the length and breadth of the country, mostly on foot, broadcasting the message of the spirit. They have felt at home everywhere in India. Following them the crowds of common people age after age have wandered throughout India as pious pilgrims, gathering not only spiritual merit but also a knowledge of their country and its greatness and oneness.

Orthodox Hindus taking their daily bath anywhere in India would recite a couplet in Sanskrit involking all the rivers of India, the northern and the southern, to unite in his bath water.

The modern great men whether in religion, philosophy, literature, poetry, fine arts, science and in politics, are all of them, all-India personalities. They considered themselves and others considered them as such, men like Swami Dayanand Saraswati, Ram Mohan Roy, Keshav Chandra Sen, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Vivekananda, Ramana Maharshi, Aurobindo Ghosh, Rabindranath Tagore, Tilak, Gandhi and many others. They were Indians first and last. Neither their life nor their message was parochial. All of them in whatever field working were passionate lovers of the mother-land. They had no exclusive parochial loyalty. To identify them with a particular province or

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Take away the Upanishads, the Gita, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata.....from the life of a region (of India) and what would remain will be some social arrangement, devoid of the wi

State is not to add to their greatness but greatly to substract from it.

The greatest fountainheads of Indian culture are the Vedas, the Upanishads, the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata*, the *Gita* and the ancient law books like *Manu Smriti* etc. These are the same everywhere throughout Bharat Varsha. These geat books have also inspired India's fine arts, literature, poetry, music, dance, painting, sculpture and architecture.

To this ancient heritage of Indian culture has been added something from Islam and in modern times from Europe. Islam helped in the development of the fine arts in India and influenced in medieval times the reforming sects in Hindu religion. In many other subtle ways of conduct and behaviour has Islam influenced India.

Europe has given us the ideas of modern nationalism, democracy and scientific and technological outlook. All these basic sources of Indian culture are common from one end of the country to another.

As a matter of fact there is no such thing as a provincial culture in India. The so-called provincial cultures are variants of one basic Indian culture. They cannot stand or sustain themselves alone and in isolation. For instance, take away from any of the so-called provincial cultures the contribution made by the original ancient sources, what would remain will be some kind of a primitive culture. Take away the *Upanishads*, the *Gita*, the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* a the ancient law books from the life of a region whether Tamilnad, dhra, Orissa, Bengal, Assam, Bi U.P., the Punjab, Gujarat etc., a what would remain will be some cial arrangement, devoid of the wi breadth and fine graces of life, wh distinguish a high civilization. It w be difficult to imagine the life of a region in India without these gr and inspiring sources of Indian c ture. There are no provincial ve sions of these. There is, for instanc no Bengali or Marathi, or Tamil etc. Upanishads, the *Gita* or the R *mayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

Again if the contributions made t Indian culture by Islam, reflected i several Hindu reform sects, tha sprung up in the middle ages, and t the fine arts and the recent contribu tion of the West of science, demo cracy and freedom and a commo law were taken away from any pro vincial way of life it will be proore for it. Every essential and significa aspect of life is common to all-India Everything small and trivial may b different. The unity of India is based upon a many-sided and complex cul ture, always growing and changing because growing, even as life itself.

Yet like a living organisation it re mains essentially the same, despite al growth and consequent change. It has kept its continuity ever since at least the historic times. It is a way of life too subtle for any exhaustive analysis. It lives and pervades every

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...ch and fine graces of life, which distinguishes a high civili...n. It will be difficult to imagine the life of any region of ... without these great and inspiring sources of Indian culture.

...of mother India. Each unit is ...hat different but has life only ... whole. Without it, it would ...e away. To any observant eye ...the recent division of India and ...an is too inorganic and artificial ...t. But historical time is calcu... not in years but often in cen...

...the different provinces and ...s to think of dividing themselves ...stically or on any other basis, is ... national madness. Take the ...ion of language: if adhered to ...ill leave no place in our vast ...try for people who, after the ...tion, have migrated from Sindh, ...FP and Baluchistan. Both the ...hi and the Pushtu languages find ...place in India. Does it mean that ...displaced persons from these re...s are not Indians? As Indians ...have lost nothing but their local ...ation, property and languages. ...y are none-the-less as cultured In...s as any others, who had not to ...e their homes or lose their lan...ge. The Sindhi and the Baluchis ...Pathans from the NWFP would ...lost in India if they did not fully ...icipate in Indian culture and the ...an way of life, in short, if they ...not consider themselves as Indians. ...foreigners coming to India make ...provincial distinction between In...n and Indian. For them we all are ...ians. Our foreign enemies have al...ys considered India as one.

Why then, in spite of this fundamental unity of India, is there apprehension at present about the disruptive tendencies getting the upper hand! It is true that in spite of this unity, certain centrifugal tendencies have always been at work in India. There were several causes for this. In the past it was difficult to organise the whole continent of India, almost as big as Europe, under one political authority. This political unity, as elsewhere before the modern age, could only be temporarily established under powerful rulers. It was not possible to have a succession of these. The other handicap to unity, as elsewhere in the past, was the want of easy and quick transport and communication. The smaller nations in Europe had in this an advantage over big nations in Asia. Yet another handicap to unity was the division of Hindu society into castes. Islam brought in a further element of discord.

Political unity was brought about by the British, helped by modern transport and communication facilities This unity has been maintained after independence. The caste, as a religious and social system, is on the decline. Religious differences as between Hindus and Muslims, after the partition, should be absent from secular India. The majority community has nothing to fear from religious minorities. It is the minorities who have got to be put at their ease, be they provincial or religious. In every respect there is a possibility for greater unity than ever before. Why then is there the general apprehension that unity is in danger?

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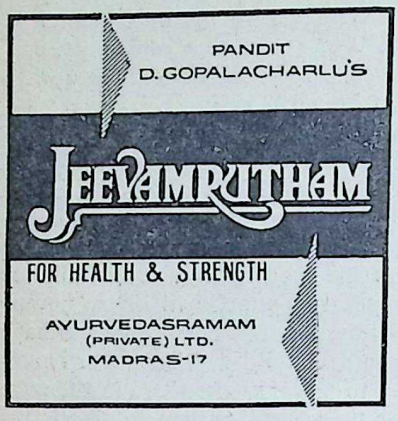

The first cause is that democracy itself has created its own difficulties. Politicians feel that the easiest way to win elections is to exploit caste, and linguistic and communal differences and to rise to political power by advocating sectional interests and backing sectional demands. This tendency is increased by the disinclination of the State Governments to deal strictly and impartially with the majority communities, if they offend the linguistic, religious or provincial minorities, for fear of losing the vote of the former. The Central Congress Government refuses to intervene and sometimes take sides with the majority communities in order to see that power does not slip anywhere from Congress hands.

Today, if the political leaders loo[k] ed to the larger interests of India, f[or] getting their personal party and s[ec]tional interests, it will not be diffic[ult] to maintain the unity of the land. It is therefore necessary that leaders o[f] all political parties should come to a[n] agreed understanding that caste, co[m]munal and linguistic differences w[ill] not be exploited in elections and f[or] achieving and retaining politica[l] power.

Further, whatever Government i[s] in power should see that all those wh[o] want to serve their narrow sectiona[l] interests through violence or any othe[r] mode of direct action are dealt wit[h] quickly and effectively. Non-violen[t] resistance, when those who indulge in it are prepared willingly to pay th[e] penalty of disobedience, is a legiti[-] mate way of getting wrongs redressed. But in the present circumstances when the atmosphere is full of violence in thought, word and deed, the use of this weapon must, for the time being, be discontinued.

The great responsibility for maintaining unity devolves upon the politicians and the educated. It is their rivalry for power and administrative posts that injures today the unity of India. It is when these classes looked beyond their narrow class interests and thought in terms of the larger interest of India, that we won our Independence. So shall it be when we want to retain our freedom. We got it in unity; we can retain it also in unity. It is only then that we shall be able to strengthen the already existing psychological and cultural bonds of unity, mentioned above.

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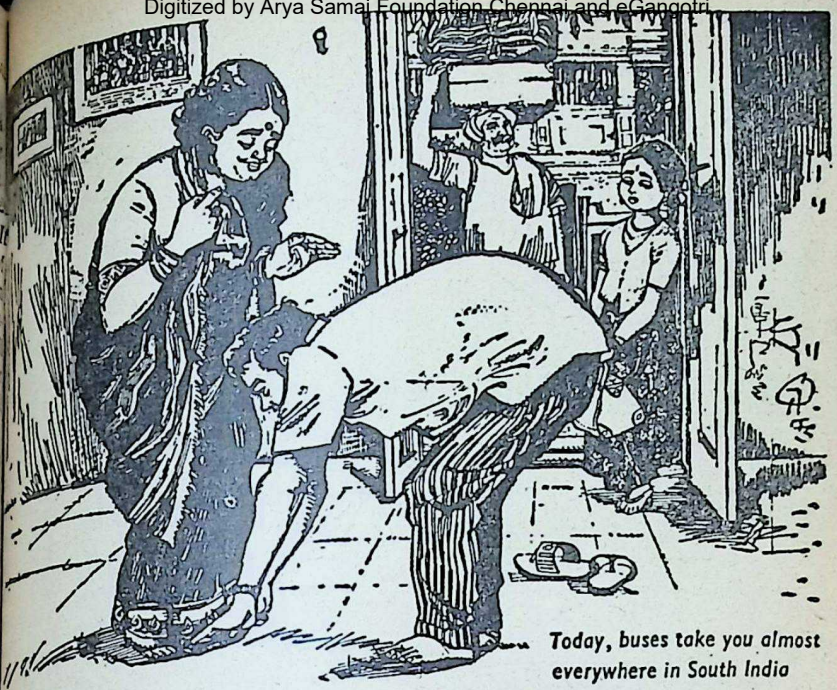

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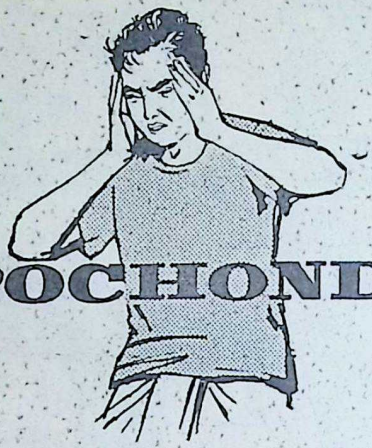
How to distinguish false sickness from real sickness ?



HYPOCHONDRIA

RICHARD CARTER

IF two or more items from the boxed list given on the opposite page describe you correctly it is time you saw your physician. In the meantime don't worry. Hypochondria is rarely serious—lots of us have it.

Although some doctors tend to dismiss hypochondria as a harmless eccentricity, psychiatrists take it more seriously, recognising that it is sometimes the first sign of grave mental illness.

The most appalling aspect of it is that it is an incredibly common condition for which there is no sure cure. It occurs not only among the rich, idle, frustrated women, but in all classes of society and among both sexes. Authorities declare that most of us display its signs occasionally.

In their awful concern for their health, these troubled folk miss vocational and professional opportunities, forego social pleasures, suffer extreme inner torment and above all waste precious hours, weeks and years that might be used for productive purposes.

Before surveying the cause of this strange neurosis and discussing its treatment let us differentiate hypochondria from other personality-disturbances with which it often is confused.

Until quite recently hypochondriacs were usually denounced as slackers and malingers, or laughed off as cranks. This unsympathetic treatment only worsened their problems making them produce more con-

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Do you frequently change doctors because none of them appears to appreciate your ailment?

Have you a complete catalogue of your pains, aches, stomach troubles etc., and like to discuss them with your friends?

Do you often read medical books and journals and compare your symptoms with those enumerated in them about different diseases and conclude you are suffering from one of them?

When someone remarks that you feel run down, do you feel a pain in the pit of your stomach?

When you catch cold or develop other common ailments do you seek the bed earlier and stay in it longer than others?

Do you feel wretched on weekends and weak on Mondays?

Do you keep a small medicine-chest under your table or in the drawers?

Do you feel pain more poignantly than others?

Are you specially attracted by drug ads. and run to the nearest chemist with the latest ad. of an antacid pill, gargle or a vitamin supplement?

Do you feel upset if someone calls you a hypochondriac?

ng evidence of their illness! Now, e is a tendency to go to the other me!

The truth is, hypochondria is not of the so-called psycho-somatic ses in which emotional tension aces actual physical pain.

A man with a peptic ulcer may be ering from a psychosomatic illness the degree that his emotions are ing his ulcer. The very presence the ulcer demonstrates that he is a hypochondriac. A true hypo-ndriac has no ulcer. He imagines does.

Modern medicine has an enormous tery of tests which enable precise ntification of most ailments. A alified doctor can tell not only ether there is an ulcer but whether re is any danger of ulcer—and whe-r the patient is a hypochondriac. hat the hypochondriac suffers is ntally. He is the prisoner of his urosis and his sufferings are the suf-ings of a prisoner.

Now, nobody in full control of his culties wants to be incapacitated illness. Why then, are there so many ctising hypochondriacs? And why e of us show that tendency some-es?

Most psychiatrists trace the difficul-to one of the unmistakable facts civilized existence. A sick person automatically relieved of his ma-responsibilities. Thus, unpleasant ough the illness may be for a nor-al individual, it offers great tempta-ns—to the weak. Thus, one of the uses of this neurosis is the premium ced on invalidation.

The earliest lessons on these 'ad-ntages' are given in one's child-hood. They start with watching how one's parents catered to the whims and fancies of an ailing brother or sister. Or may be in one's own case.

The teacher, next, perhaps exempted an ailing student for not producing an exercise.

By several other subtle causes, the

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tendency towards weakness and dependence may become an unconscious habit, a means of seeking shelter from the harsh world, a means of attracting sympathetic indulgence from friends, family and boss.

One British expert has said that the fussy coddling mother is an outstanding producer of hypochondriacs! She actually educates her child on the advantages of physical weakness and how it can be used as a retreat from life's challenges.

One eloquent tip-off to the role played by the family is the prevalence of digestive complaints among the victims. In modern homes, for instance, undue attention is paid to the regularity with which a child goes to the bathroom. The slightest deviation from the norm in elimination or in mealtime appetite causes motherly excitement, medication and even hysterical calls to the doctor. This is the first point from which a susceptible child may use the digestive apparatus as a means of gaining sympathy and avoiding troublesome situation.

But not all hypochondriacs have fussy mothers. The answer is, it takes many influences to produce a neurotic.

Now, what should be done with such a patient? No physician is really positive. Some believe in coddling—giving him fake pills while trying to win his confidence. Sometimes an attentive doctor can break through the patient's defences and help him realize that hypochondria is more trouble than it is worth.

One of the best methods of dealing with it consists of bamboozling the sufferer into turning his attention to matters other than his o health by taking to golf, garden Red Cross work, hobbies etc.

Incidentally it is well to remem that one need not be so hypochon dria-conscious as to avoid all me cal attention.

Normal check ups are good, a paying heed to the doctor's adv better.

Having regard to the high incide of this neurosis at present, pare can safeguard the next generation conveying an equal feeling of lo whether a child is sick or well a avoid making a mountain of e medical mole-hill, when they are l likely to breed hypochondriacs.

[Courtesy: Peage

Health lies in labour, and there no royal road to it but through to

—W. Phillip

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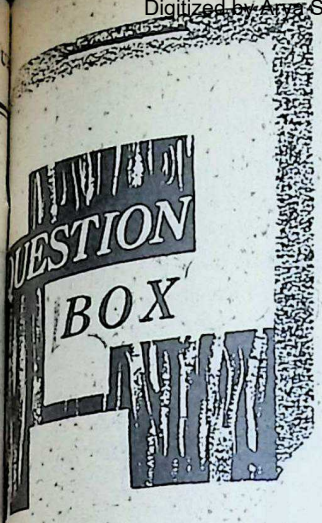

ANSWERS by

K. M. MUNSHI

891

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Is poetry meant for creating a unique world simply with the spirit of poetical insight or for satisfying oneself whether one has mechanically gauged the world?

Poetry is the artistic expression of the vivid richness of one's inner self, induced by intense experience of beauty. How can the world be gauged mechanically by the poet? For doing it you must go to an engineer or a geologist.

892

Sri Bulusu Hanumantha Row, ...ra, Orissa.

Which is the greatest in Satyam (Truth), Dharma, Ahimsa and Daya and how?

Dharma is the universal Moral Order based on Satyam (Truth), Shivam (Love), Sundaram (Beauty).

Satya is the accord between word, thought and deed through which *dharma* expresses itself in individual life.

Beauty is the shape which things and relationships assume when one has acquired the faculty of sublimating one's instincts, by a process which we call *tapas*.

Love is the greatest and most comprehensive element of Dharma. It has the aspect of Ahimsa (non-violence) when we eliminate fear, hatred and malice from our attitude.

It has the aspect of *daya* or *karuna* when it turns to those who are in sorrow or misery.

It is *bhakti* when it takes the form of intense love of God, or *parabhakti* when one sees all in Him and Him in Love.

893

Sri K. Symaprasad, Bellary.

Q: *Is it possible to secure unity without mending the diversity of the Hindu religion in reinvigorating 'Sanatana Dharma'?*

A: (1) Hinduism was united through the ages,

(a) by a faith in the sanctity of Vedas;

(b) by acknowledging *prasthan trayi*, i.e., the Upanishads, the *Gita* and the *Brahma Sutra* as its source;

(c) by developing faith in God;

(d) by the acceptance of Dharma—universal moral order as the law of life; and

(e) by the social order known as Varnashrama Dharma.

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(2) Most of these beliefs are in the melting point due to rationalism, science, the effects of industrial revolution, contact with the West and the influence of hedonism.

(3) I am convinced that the factors in (b), (c) and (d) are in active operation and are providing a new unity to Hinduism.

894

Sri D. J. Patro, Joda.

Q: How can a person control his or her anger? Please give a few suggestions.

A: (a) By developing the faculty of love and the habit of trying to understand others' motives; (b) by exercising self-control when we are angry and thinking of the object of anger with understanding and compassion;

(c) by developing humility that one cannot always be right, particularly by constant prayer.

895

Sri H. N. Ramaswamy Iyengar, Arkalgud.

Q: What are Pravrtti Marga and Nivrtti Marga?

A: Pravrtti Marga is the way of living by active participation in the affairs of the world. Nivrtti Marga is renouncing such active participation and leading a life of the spirit by developing meditation.

896

Sri K. V. Sastry, Eluru.

Q: Do you know of any reference which says that Pandu Maharaj knew that his wife Kunti had had a son prior to her marriage?

A: I don't know of any ref... that Pandu knew about the ... of Karna.

897

Sri Prahlad Sahu, Kalunga.

Q: I find that more often tha... absolute truth invites trouble... is a positive bar to the ga... of successful life. Do you ... that one can live an abso... truthful life?

A: (i) I do not know what you m... by absolute truth; a statemen... conduct is either truthful or ... truthful.

(ii) Satya, or Truth, is com... accord between thought, w... and deed. You can certainly l... a life of truth in daily affairs ... life if you make a constant ef... to be one in thought, word a... deed and try to conquer gr... and fear which frustrate ... effort.

(iii) Those who do not str... after truth never succeed. Fal... hood never leads to genuine s... cess, for nobody is ever decei... long by it. Those who live by t... truth lead a miserable life, e... if, for a time, they look 'succes... ful.'.

(iv) Again, 'success' is a word ... deceptive meaning. It mea... money, position, fame, pow... which do not by themselves bri... happiness. Success, based on t... truth, never leads to happiness.

898

Sri M. T R. Shahabad, Gulbarga.

Q: Why do sages use unholy thi... like the deer-skin during med... tion?

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Why do you say that the deer-skin is unholy? It is a natural carpet, which is clean and moisture proof. From ancient times, it has been associated with spiritual effort at self-realisation. That is why it helps meditation by inducing the necessary atmosphere of purity.

899

Sri H. Sanna Veerabhadrappa, Bel-

Don't you think that the demand of the right thumb from Ekalavya on the part of Drona is wholly ungurulike? How does it find a place in a book such as Mahabharata?

You must not judge Drona's action from the modern point of view, which believes in an unreal egalitarianism.

(1) Drona's action should be judged from his point of view and the point of view of the age in which he lived. He was a great master of archery. To him, teaching archery was a religious mission, and he wanted to teach it only to a small circle of selected students. He, therefore, decided that his skill in archery should not be imparted to Ekalavya, who, he felt, would misuse it on account of his lacking the proper *samskaras*.

(2) What Drona did, over three thousand years ago, would not be justifiable now as, in spite of birth and caste, young men develop noble instincts. However, who could say that the world would not have been happier if the atomic scientist of our generation had the courage and power not to impart the secrets of atomic power to people who live in untruth and hatred? If it had not been for their lacking the Drona touch, the world would not have been in this sorry mess.

(3) Ekalavya story, however, illustrates the complete loyalty of the pupil to his teacher's wishes —a quality which we have lost and which our young men badly require to develop.

900

Sri H. K. Rangappa, Ganganaghatta.

Q: *Can you tell me the age of Ravana when he died at the hands of Sri Rama?*

A: I wish I knew.

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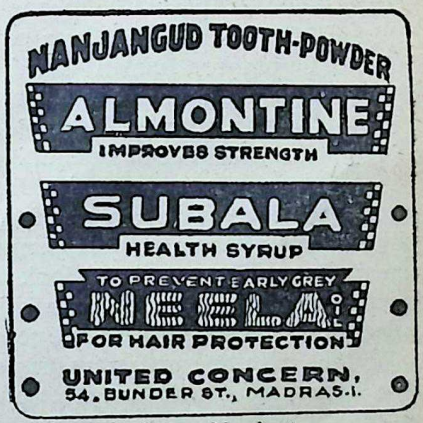

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Major Gagarin

APRIL 12 would appear to be hallowed aeronautically, for it was on this day exactly fifty years ago that the first cross-Channel flight between London and Paris was accomplished by M. Pierre Prier. And now Major Gagarin of the Red Air Force has successfully orbited round the earth in a space ship, thus inaugurating the space age.

As with all new revolutionary technological advancements, Russia's new victory too has evoked conflicting opinions. Despite the redoubtable Mr. K's protestations that Russia's new victory will be dedicated at the altar of Peace, many see in it the sinews of a new cold war. Inasmuch as each use has its own abuse too, the world has to applaud or condemn this new knowledge according to the use, for enrichment or devastation, to which it is put in respect of humanity, not merely by Russia but by other powers too which will soon catch up with her.

At all events this new cosmonautical knowledge is undoubtedly a psychological gain for human thinking whose frontiers it is bound to enlarge. And to Gagarin goes the honour of being the instrument of its orientation.

Apart from the technological aspects of the matter, quite a lot of human interest attaches to this performance. Let us have a brief look at it. Gagarin travelled in a space ship called VOSTOK which weighed nearly 4½ tons, shooting at an unimaginable speed of 18,000 m.p.h. and whirring at an altitude ranging between a hundred and two-hundred miles, in the area where the earth has

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...icated its gravitational pull, or in ...er words in an area of weightless... The capsule, as the space ship ... endearingly called, was in mid-air ... nearly two hours during which ... it completed a little over one re... ...olution round the earth. The ship ... not only sent up that high but ...essfully called back at a pre-ar...ged place. At all stages of the flight, ...o contact with base had been ...intained. Doesn't it all read like a ...e from Anderson?

Now what does one feel like when ...e hurtles in weightless space? Let ...s listen to Gagarin: "Everything was ...sier to perform. This is understand...le. Legs and arms weigh nothing. ...bjects are swimming in the cabin, ...d I did not sit in the chair as be...ore, but was suspended in mid-air. During the state of weightlessness I ...e and drank and everything was like ...n earth. I was working in that state ...ting my observations. Handwriting ...d not change, though the hand was ...eightless. But it was necessary to ...old the writing block as otherwise it ...ould float away from the hands. I ...as convinced that weightlessness ...as no effect on the ability to work."

He could see, by electronic means ...f course, that the earth was round, ...e atmospheric layers at differing ...vels changed in myriad colours. He ...rns poetic and says it was all in...scribably ineffable. The sun was ...righter up there, even as the stars. ...e did not see the moon, but never...heless hoped to, if not land on it, ...oon.

The most important part of the ...ght was the return, for without its ...ccess, the whole project would have come to nought. How does one feel while coming back from a state of weightlessness to weight? Let us hear again Gagarin: "The passage from weightlessness to gravitation happens smoothly. Arms and legs feel as previously, the same as during weightlessness, but now they have weight. I ceased to be suspended over the chair, but eased myself into it." The landing which was by parachute was perfect and he stepped out of it without even so much as tumbling!

Here are some details of the flight which are of student interest. The complete flight took 108 minutes of which 89 were actually spent going round the earth, the rest on rising up and coming down from the requisite altitude. The inclination of the flight's orbit to the Equator was 65°, the highest and lowest points of the orbit having been 189 and 109 miles respectively. He lay at right angle to the orbit to admit of normal blood circulation. The path covered points in South America and South Africa.

Now about the man. Stockily built, Major Yuri Gagarin is barely 27, has a high forehead, fine bushy eyebrows and eyes well set apart. He smiles a good honest smile. A man who dares to fly into space must certainly have a great character. He is a graduate and is attached to the Russian Air Force. During his education, says he, he was attracted to physics and mathematics. He completed six forms in the Gzhatsk Secondary School, then studied in the Liberets Trade School and finally at the Industrial Technical School, Sartov, qualifying for a moulder. When the first Russian Sputnik

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was launched, he was graduating from the Orenburg (Chkalov) Flying School.

Gagarin testifies that the book *Outside the Earth* by Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who is considered by the Russians as the father of rocketry, had clearly anticipated all that he saw during his cosmic flight. Of Jules Verne he says that although he wrote in an interesting manner, things were different in reality. Among the classic writers Gagarin is fond of Chekov, Tolstoy and Pushkin. Maresyev, the hero of Boris Polevoy's novel *The Story of a Real Man* is his literary hero.

For his grand achievement, Gagarin has been awarded the greatest Soviet Honours: "Hero of the Soviet Union", the Order of Lenin, etc.

While studying in the flying school, Gagarin met in 1955, his wife Valentina who is a medical graduate, and they have two daughters, the last one being a month old baby at the time of the flight.

In an otherwise magnificent expl... one or two aspects have ... ed to mar its sublimity. ... first is the attempt on the part of the Soviet Government and in a secon... dary sense on Gagarin's part to pl... it up as a feather in the cap of Co... munism which is absurd. That Gag... rin should be made to dedicate h... first flight to the Communist Party and the State in complete self-effacemen... is inhuman to say the least, and cha... racteristic of the party caucus.

Secondly, a French newshound ha... discovered a skeleton in the Soviet cupboard. According to him, Gagarin is not the first cosmonaut. Serge Iyushin, the son of the famous aircraft designer, had done it five days earlier orbiting thrice round the earth and that he was now in a Moscow hospital. The news gains credence by the fact that a colossal first experiment like that of Gagarin came off much too smoothly and precisely. Now why Serge's name should be blacked out is anybody's guess.

What is pride?—A whizzing rocket,
That would emulate a star.

—W. Wordsworth

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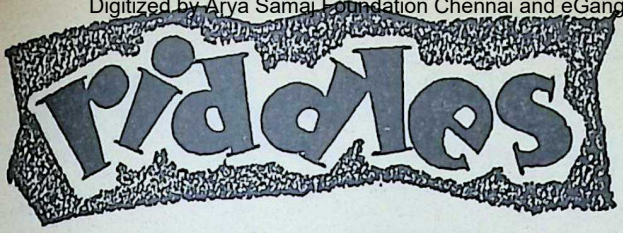

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES XI

S. D. Katkar, Haveri.

Examination invites it, medical science fights it.
Scientists test it, great seers arrest it.
Through fear some near it, though near some bear it.
Dare-devils cheer it, the ignorant rear it.
Old age gets it, youth forgets it;
The disappointed demand it, the cheerful command it.
Each one tries to avoid it, but does not succeed—damn it.

★

P. C. Vidyarthi, Calcutta.

She comes with me but never on foot,
She travels with me but never wants a seat.
She can lie with me but never sleeps;
She can share her wisdom, but never speaks.
She does not think but makes others think;
She does not work but makes wonders work.
She is kept with love and care;
Those, who love her not, are very rare.
Best friend of mine is she,
But neither my wife nor mother is she.
I do not know when and where she is born,
And again, do not know when she may be gone.
Who can she be, O, my friends?

★

Sri V. Prasanna Rao, Adoni.

3. *He is hanged but is not a murderer;*
He is impartial in his judgment to both parties but is not a judge;
He has only one horn but is not a rhinoceros;
He carries heavy weight but is not a cooly.
Who is he?

★

Sri Krupa Sagar Kunde, Hyderabad.

4. *I am seen everywhere on earth, but I am not the 'omnipotent';*
I change the colour off-and-on, but I am not the old chameleon;
I hold the light for one and all, but I am not the lamppost in the street;
I have the pearls spread on me that shine in darkness alone;
You look up and tell me,
Who am I?

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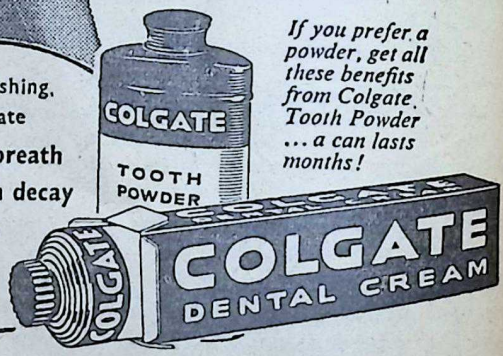

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Tapasvini

by K. M. Munshi

or

THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

47. His Highness' Atonement

WHEN His Highness and Radharaman called at the Parvatashram Hotel again in the evening they found that Uday had turned the corner, when at Sheela's request Raj joined her at tea in the verandah. His Highness asked one of his servants to bring up from his car boxes of chocolates and biscuits and a basket of fruits which he had brought with him.

Sheela was very happy. Her two days' stay in Matheran had completely transformed her. She had spent one whole day and half the night by Uday's bedside attending on him, feeding him, coaxing him into doing what the doctor enjoined, and Uday had obeyed her with the implicit trust of a child.

Sheela realised that she owed this happiness to Rajba whom she came to regard as her saviour. And when she learnt that Mastersaheb and Nirmalaben were to stay with her for a couple of days, her cup of happiness was full to the brim. As soon as His Highness made the suggestion, she immediately sent a telegram to Mastersaheb.

Sheela invited Raj to come to the verandah and have tea with them. Radharaman, a connoisseur of women, looked at her. Her eyes were large; he would have preferred them to be a little smaller. He did not like the rather supercilious expression on her face. She had more the appearance of a boy than a girl. All the same there was something regal about her. She was also, as he said it himself, 'divinely fair.' From the description His Highness had given of her, he had expected to see a cheerful, pleasure-loving and rather forward bright young woman. Instead he found her to be polite and shy, yet far too self-composed for so young a woman. Radharaman would have liked her to be less old fashioned in her politeness. His thoughts, however, were cut short

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by His Highness, who greeted her with a resounding 'Jai Mahadev.'

"Rajba Saheb", said His Highness, "I have brought some things for you."

"May I add that the fruits arrived here this very afternoon from Bombay?" confirmed Radharaman with an attempt at ingratiating himself.

Raj acknowledged his courtesy with a smile. "Thank you so much. So nice of you", she said.

Radharaman took note of her voice: it was like that of a boy but nonetheless gentle and attractive.

"Will you have a chocolate?" asked His Highness, as he held a large beautiful box before her.

"So much fruit and so many biscuits! What shall we do with them all?" She took a couple of oranges and went inside to give them to Uday. Then she took the box of chocolates, gave one to Sheela, another to Radharaman, a third to His Highness and kept one for herself. She also gave one to Gangoo. Then she called the gardeners' children who were playing in the compound, and distributed all the chocolates, biscuits and fruits among them.

His Highness stared wide-eyed at her, and muttered to himself: "She certainly knows her mind."

"Now I shall eat my chocolate," remarked Raj with a broad smile, which displayed her superb teeth.

Radharaman burst out laughing seeing His Highness completely dumbfounded. "Your Highness, all your presents have been consumed at one go", he said. Raj also laughed. Radharaman was again struck by her laughter, so sweet and attractive. She added: "The children will never forget this day, thanks to His Highness." "Let us hope that they will not expect them tomorrow, for they will wait for them in vain," she continued with the impish delight of a mischievous girl.

For a moment His Highness did not know what to say. Then he smiled and said: "Well, that is excellent. Tomorrow I shall bring some more so that you may have the pleasure of distributing them again to the kids."

They sat down to tea. Radharaman considered this the best opportunity to help His Highness. "Rajba, is your mother not coming here to join you?" he asked.

"Why should she trouble? The two

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...s, Sheelaben and myself are quite ...gh."

"But are you not preparing for your ...mination?"

"No," said Raj without hesitation.

"But, why? I heard you were in the ...l year of the degree course."

"Yes, I was. But really speaking I ...not fit to appear for this examina-..." said Raj apologetically.

"Well, then what do you propose to ..." asked Radharaman.

Sheela saw that her husband was ...ing his skill of cross-examination on ...j and felt sorry for him, for she knew ...t he would not succeed in confusing ...ja.

"Why don't you ask me straightaway ...to when I intend getting married," ...d Rajba, with an innocent smile.

Sheela found that her expectations were fulfilled; Raj could take care of herself even when faced with such a formidable lawyer like her husband.

"What is wrong in that?" asked Radharaman. "It is only proper that educated women like you should help to set up a happy family." Sheela could not help being annoyed at her husband's rudeness. However, Radharaman coolly went on. "And moreover you can never remain unmarried. Can you?"

"I am afraid I shall have to do without marriage for the present," replied Raj. "I shall see when I feel sure that I am able to set up a happy home. For the moment I am interested in seeing how all of you run your affairs."

"What is the fun of merely watching how others live? You must find it for yourself how you can live. There is no sense in being passive. The principle of modernity is activity and more activity, and still more activity. Be up and doing, something, anything. Have fun, eat, drink, get married, enjoy yourself. That is the world." Radharaman was now on his favourite theme of enjoying life.

"What would you call that 'a fine life' or 'a futile craving'?" quietly asked Raj.

"If you get married, you will find that it is not just empty craving."

"I shall certainly marry when I find someone able to teach me all this. For the present I have many other things to do."

His Highness saw that Radharaman was getting too personal and therefore intervened. "Rajbasaheb, I shall be staying here a whole week and

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would be very happy, indeed, if you and Sheelaben come to dinner with me some evening."

"I would not like to dine out until my brother gets well. We shall talk about it after he is fully recovered," replied Rajba modestly.

"Sheelaben, I hope you will come," said His Highness.

"When I come, I shall certainly bring Raj with me."

"Yes, I shall come with her. She has taken the place of my mother. How can I, an unmarried girl, stay here all by myself," said Rajba, sporting a smiling glance at Radharaman.

●●●

Every day morning and evening His Highness visited the hotel to enquire after Uday's health. Every evening when he came he made it a point to bring chocolates and biscuits with him and invariably Raj distributed them among the children of the servants.

In the meantime Uday's fever was being brought under control. Sheela and Rajba looked after him in turns, each of them sitting by his side half the night, and like a little child he went to sleep, holding the hand of either Sheela or Raj.

The more His Highness saw of Raj, the more fascinated he was of her. He also made strenuous efforts to establish friendly relations with her, but her free and frank behaviour made it impossible for him to be informal with her. Frequently she said things and asked questions, which for the life of him, he could not answer. He had never met a girl like this and did not know how to make advances.

On Friday evening Radharaman returned to Matheran for the week-end to earn his Rs. 3,000/- a day. "Well, Your Highness, have you made any progress?" Radharaman enquired on his arrival.

"I am making a little progress in a sense, but I stand little chance in the race."

"Why do you take such a pessimistic view?" asked Radharaman. "Why do you not carry her off and make love to her?" said Radharaman with self-assurance.

"Don't talk nonsense. How can I behave with her in that way?"

"Oh! Your Highness has decided to join the rank of humble and distant admirers," said Radharaman with a sneer. "You have to be firm, my boy, otherwise you will lose her."

Radharaman gave the advice out of his ample experience.

Suddenly His Highness became serious. "Please, please, do not talk of Rajba in that strain."

Radharaman was taken aback. He never thought His Highness had any scruples in such matters.

●●●

On Saturday afternoon Sheela received Bhagvandas, Nirmalaben and Jagjivan at the railway station and brought them to the hotel to stay. To Sheela, Master and Nirmalaben were like parents; Jagjivan loved her as if she was his own sister; and Rajba's attention for her was warm and protective. She, therefore, felt as if she was living with her own family and practically forgot Radharaman.

Later in the afternoon His Highness and Radharaman came to the hotel

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...ed them at tea. It was then ...d that on the following day, ... Raj and Jagjivan would lunch ...s Highness. While parting His ...ss summoned up courage to ...j if she will go out for a walk ...m the next morning. Raj ... and said: "I should love it." ... was no hesitation on her part. ... come at about 10 o'clock we ...o out for a walk."

... Highness was delighted at his ... being accepted; and he felt ... fortress was about to fall! ... afterwards he left the hotel in ... company of Radharaman and ...an.

... you have agreed to make His ...ss happy at last," said Sheela ...ffectionately put her hand on ... shoulder just as they were en... Uday's room.

... the last many days His High... was dying to get me all to him... Why should I make him un...?" asked Raj.

... What if he asks you to marry ..." said Uday in a serious voice.

... Let him ask", remarked Rajba in ... voice.

... Do you know that he is not fit ... look at you? I will never agree to ... marrying him."

... But, my dear brother, I am not go... to marry anyone of whom you ... not approve," said Raj as she sat ... on Uday's bed and fondly ... her palms against Uday's ...s.

... Then you are quite mad to go out ... a walk with His Highness. Why ... you have anything to do with ... a person?"

"Because I am mad," she replied. "I wish to see what we get by churning the ocean, poison or nectar."

The next morning Uday was on his way to recovery and all the three were in a happy frame of mind.

"Brother mine, shall I tell you something which will make you happy?" Raj asked. "Yesterday I received a letter addressed to you from England. I opened it and read it. Alice had given you the divorce."

Uday looked at Sheela meaningly and she smiled in return. So did Raj; then in her gentle, affectionate way she looked at Sheela and said: "Uday, Sheelaben has saved your life."

"Of course," said Uday very feelingly.

"That is absolute nonsense. If anyone deserves credit for saving your life, it is Raj. She ordered me to come here. She arranged things so that I could come here. It was her miraculous power, not mine," said Sheela.

"It was God in His goodness," said Raj humbly. She went on to add, "Well, then, Sheelaben, would you better return to Bombay with Master?"

Uday and Sheela both looked at each other. "Bombay! Tomorrow! Where is the hurry?" exclaimed Uday.

"I would like to stay on with you till Uday recovers completely," said Sheela.

"Well", said Raj in a serious voice. "Just as you wish."

"Where is the hurry? Why do you think I ought to return to Bombay?" enquired Sheela intrigued by the serious expression on Raj's face.

"In order that your self-imposed penance may not be interrupted much

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longer", Raj said quietly. "Well, the more severe your penance, the earlier will be the attainment of your objective."

Raj stood up to take the empty cup from Uday's hand. He looked at Sheela with deep affection and remarked: "Sheelaben is a very saintly person. No one realises the severity of her penance."

"Well, that is the very reason why her penance should not be interrupted," said Rajba.

"When are you returning to Bombay?" Sheela asked Rajba. "If you are going, I shall come with y Please don't say 'no'," she cont ed.

"But why do you want my pe sion? I am always happy if you a are happy," said Raj as she move towards the door to leave them al

"Raj, if I had not had a sister you, what would have happened me?" said Uday.

"And had I not had the good tune to have a brother like you an sister like Sheelaben?" she laughed and went out.

[To be continu

To speak truth is to be in heaven and to speak untruth is to continue in the world of mortals.
Cleanliness is heaven and un-cleanliness is hell.
Sweet words are equal to all prayers and penances.
Good behaviour is what pleases God.

—Basavaraja.

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The Narada Touch

HARMA is broadly divided into two categories: *nitya* (essential) and *naimittaka* (optional). When they clash, as often do, the first gets preference. e King's paramount duty is to personal salvation normally eds from the accomplishment of s *swadharma*; it is only the less rned that really seek to differen- between the two, not knowing the second is implicit in the first. ow, Manjura being well-versed in *shastras* was able to see clearly e his duty lay when the Brah- s explained it to him, and there- returned to his capital.

he first thing he did, of course, to perform the last rites of his father in the prescribed manner. ndly, he coronated himself as g of the country on an auspicious and later on married a girl by e Dhamini by whom he begot a whom he named Chakra-lochana. long did Manjura rule his king- justly and fairly. When he grew ently old, he handed over his to his son and came on a pil- ge to me. (*Ganga-mata is nar- this story—Ed.*)

fter having his holy bath in my rs he went to the forest and choos- a white-hot rock, sat on it in *asana* and performed austere penance for years in the tropical sun; drenching himself with upraised face in the pouring rains; dipping himself in the icy waters of the cold season.

Indra who got intelligence of the fierce *tapas* of this King became alarmed lest the Deva-loka should pass into his hands. He therefore sent for the divine Apsarases headed by Rambha and set them on ex-King Manjura to frustrate his *tapas*. Indra sent the Love-God Manmatha too to assist them.

Although normally they could do the trick with the great majority of people, they somehow felt that Manjura would not fall for them. So they told Indra: "Lord, we are quite diffident about the success of our assignment which, we believe, you somehow want to accomplish. We humbly suggest that you seek the help of Sage Narada who alone is equal to the task."

Realising that it was of no avail using people on a job about which they have no confidence, Indra now paid a visit to Sage Narada and prayed to him: "O Great Sage! Your father was pleased to entrust the rule of Sura-loka to my hands. Judging from the intensity of King Manjura's *tapas* I fear that Sura-loka will pass

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away from my hands into his. I pray to you to save me from the impending calamity!"

"Do not fear, Indra!" said Narada. "This moment I shall go to him and put him off his *tapas*. If need be, I shall take my father's help too!"

Although Narada uttered brave words, he could not get out of the misgivings generated by the circumstances of the case. He argued within himself how he, a Brahmacharin, stood a better chance where the Apsarases and Manmatha apparently felt diffident. Hence he took his father Brahma too to Bhuloka where King Manjura was doing penance.

The moment Narada saw him, he formed an altogether different opinion about Manjura. Thought he: "How possibly can this man stoop to aspire to Indrahood? From the way he does his *tapas*, I have a feeling that when Parameshwara, towards whom he does penance, appears before him pleased, he would ask for Shiva-loka rather than the paltry Indra-loka, Brahma-loka or even Vishnu-loka! Verily Indra's fears are misconceived. Anyway let me make sure of the man!"

Desiring to give the matter the 'Narada touch,' he took his father Brahma into confidence and said: "Father! I am thinking of doing a little innocent mischief to this man which, as usual, will benefit humanity. I pray to you to become an accomplice of mine in this divine task."

"So be it!" replied Brahma.

According to the plan he outlined in secret to Brahma, Narada soon descended in luminous form before Manjura who was overjoyed at see-

ing the great sage appear before Prostrating before Narada, Ma said: "Oh Mahatma! Your a has surely brought with it my s tion. Please be seated and accept homage."

Narada smiled and accepting hospitality, said: "Manjura! *tapas* is indeed great and Ishwara surely grant your wishes!"

"I am most grateful to you your blessings, Sage. If there be thing this slave can do to serve I shall be greatly privileged to do replied Manjura.

Said Narada: "What should I, who has forsaken everything, nee had recently had occasion to pass

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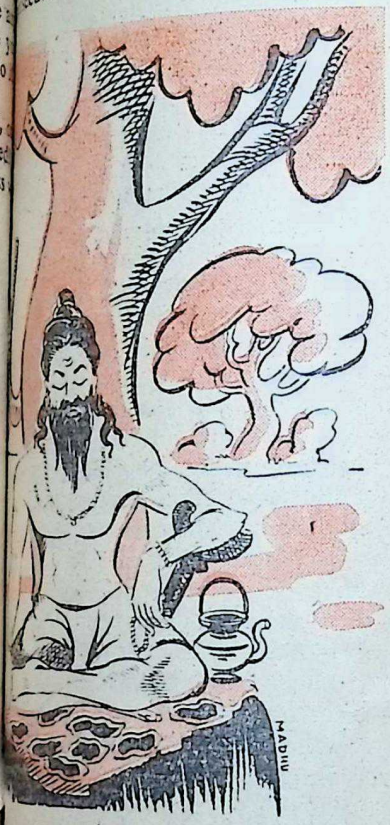
...-loka where I saw your father!"
...that so, Sage! What did he say?"
... Manjura anxiously.
...As I was passing along, someone
... to me weeping profusely. I ask-
...m who he was and why he wept.
...said he was ex-King Siddhadatta,
...the father of Manjura!"
...And what did he say, sage?"
...That he was suffering untold
...ecution in Yama's kingdom and



...e did not know when he would get released from that place. That, if ever I saw you, I should tell you all about his sufferings."

"Then?"

"I said that people of the earth would not believe a word of what I say and so, after taking the permission of Yama, I have taken your father himself with me so that he can tell you personally all about his lot to you direct."

"Where is he? Where, please?" asked Manjura.

Looking at the sky, Narada called out: "O, Siddhadatta! Come here, your son wants to see you!"

According to plan, Brahma who was waiting at a distance, took the form of Siddhadatta and came down from the sky—lean and emaciated, tears flowing down his cheeks, a picture of sorrow and affliction. On seeing him, Manjura, overwhelmed by emotion, prostrated before him and asked in a choking voice: "O mighty King! Why should such punishments be meted to you who ruled over the ends of the earth justly and fairly and in Yama-loka? It is excruciating to hear of your woes."

The fake Siddhadatta embraced his son and replied: "My son! When you went out on Ganga-yatra, much to my unwillingness, I could not bear the separation from you and died on account of that. Now with the help of this great Sage, I am able to meet you again! The great ones say: 'राज्यान्ते नरकं ध्रुवं — hell is sure for a king at the end of his rule.' That has become literally true in my case. At Yama's abode, the persecutions I have been subjected to have been endless. Even when I have such a pious and glorious son like you there appears to be no end to my troubles.

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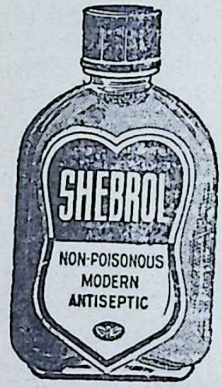

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there is no salvation for one who
no son' implies that one who has
son would emancipate, but that agai
seems to have failed in my case. A
these made me feel sore and co
pelled me to come to you as it is on
in your hands to bring about my s
vation. What I propose to do is
leave my sinful body here. Only wh
you manage to fetch the River Gan
which adorns Lord Shiva's hea
here and have her waters flow on
body would I attain salvation. Th
effort would further help salva
countless other *atmas* lying her
about. Do your duty and becom
blessed."

So saying fake Siddhadatta thre
his body on the earth and departed
Narada too took leave of Manjura
and reaching Deva-loka told Indr
what he had done and added "No
you can sleep soundly!"

Indra, with all his thousand ey
bright with happiness, replied
"Mahatma! You have really allayed
my fears. Whoever but Narada ca
accomplish this feat? As long as
have the succour of Narada, I ca
rule Deva-loka for ever! Victory t
Narada."

Pleased with Indra's praise, Narad
went his way.

When Ganga-devi said this, the
Brahmin-pilgrim asked her: "Devi,
what did Manjura do thereafter?"

"Manjura's story is greatly blessed
Listen to it" and she told his further
story.

To be continued

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Lakshmi Rejoins Her Husband

MISFORTUNES do not come singly; they come in battalions. Lakshmi who had found consolation in finding refuge in her florist woman was emboldened in the belief that her bad days were over when she unexpectedly found herself in a royal household. While she was patiently awaiting fate to unravel its mystery, however, she was struck by a sudden blow of utter humiliation. For a full year she spent her life as a degraded serf, a lamp-holder in the royal household.

It so happened that her husband Rama was reported as having met with an accident in the middle of the ocean, as in fact waging a sea-battle against a foreign ruler and after a relentless guerilla war, vanquished him. After thus enlarging the field of his sway far and wide, he hastened to Champakpur to communicate his victories and take home his bride. On the way lay this city whose ruler happened to be a brother-in-law of the king of Champakpur and therefore his relative-in-law. Naturally the Prince wanted to break his journey for a day and proceed to his father-in-law's place the next day.

As soon as he sent word to the king, he along with proper retinue received the Prince with due decorum and lavished all the affection and respect due to a son-in-law. It may be reminded here that no word about Lakshmi or her missing husband had been received by these people and Lakshmi herself had no knowledge that she was staying in the palace of her aunt. Lack of proper transport and communication in those days had made quick dissemination of news difficult.

After day-long entertainment, the guest was put in a luxurious bedroom for the night and poor Lakshmi was assigned the duty of waiting upon the august guest with the lamp. As soon as the Prince saw the disfigured girl with the lamp, he was struck by her regal appearance in spite of the cruelty done to her. The Prince being well-versed in the laws of *samudrika-shastra* could easily confirm his suspicions about her and therefore decided to interrogate her.

Asked he: "Woman! Who are you? Why are you here doing this menial job? To me you appear to be of royal blood!"

Lakshmi bent her head lower still on hearing these words and lest she should be subject to greater punishment remained mute. The Prince repeated his question and gently assured her that no harm would befall her: he would see to it.

At last, Lakshmi started weeping as she unburdened her heart to him with her whole story.

It may be remarked here that as they were married while in their teens they did not recognise each other at

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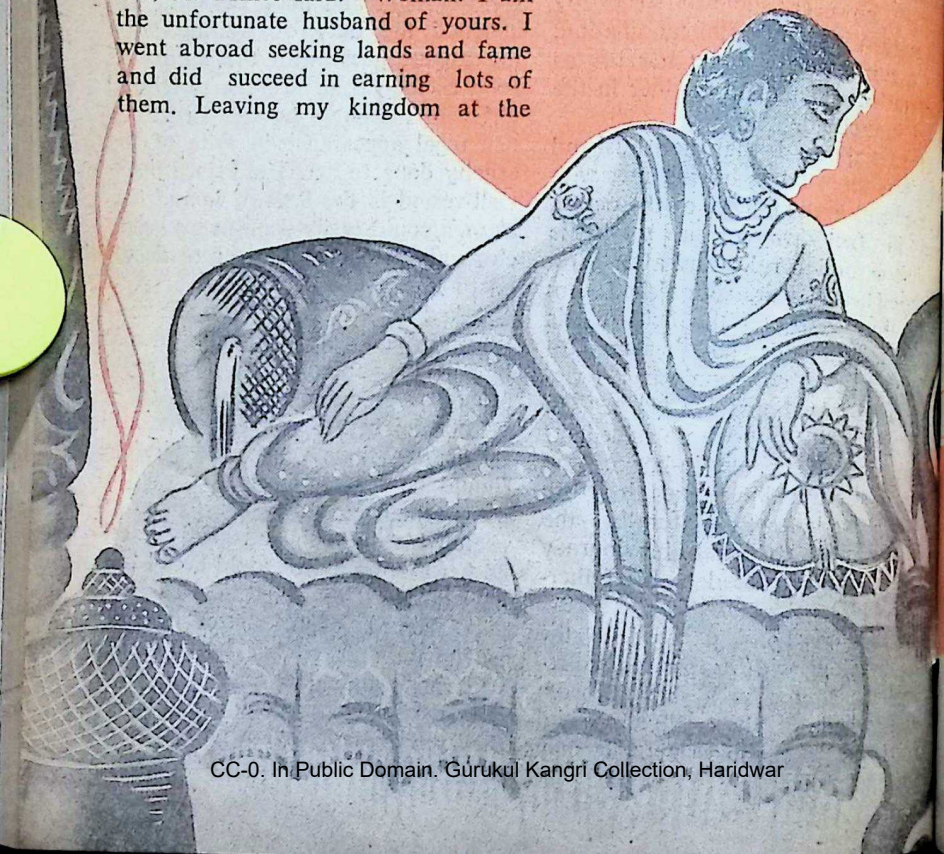
all. For Lakshmi's part she almost believed that her husband was no more, while the Prince had little suspicion that anything of the kind that did, would have happened to her. Hence the mutual ignorance.

As soon as he heard the story, however, the Prince recognised the girl as his own bride and felt angry that she had been shabbily treated by her own people. He felt it as an insult unto himself. Deciding to reveal himself, the Prince said: "Woman! I am the unfortunate husband of yours. I went abroad seeking lands and fame and did succeed in earning lots of them. Leaving my kingdom at the hands of my Minister, I came p... haste to you to take you away. T... country being on the way and ... King being your father's brother... law, I thought it was my duty to c... on him and pay my respects to hi... But what do I find? You are b... humiliated by your own people w... I take as an insult to myself, b... your husband. While I greatly sym... thise with you, we should not f... overwhelmed. We should now th... of the future."

Lakshmi who could not believe h... ears slowly made bold to look up ...



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brave Prince. Amidst warring ...tions, she intuitively felt that he ...ld not be an imposter; for she re...ed poet Kalidasa's dictum: सतां हि ...देषु वस्तुषु प्रमाणमन्तःकरणप्रवृत्तयः ...r the good, their conscience will ... the safest guide in matters of ...bt) and felt sure he was her hus...d. When the two felt sure of each ...er, the Prince sent word to his ... party and arranged to have ...kshmi duly bathed, dressed up and ...en straightaway to his palanquin ...ting at his camp. It was done.

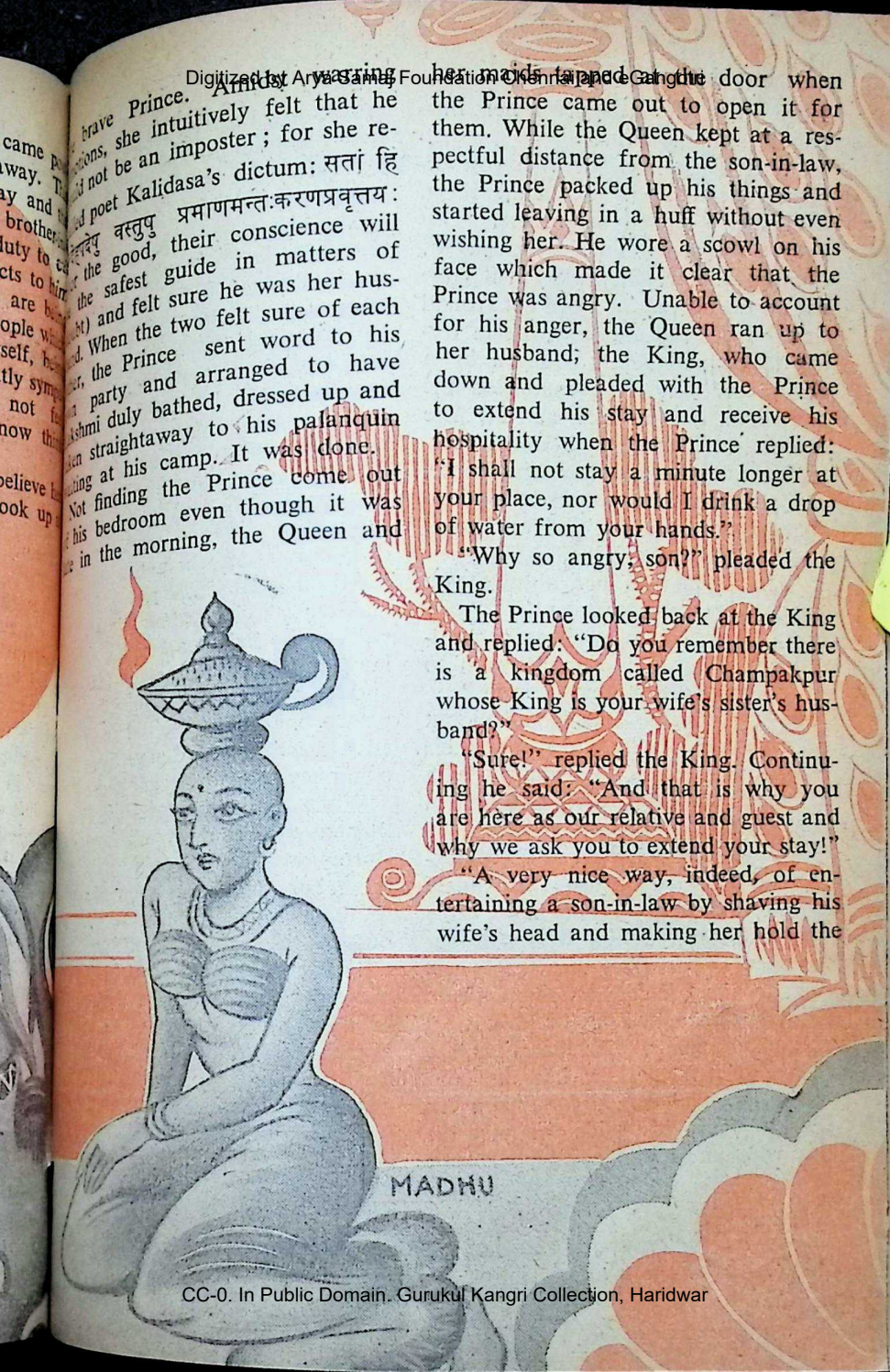
Not finding the Prince come out ... his bedroom even though it was ... in the morning, the Queen and her maids tapped at the door when the Prince came out to open it for them. While the Queen kept at a respectful distance from the son-in-law, the Prince packed up his things and started leaving in a huff without even wishing her. He wore a scowl on his face which made it clear that the Prince was angry. Unable to account for his anger, the Queen ran up to her husband; the King, who came down and pleaded with the Prince to extend his stay and receive his hospitality when the Prince replied: "I shall not stay a minute longer at your place, nor would I drink a drop of water from your hands."

"Why so angry, son?" pleaded the King.

The Prince looked back at the King and replied: "Do you remember there is a kingdom called Champakpur whose King is your wife's sister's husband?"

"Sure!" replied the King. Continuing he said: "And that is why you are here as our relative and guest and why we ask you to extend your stay!"

"A very nice way, indeed, of entertaining a son-in-law by shaving his wife's head and making her hold the



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lamp in attendance upon her husband!" said the Prince.

"What do you mean? Will you explain yourself, son?" asked the King.

"Listen!" replied the Prince. "You know I married the second girl of Champakpur. Now, while I had gone out on my adventure, word got around that I was dead and my wife in trying to commit *sati* was saved by a downpour." And he completed the story indicting the King and his wife for their cruelty to their own niece.

"I am so sorry, believe me Prince. Do you think we would have done that to our own girl, had we known her?" pleaded the King.

"That still does not absolve you from your nasty treatment. In any case, the indignity has been committed and I naturally do not want to be under your roof any longer."

Saying this, the Prince walked out of the palace briskly and reaching his camp, started to Champakpur with his retinue which carried Lakshmi in a palanquin.

As soon as he arrived at Champakpur, he sent word to his father-in-law who, greatly pleased at the news, came out and received him with proper honours. After some rest, the Prince went to the King's State-room where he was surrounded by his Ministers and other nobles. At that time the Prince related to them how he conquered many lands and how on his way to claim his bride, he met his own wife unexpectedly at the palace of the King's brother-in-law in a humiliating condition, and how after feeling affronted he had come there, bringing his bride.

The King felt immensely happy that his daughter was after all not dead, although for a moment his eyes became wet at the indignities she had had to suffer at her aunt's. Attributing it all to the working of fate, he ran to where his daughter was kept in the palanquin and together with his wife and other members of the family shed tears of joy over her. The King then duly arranged for the consummation of the marriage of his daughter, after which the Prince and Lakshmi lived happily.

After staying some time in the palace, the Prince asked his father-in-law for a separate palace for himself and his wife to stay. The King readily placed one at his disposal and furnished it exquisitely. He gave them plenty of money to lead a regal and full life.

While the two spent a life that was the envy of the capital, impish fate started weaving its own pattern for them, for, the Prince soon succumbed to the wiles of a danseuse who lived outside the precincts of the town. Often he stayed out at night. This did not escape the shrewd Lakshmi. Yet brought up as she was in the best Indian tradition, she continued to remain devoted to her husband, without in the least being affected by his waywardness.

[*To be continued*]

Religion is for the desire-nature, the Path for the heart and Truth for the soul.

—Maktubat-i-Sadi.

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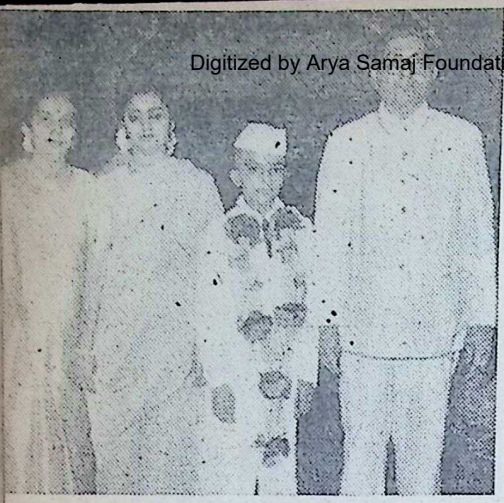

L-R: Smt. Tarubala Dave, Kum. Anu-radha Dave, Sri Rajesh Dave and Sri J. H. Dave.

NEWS AND NOTES

THREAD CEREMONY

THE *Yajnopaveeta Samskara* (Sacred thread ceremony) of Sri Rajesh, son of Sri Jayantkrishna Harikrishna Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan and Managing Editor of the *Bhavan's Journal*, was performed at Bombay at Sri Lakshmi-Narayan Temple, Gowalia Tank, on Vaishakha Shukla Ekadashi, Wednesday, the 26th April 1961. The Vedic ceremonies lasted for about 4 to 5 hours in the morning, in which learned Pandits and Brahmins representing all the four Vedas participated. *Mangalashtaka* was recited in Sanskrit and Gujarati. A very large and distinguished gathering attended the lunch and a reception in the evening.

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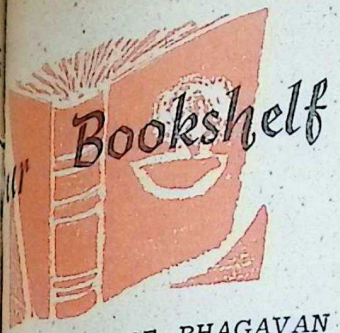

TEACHINGS OF BHAGAVAN SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI IN HIS OWN WORDS. Edited by Arthur Osborne. Published by Sri Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai. pp. 256. Price: Rs. 4.

BHAGAVAN SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI is undoubtedly one of India's great spiritual leaders of this age, yet he is perhaps one who has written the least. Persons went to him seeking knowledge and guidance, or consolation in grief. He taught them the essentials of Self-enquiry, the basic theory of his Advaitism, more effectively by silence rather than by words. He seldom held discourses, nor did he address mass meetings, but he answered almost all the questions his devotees asked. And the notes of his talks with his devotees, both Indian and foreign, kept in the form of dialogues, form Sri Ramana Maharshi's spiritual message to the world. And as the questions and answers were connected with all aspects and shades of spiritual thoughts not understood by the questioning devotees, it was not possible to arrange the notes in a systematic way so as to give the reader a correlated trend of Sri Ramana Maharshi's spiritual thoughts and ideals. Now for the first time an effort has been made in the book under review to re-group and rearrange the dialogues subject-wise so as to bring within the compactness of a single volume the essential trends of Sri Ramana Maharshi's spiritual tenets and thoughts. The book has seven chapters. The first two deal with the theory and practice of Maharshi's spiritualism; the third chapter is devoted to the question of the necessity of renunciation of the world by spiritual aspiration; while the fourth deals with "the Guru". Chapters five and six expound various methods of Self-enquiry; and the last and the seventh chapter explains the final goal—the purpose of Self-Realization.

This is certainly a valuable publication and will be welcomed by all the devotees of Sri Ramana Maharshi and others interested in understanding the teachings of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer*

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WARREN HASTINGS. By Ram Prakash. Published by V. V. Research Institute Publications, Sadhu Ashram, Hoshiarpur, 1960. Price: Rs. 5.

THIS is a fair examination of the foreign transactions of the first Governor-General of India. Some of those transactions loomed large at his impeachment. Burke called him "the captain-general of iniquity". Though this judgment requires to be much toned down, it must be remembered that Warren Hastings aimed at serving both India and England, and when the interests of the two countries clashed, he gave priority to those of his own country. The author fully elucidates the point of view of Hastings. With regard to the Rohilla War he observes: "Financial advantage was an accessary agrument. Judged by its results the policy of Hastings was eminently successful." (p. 29). Dealing with the insurrection at Benaras it is said: "He treated Chait Singh severely. But one thing is clear beyond doubt that there were no private motives behind his action at Benaras. He did everything for the good of the Company" (p. 51). In connection with the Begums of Oudh we are told: "To cancel the guarantee and leave the Nawab to deal with the defiant princesses himself was justified. To push him on and actively assist in measures of coercion against women was conduct unworthy and indefensible. It is here that Hastings....lost caste" (p. 60).

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The objective of Hastings in Tibet was to reduce it practically to the status of a British Protectorate. The book contains no index. In the Bibliography, item 29, Short stands for New. There are two misprints on p. 70.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathier*

KANNADA

STAVA KUSUMAANJALI (Sanskrit Stotras in Kannada characters). Edited and published by Swami Shambhavananda, Ramakrishna Ashrama, Mysore. pp. 369. Price: Rs. 5.

SANSKRIT literature is particularly rich in hymns or *stotras* in praise of the gods or goddesses worshipped by the respective poets belonging to Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism. They describe with rapturous admiration and deep religious conviction the mighty deeds eloquently described in the Itihasas and Puranas as having been performed by the deities in their desire to put down evil and establish the reign of righteousness. The deep fervour of the poets and the beauty of diction which many of the hymns display easily raise them to a high place as poetry, apart from the religious tenets of sectarian doctrines embodied in them. Lyrics must have started with the communion of the devotee with his favourite deity at whose feet he surrendered with all religious fervour.

Many collections of *stotras* have been published and more than 200 Vedantic *stotras* are ascribed to Sankara Bhagavatpada. Some of them are undoubtedly inspired by religious enthusiasm and attain a charming quality of expression and they are rightly included in this collection (though strangely separated in three different places). Some of them are *Sivaparaadhakshamaapana Stotra* in the *sragdharaa* metre, *Dvaadasha Panjarikaa* (also popularly known as *Mohamudgara* or Hammer of Folly or *Bhajagovinda*) and the *Charpatapanjarika* in rhymed moric metre; as for other short *stotras*, some doubts are expressed as to their having been composed either by Adi Samkara by some of his famous successors also bear the same name. *Pushpada Siva Mahimnah Stotra* (also includ here) referred to by Rajasekhara his *Kavyameemaamsa* and the Kashmir Jayanta Bhatta in his *Nyaya Manj* cannot obviously be later than the 10 century A.D.. Similarly *Mukur Maala* of the devout Vaishnava Ku Kulasekhara of Kerala (also includ herein) is one of the earliest of su *stotras*, perhaps dating from the 7 or 8th century. The editor could easil have added a small historical note these lines trying to fix the date these hymnists, the district to whi they belonged and other works whi they have composed. To cite but o or two instances, Sri Vatsaankamish whose 3 verses are cited on p. 286 according to Vaishnava tradition, th foremost of the disciples of Ramanu (1017-1137 A.D.), his Tamil name be ing Kurattaan Alwan or Kuresha wit his 5 stavas to Ranganatha, he is a fi ting compeer to Muka who glorifie Kamakshi. This latter's son was th Parashara referred to next in th anthology and was the author of th *Gunaratnakosha*, all the 61 slokas which are inserted here (pp. 288-316 Sri Vatsa's date is given as 1123-115 Parashara composed the famous com mentary on the devotional lyri *Vishnusahasranama*. This Sri Vatsaaka mishra, we are told, was almost th righthand man of Ramanuja and stu died Badarayana's *Brahmasutra Vrit* at Banaras and helped his master i composing his famous commentary.

True to its traditions, this selection prepared by the Ramakrishna Ashrama has included compositions from all the great Acharyas of the South, Sankara Ramanuja and Madhva; but the Visishtadvaita lyrics are only 3 or 4 and Dvaita only one; we earnestly wish that the editor would present us with another volume of such devotional hymnal literature wherein more Vaishnava lyrics would be included.

The text of the Sanskrit slokas is provided here in beautiful Kannada script and an idiomatic Kannada trans-

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is printed on the opposite side conveniently referred to by lay The printing and the get-up good and the very fact that cond edition is called for now the first was issued only five go is abundant proof for its reception among the orthodox

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORT HISTORY OF SRI KOODLI NGERI MUTT (Kannada). By I. narao. Published by the author, 72, Second Road, Chacarajapet, galore-18. Price not mentioned.

DESHASAHASRI OF SRI SAN-RACHARYA. In Two Parts—se and Poetry. Translated into sh with Explanatory Notes by ami Jagadananda. Published by Ramakrishna Math. Mylapore, dras-4. 3rd Edition, 1961. s 3.50 nP.

HA'S PREM (Drama). Re. 1; *THREE DHARMA.* Rs. 1.50; *AM-ROSIA.* Rs. 2; *VEDANTA IN AILY LIFE.* pp. 381, Rs. 5; *BHA-NAWALI* (Hindi). Re. 1; *BHA-NAWALI* (English). Re. 1; *RE-IGION OF SIVANANDA* By Swami arkananda. Re. 1; *DIVINE LIFE OR CHILDREN:* pp. 246, Rs. 2.50. ublished by the Yoga Vedanta orest Academy, P.O. Sivananda-agar, Rishikesh (U.P.).

E VOICE OF VALMIKI (Vol. I.) y V. Panoly. Published by Mrs. Sou-mini Panoly, 'Ram Vihar', P.O. ozhikode-4. Re. 1.50 nP.

RRENT EVENTS YEAR BOOK, 960. Published by "Current Events" ublications Dept., 17, Rajpur Road. hra Dun. pp. 661, Rs. 5.

PLEASANT SURPRISE AND THER STORIES. By I.L.N. Sastry. ublished by Navya Bharati Publi-ations, 760, Himayatnagar, Hydera-d. (A.P.).

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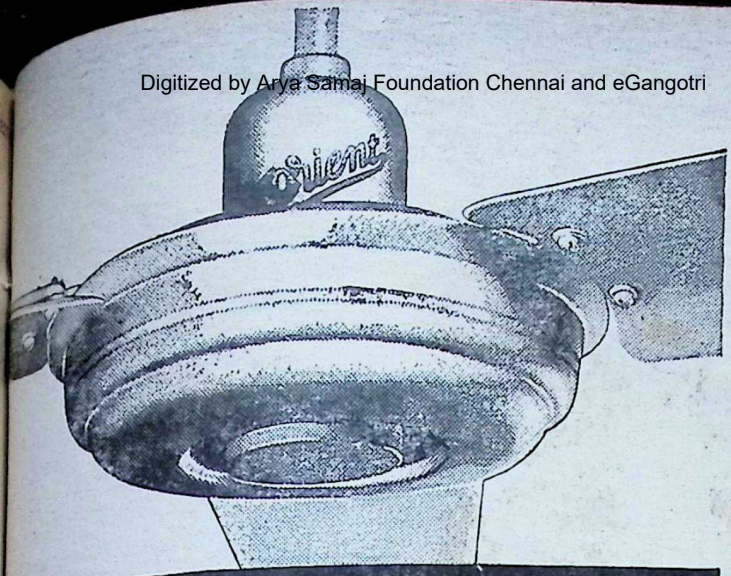

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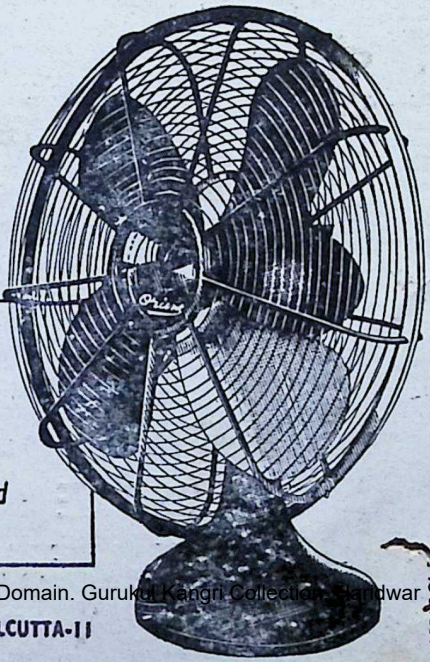

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BHAVAN JOURNAL

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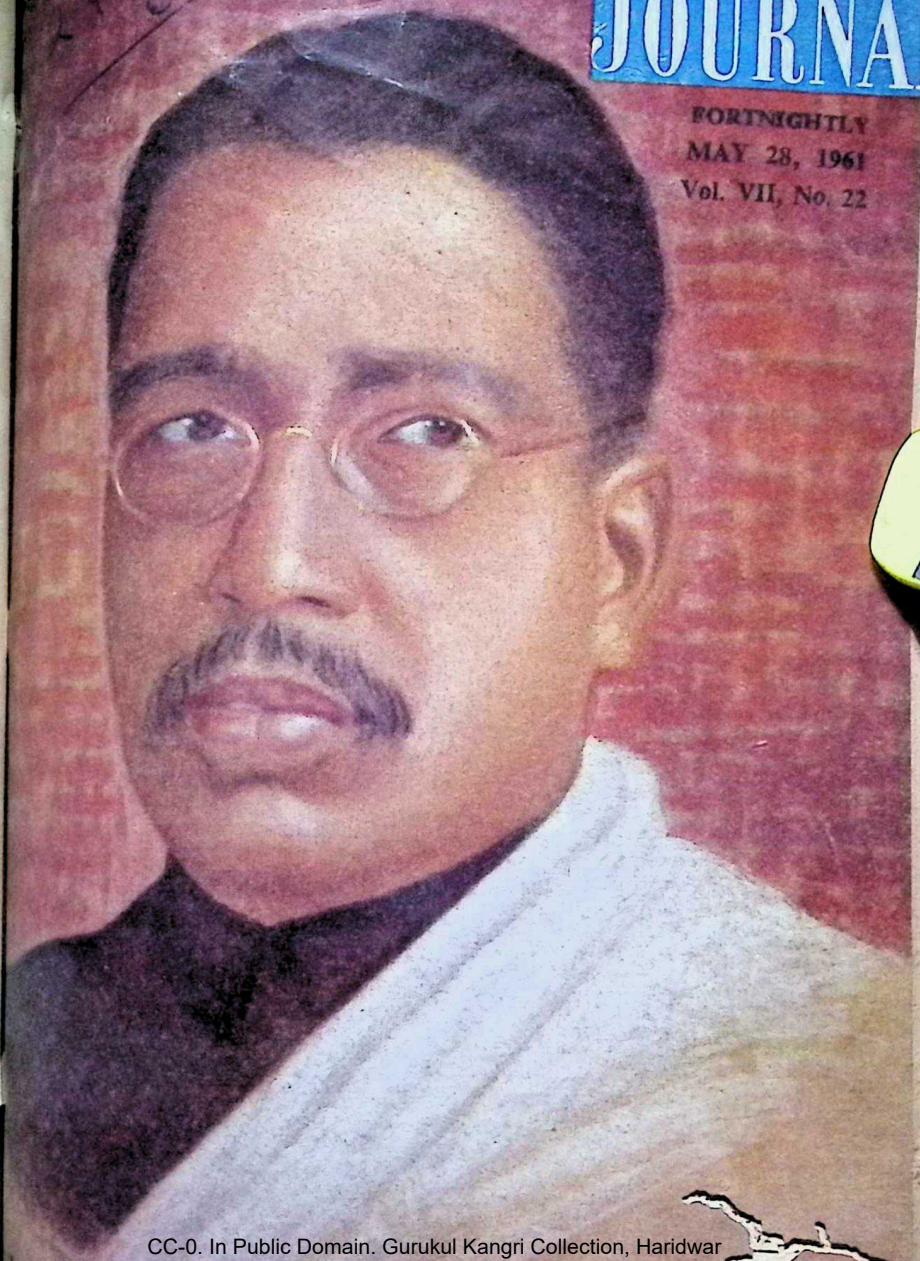

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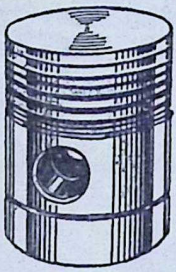

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Vol. VII, No. 22 MAY 28, 1961

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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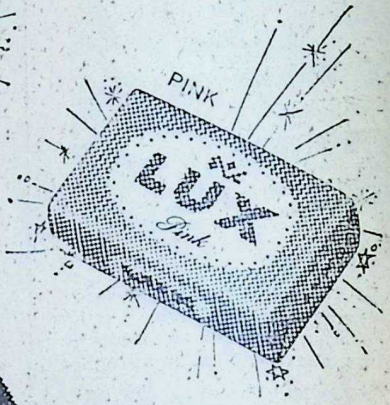

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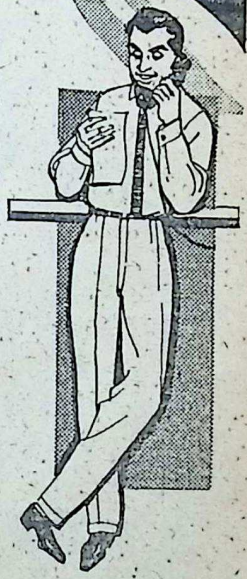

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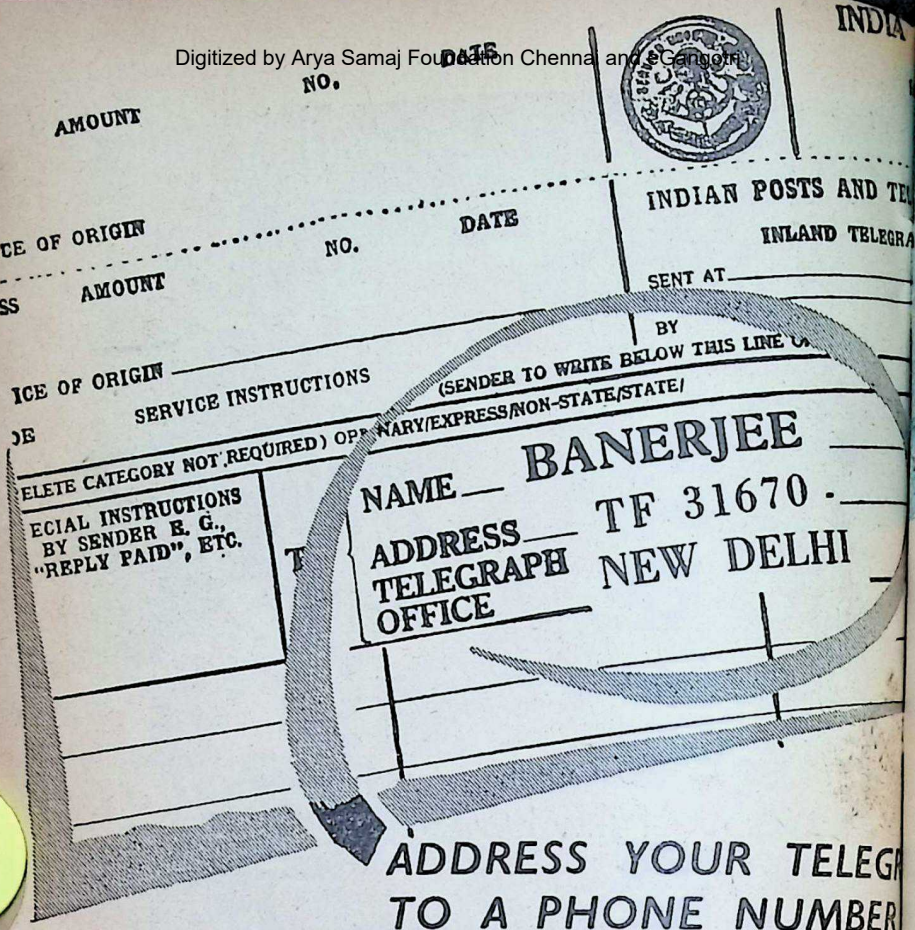

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side.
—Rigveda, I-98-1

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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VOL. VII — MAY 28, 1961 — No. 22

295/61

GOD, THE DIRECTOR

यं क्रन्दसी अवसा तस्तभाने
अभ्यैक्षेतां मनसा रेजमाने।
यत्राधि सूर उदितो विभाति
कस्मै देवाय हविषा विधेम
आपो ह यद् बृहतीर्विश्वमायन्।।

In whom the earth and the sun, moving in their fixed orbits support all creatures, Wherein the sun rises and fully shines forth, the vital air thrives and space becomes manifest, Him should the preceptors and guides of mankind by means of right knowledge look up to.

Let us all, undergoing fitting spiritual discipline, adore that All-blissful God with heart and soul.

—Yajurveda, XXXII-7

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 232

POLICE METHODS IN THE PUNJAB ★ JAYAPRAKASH'S DETENTION ★ PARDIVALA CASE

II

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVA
BOMBAY.

MAY 28, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my Letter No. 231 dated May 14, 1961, I told you of how in 1944 I came to appear in the cases of Jayaprakash Narayan and Barrister Pardivala before the Lahore High Court. I will now resume the narrative about the contempt proceedings adopted by Pardivala against D.I.G. Wace, Superintendent Robinson, and Sub-Inspector Mirza Asdaq Baig of the C.I.D. Branch, for having arrested him for discharging his duty as a lawyer and for keeping back his *habeas corpus* petition which he submitted to the High Court when he was detained in custody.

It was an overcrowded Court, presided over by Chief Justice Sir Trevor Harries, Justice Abdur Rashid and Justice Abdur Rehman, before whom we appeared—Jeevanlal Kapur, Inder Dev Dua, several others and myself. Shri V. N. Sethi appeared for the police officers.

I opened the case by narrating the events culminating in the arrest of Pardivala near the Bar Library of the High Court.

The crux of the matter, however, was whether the *habeas corpus* petition was drafted by Pardivala on the 11th and handed over to Sub-Inspector Baig on the 12th when he was under detention. On the other hand, Baig had stated in his affidavit that Pardivala had handed over the petition to him on the 13th after he was released.

Pardivala's case was supported by his diary in which he had recorded the contents of the documents drafted by him on the 11th; by an entry on the 12th that he had handed over the documents to Baig on that day; by mention of the fact in several letters addressed to the Bar Associations and the police authorities.

I called upon the other side to admit that the documents bore the date 11th. Counsel on the other side

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that he could not admit the fact
police officers, the respondents,
not in Court. I was surprised and
the attention of the Court to
discourtesy which the police offi-
had shown to the Court by re-
ing absent. Abdur Rehman J. was
rant. He sternly asked: "Why
the police officers not here? These
quasi-criminal proceedings. They
to be here."

Chief Justice asked the Court
to provide three chairs near
and said: "I want these officers
in their seats immediately."

order to show that the docu-
were dated the 11th, I called
Shri Sethi to produce the docu-
. He said that the documents
been destroyed.

atmosphere grew tense. "Was
document meant for the High
destroyed?" exclaimed Justice
Rehman.

Yes, My Lord," replied Sethi.

By whom? Who destroyed the do-
nt?" asked the Judge.

By Mr. Baig, My Lord."

Under whose orders?"

Under the orders of Superintendent
son."

Judges were shocked.

hearing took a dramatic turn
I, with due emphasis, submitted
the C.I.D. officers had conspired
stroy the documents.

one stage, Abdur Rehman J.
me why Pardivala did not want
Jeevanlal Kapur after he was
d.

hore was in panic on account of
terror and he had no desire
there any longer", I replied.
mean to say that he became
funky and ran away?" asked Abdur Rehman J.

"The atmosphere in Lahore was such that anybody would become funky", I replied. "Even the lawyers felt so panicky that they were not prepared to appear in Jayaprakash Narayan's application. Even Mr. Kapur would not agree to it till I came down from Bombay."

"Yes, I remember it," corroborated the Chief Justice. "He came to see me the next day because he was worried himself".

"That is why he did not put in an application for an interview with Jayaprakash Narayan. The police did not want any lawyer to have anything to do with affording legal relief to Mr. Jayaprakash," I said.

At this stage, Jeevanlal Kapur himself told the Court that the atmosphere in Lahore was more terrifying than what it was during the martial law regime.

●●●

I developed the point that the police had interfered with the course of justice by arresting Pardivala when they knew that he was discharging his professional duties.

The Chief Justice put to me that police might say that even though Pardivala had come to Lahore as a lawyer, he had come for something more than that.

"The police knew that he was here as a lawyer only", I replied.

"Then they must have known that Mr. Pardivala had been to jail", said the Chief Justice.

"If that is the reason, My Lord,

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then, of course, I have nothing to say, for I have been to jail twice," I said.

"They might be suspecting you also", said the Chief Justice to the delight of the crowded Court.

"Then, My Lord, I must be thankful to them for the consideration they have shown me. Perhaps they did not want to risk another *habeas corpus* application".

The action of the police in detaining Pardivala was a malafide, I submitted; it was only taken to scotch the *habeas corpus* petition of Jayaprakash Narayan. The police knew next to nothing about Pardivala. They questioned him as to whether he had not stood for election to the Secretaryship of the Congress Socialist Party and whether his wife, Nargis, was not an active socialist worker. The questions naturally surprised Pardivala because he had no connection with the Socialist Party and had no wife. Evidently they had mistaken him for Soli Batlivala, then a socialist, whose wife bore the name of Nargis!

I added: "The police not only gave Pardivala their hospitality but also a wife".

The crowded Court roared with laughter.

On the question of the documents being destroyed, the Judges were very indignant. It was a very serious matter, said the Chief Justice.

At one stage the Chief Justice said: "If anyone puts in a petition to the High Court, even the Judges cannot destroy it. But it seems the police can. What we cannot do, they can. They are arrogating to themselves the rights of the Court to an extent greater than the Court can exercise them".

At the next hearing, on February 16, Shri Sethi wanted to put his client in the box. The Judges warned him that if he did so, they would be liable to be cross-examined.

The climax was reached when Superintendent Robinson, 'the Gestapo of the Punjab' as he was called, stepped into the box. Evidently he was furious at the very idea of his being subjected to cross-examination. He was known to have an inveterate horror of Gandhi caps and that I had one was not likely to make him happy.

At the beginning of my cross-examination, he was disposed to be nasty; he belonged to that class of superior witnesses who are easily deflated in cross-examination. He said that he had ordered the arrest of Pardivala on November 9; that he did it for security reasons; that he claimed privilege for not disclosing the reasons.

I am reproducing parts of the cross-examination of Robinson showing the highlights of the case, reconstructed from the records I have:

"Mr. Baig told you on the morning of November 13, that Pardivala had given him some documents."

"Yes".

"You ordered the destruction of the letter addressed to the D.I.G."

"Yes".

"Were you entitled to do so?"

"I was acting on behalf of the D.I.G. and was fully entitled to destroy it."

"Is it the general practice in your

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...rtment that one officer can des-
... a letter addressed to another
...er because he is acting for him?"
... cannot give any general reply",
...plied. "In this case I was acting
...the D.I.G. I did not attach any
...rtance to the letter in question."
...You knew that among the docu-
...s there was also a petition ad-
...ed to the High Court?"
...Yes."
...You thought that you were en-
...to destroy it?"
...thought that the document was
...tition for his release, and as
...Pardivala was already released,
...ng more had to be done."
...asked him how many years he
...served in the police department
...pointed out the Police Rules to
...effect that letters addressed to
...rior officers must be forwarded to
...addresses.
...You destroyed the document
...ing that to be addressed to the
...Court?"
...this time Robinson's self-con-
...e had begun to crack and he
...some time to reply. I insisted
...he said "Yes".
...And you, an officer of several
...standing knew the Rules of
...olice Force and yet destroyed the
...ment addressed to the High Court.
...did you do it?"
...wanted to save the botheration
...erybody."
...You prevented the document from
...ng the High Court?"
...witness gave no reply.
...y did you do it?" I persisted.
...n I repeated the question twice,
...ness looked down and mumbled
...very foolish".

UNIQUE TAPASYA

All can be done by the Divine,—the heart and nature purified, the inner consciousness awakened, the veils removed,—if one gives oneself to the Divine with trust and confidence and even if one cannot do so fully at once, yet the more one does so, the more the inner help and guidance comes and the experience of the Divine grows within.

If the questioning mind becomes less active and humility and the will to surrender grow, this ought to be perfectly possible.

No other strength and *tapasya* are then needed, but this alone.

—Sri Aurobindo

"Why did you not mention in your affidavit that the document had been destroyed?"

"When I prepared my affidavit, I well realised that the document should not have been destroyed. I thought that by mentioning that the petition had been destroyed, in addition to my failure to forward them to the High Court, I would be giving publicity to what I had done. I knew that these affidavits would quickly go to the press. I did not want to add fuel to the fire".

When Robinson left the witness box, he looked more like a deflated tyre than a fearful police chief.

When Baig was cross-examined, he was found to be suffering from a chronic lapse of memory and had to be pulled up again and again by the Court.

●●●

Pardivala was then examined. Pardivala's case was forthright. He was arrested by Baig when he was

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on his way to meet Jeevanlal Kapur in the Bar Library. On the 11th he had drafted his *habeas corpus* petition to the High Court, written two letters to the Advocates General of Bombay and Lahore and a covering letter to the D.I.G., C.I.D. The documents had been handed over to Baig on the 12th morning. He also narrated how he had been asked whether he was connected with the Socialist Party and whether he had a wife called Nargis.

The Counsel opposite in his cross-examination took a strange line. He charged Pardivala for having halted at Delhi and brought my letters to Lahore in order to give publicity to Jayaprakash Narayan's petition.

At this stage, Justice Abdur Rehman remarked: "I see no harm in getting publicity for a matter like this or seeing any pressmen or others for the purpose of getting publicity for better treatment being given to Jayaprakash Narayan."

At one stage, the Chief Justice remarked: "Nobody in the Punjab seems to regard a *habeas corpus* petition as of any importance. It appears that even the most highly placed executive officer here thinks that he can of his own withhold any such petition."

In the evening when a crowd came to see me off at the station, one Congressman, who had been to Robinson to get an extension of his period of parole, told me the conversation that he had with him. "When I asked for an extension of parole, he flung the papers on the table and yelled: 'I wish you were Munshi. Then I would know what I have to do'."

The judgment was delivered on March 21. Jeevanlal Kapur was present in the Court to hear it. The learned Judges held that in arresting Pardivala the police officers did not intend to interfere with the course of justice, but the place and time of arrest was unfortunate. It was further held that in destroying the *habeas corpus* petition, they were guilty of contempt. The contempt, however, was technical, they held, for on the 13th Pardivala had been released, and even if the petition had been forwarded to the High Court, it would not have been of any use.

In the course of the judgment, the learned Chief Justice stated:

> "It is a matter of very great regret to me that a petition addressed to the High Court by a person in custody should have been regarded so lightly. I must observe, however, that these police officers were merely following the example of more senior and responsible officers of Government. In a recent case of *Ferozechand and others v. The King Emperor*, I had occasion to observe that a number of petitions under Section 491 Cr. P.C. had been withheld from this Court by Government in circumstances which afforded no justification whatsoever for such withholding. That being so, it is not surprising to find that more junior officers have followed the same course."

As of late, our zest to take short cuts to social welfare makes many persons in power think it to be a passport to unfettered exercise of executive power in disregard of the authority of the Courts, the

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s of Abdur Rehman J. may be
me use:

"I have noticed of late an under-
rrent amongst some of the Go-
rnment officials all over India to
ay scant courtesy and respect to
e authority of the High Courts.
r some reason or other, they
ve begun to consider it to be
rt of Government policy to be-
ve in that fashion and have be-
n to regard High Courts as some-
ng foreign or opposed to the Go-
rnment. This is a very undesir-
e attitude of mind and cannot
too strongly condemned. These
ficers hardly realise that the
undations of the Empire rest on
impartial administration of
stice, and by undermining the
thority of the judicial institu-
ns in this country, they are, per-
ps unknowingly, trying to under-
ne the foundations of the Em-
e which they are serving. Not
ly does a strong, honest and im-
rtial judiciary bring credit to the
vereign in whose name and on
ose behalf it discharges its res-
nsible and sometimes unpleasant
ties; but it creates confidence
mongst his subjects and helps his
dicial officers to establish and
intain that peace or order with-
which no Government can con-
ue and no country can make
progress. It must not be over-
ked that a strong and honest
diciary is as important a part of
Government machinery as a strong and honest executive. And in order to run the government successfully and well, the judiciary should be allowed to exercise its legitimate functions without any undue interference by, or what may have that effect on the part of, the executive".

When Robinson was censured and made to pay the cost, the police were sufficiently humiliated. Punjab breathed a sigh of relief.

●●●

The Punjab Government, though run by a government then which we delight to call 'colonial', racing all the time against a tremendously hostile movement, had respect for judicial opinion. It immediately transferred Robinson to Delhi. I wish the governments working under a free Constitution show similar regard for judicial opinion.

There was a private joke between Jeevanlal Kapur and myself. We had decided that when Robinson paid the sum of money ordered by the Court towards the costs, it should be retained by him for giving it as a present to Pardivala's wife, when he married one, if she bore the name of Nargis. Pardivala had no such luck. He has not married; no Nargis came his way; Robinson never paid the costs.

Yours sincerely,

Kuldip Nayar

I do not mind if the entire sins of the Kali Age fall on me and I have to suffer them, provided the world gets rid of the effects of those sins. — The Buddha

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nama-sankirtan

The Name of God is the oil in which the wick of the self is to be drenched, and then ignited by the fire of God.

—Saint Kabirdas

Rama felt after Setu-bandha a little self-conscious that his name was able to make stones float on the water. But when he personally went and placed these stones on the water, they went to the bottom of the sea! Verily the Name of God is even superior to God.

—Goswami Tulsidas

In the beginning was the word, the word was with God, and the Word was God.

—St. John

If you meditate on the three syllabled mantra *namely Sankara,* (शंकर), *all your sins will disappear, and as the name implies, it will bring you all-round auspiciousness in your life. Why do you bother about this or that* mantra?

—Saint Sisunal of Shiggari (Dharwar)

Repeat the name of God at every step and with every breath, secretly and with a sense of pride, there being no need of resorting to any other means for the realization of God.

—Sage of Niralakeri

Why don't you utter the name of God under all physical, mental and accidental circumstances? God's name destroys the three kinds of miseries and sins are burnt away like camphor by fire. One should repeat the name while eating and drinking, while sleeping and while awake. Even while you are talking lovingly with your wife, should you contemplate on the name of God!

—Saint Mahalinga-rang.

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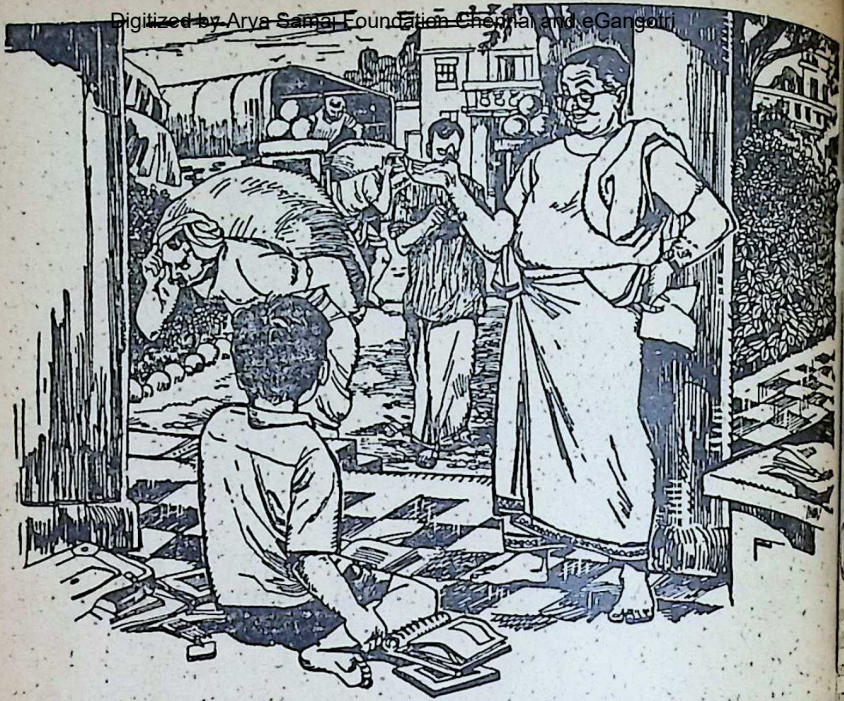

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WHO IS THE GREATEST SAINT ?

Dr. R. D. RANADE

THE 'saint' is a phenomenon, common to all religions. Of course, certain religions stress a aspect of saints, others some er aspect or aspects; but the es- ce of saint-hood is one and the me.

There are certain things which a son must avoid before he attains position of a saint. Of course each the great saints that has hitherto d has shown a very deep devotion ards God. But even then, there certain evils and weaknesses ch ought to be avoided.

We have a catalogue of ten saints mentioned in the song, *bhakta pra-hlāda*. The poet wants to point out among the saints Prahlada stands est. If we take Dhruva, the cause his turning to spiritual life was ger', which was generated in him a jealous act of his step-mother, pushed him away from the lap her husband. He went to the for- and instead of a terrestrial king- he got a spiritual kingdom. That Dhruva.

Narada is a very great musician. He reflexly or spontaneously uttered the name of God, but at the same time his weakness was to sow the seeds of discord wherever he went. So discord-making could not be an element of sainthood.

Then we come to three great mythological writers, Vyasa, Vasishtha and Shukha. Vyasa is proverbially known as the author of the eighteen Puranas, but he was not satisfied because he could not realise God. Vasishtha wrote a very important work, a gem of philosophical literature. He had a particular aim in view, namely, the combination of Jnana and Karma. He stressed Jnana-karma-samuccaya, 'synthesis of the path of knowledge and of action,' without speaking much of Bhakti. So, he could not get the title of the highest saint. Shukha stressed only Jnana. But mere knowledge cannot lead you to God. Therefore, neither Shukha nor Vasishtha nor Vyasa could be regarded as the highest type of saint.

Then we may go to the saintly personages from *Mahabharata*. One is Bhishma. He had the protection of

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the sovereign power. Even though he was the grand-father of the Pandavas and the Kauravas, he had to depend upon Duryodhana. He supported the wrong done by the Kauravas, and even though he uttered the name of God, when he was on the bed of arrows towards the end of his life, that could not help him much.

Arjuna is regarded as a royal saint. In the *Bhagavadgita*, there are very good utterances put in his mouth; but he had the audacity to call Krishna his chum. Krishna was his real Sakha, but Arjuna did not desist from employing him as a charioteer! He could not, therefore, be regarded as a great saint.

Then we come to Valmiki and Hanuman. Valmiki allowed an ant-hill to grow around his body. But as his mind was already affected subconsciously by the sinful acts he had done, he could not wipe out the vestiges of bad actions from his mind. Bad actions have the odour of onions. So, that was the defect in Valmiki.

Of course, Hanuman stands very high as a saint. There is no question about it. But there is one point against him. There was some apishness about him. He surrendered himself entirely to his master. He had no sexual impulses whatsoever. But as you know, when he went to Ayodhya, Sita handed over to him the necklace of diamonds. Hanuman began to break every diamond to see whether Rama was there. That was a kind of apish behaviour. Otherwise he was all right.

But Prahlada had almost a prenatal tendency towards devotion. He saw God inside and outside, and his one chief vocation was to surrender himself entirely to God. In that surrender consisted the highest sainthood of Prahlada.

[From *Pathways to God in Kannada Literature*].

LOVE ABIDETH GREATEST

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. . . . now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

—Saint Paul

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Famous Italian soldier and patriot, Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1882) was one of the great Triumvirs (Mazzini-Garibaldi-Cavour) who brought about the emancipation of Italy in the last century. His example had been a source of great inspiration not only to later freedom movements of Europe, but of other countries like ours too.

The 2nd of June is hallowed by Garibaldi's death.

We give below an extract from our Prime Minister's *Glimpses of World History* which admirably sums up Garibaldi's contribution to the history of freedom movements.—*Ed.*

GARIBALDI AND ITALIAN REUNIFICATION

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

OF all the exciting happenings of the year 1848 the heroic struggle in Rome was the most fascinating.

Italy before Napoleon's time was a patchwork of little States and petty princes. Napoleon united it for a short while.

After Napoleon it reverted to its previous state, or something even worse. The victorious allies at the Congress of Vienna of 1815 very consciously divided up the country among themselves....All these petty kings and princes with the exception of Piedmont, ruled in a most autocratic way, and oppressed their subjects even more than they or others had done before Napoleon came. But Napoleon's visit had stirred the country and inspired the youth with dreams of a free and united Italy. In spite of the oppression of the rulers, or perhaps because of it, there were many petty risings, and secret societies were formed.

Soon there emerged an ardent young man who came to be acknowledged as the leader of the movement for freedom. This was Giuseppe Mazzini, the prophet of Italian nationalism. In 1831, he organized a society, Giovane Italia—Young Italy—with the aim of an Italian Republic. For many years he worked for this cause in Italy and was an exile, often risking his life. Many of his writings became classics in the literature of nationalism.

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In 1848, when revolts were breaking out all over North Italy, Mazzini saw his chance and came to Rome. The Pope was driven away and a republic declared under a committee of three—Triumvirs they were called, a word from old Roman history. Mazzini was one of these three Triumvirs.

This young Republic was attacked on all sides: by the Austrians, by the Neapolitans, even by the French, who came to restore the Pope. The chief fighter on the side of the Roman Republic was Garibaldi.

He held the Austrians and defeated the Neapolitan armies, and even stopped the French. All this was done with the help of volunteers, and the bravest and best of the youth of Rome gave their lives in defence of the Republic. Eventually, after a heroic struggle, the Roman Republic fell to the French, who brought back the Pope.

So ended the first phase of the struggle.

Mazzini and Garibaldi carried on their work in different ways, by propaganda and preparation for the next big effort. They were very unlike each other; one was a thinker and an idealist, the other was a soldier with a genius for guerilla warfare. Both were fiercely devoted to Italian freedom and unity. A third player in this great game then became prominent. This was Cavour, the Prime Minister of Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont.

Cavour was chiefly interested in making Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. As this involved the suppression and removal of many of the petty princess, he was perfectly prepared to take advantage of Mazzini's and Garibaldi's activities. He intrigued with the French—Napoleon III was the ruler in France then—and involved them in a war with his enemies the Austrians. This was in 1859.

Garibaldi took advantage of the defeat of the Austrians by the French to lead an extraordinary expedition on his own account against the King of Naples and Sicily. This was the famous expedition of Garibaldi and his 1000 red-shirts, untrained men without proper arms or material, who met the trained armies pitched against them.

The 1000 red-shirts were greatly outnumbered, but their enthusiasm and the goodwill of the populace led them from victory to victory. The fame of Garibaldi spread.

Such was the magic of his name that armies melted away at his approach.

Still his task was a difficult one, and many a time Garibaldi and his volunteers were on the verge of defeat and disaster. But even in the hour of defeat fortune smiled upon him, as it often does on desperate ventures, and turned defeat into victory.

Garibaldi and the 1000 landed in Sicily. From there slowly they worked their way up to Italy. As he marched through the villages of South Italy, Garibaldi appealed for volunteers, and the rewards he offered them were unusual. "Come!" he said, "come! He who stays at home is a coward. I promise you weariness, hardship, and battles. But we will conquer or die."

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Nothing succeeds like success. Garibaldi's early successes whipped up the spirit of nationalism of the Italians. Volunteers poured in, and they marched north singing Garibaldi's hymn:

"The tombs are uncovered, the dead have come from far,
The ghosts of our martyrs are rising to war,
With swords in their hands, and with laurels of fame,
And dead hearts still glowing with Italy's name.
Come join them! Come follow, O youth of our land!
Come fling out our banner, and marshal our band!
Come all with cold steel, and come all with hot fire,
Come all with the flame of Italia's desire!
Begone from Italia, begone from our home!
Begone from Italia, O stranger, begone."

How similar are national songs anywhere!

Cavour took advantage of Garibaldi's successes and the result of all it was that Victor Emmanuel of Piedmont became King of Italy in 1861... Within ten years both Venice and Rome joined the rest of Italy and Rome became the Capital. Italy was at last one United Nation.

OUR COVER:

Bepin Chandra Pal

One of the early leaders of Indian national movement, Bepin Babu was an orator of great ability and renown. He swept the country from one end to another by his eloquence, preaching the cult of Boycott, Swadeshi and National Education. He was twice deported for his activities. He was one of the few men who exercised a magical influence through his speeches and writings in New India and Bandemataram on the young men of his time.

Speaking on a Resolution, he said:

"Self-government is the pith and foundation not only of the life temporal, but also of the life spiritual. It is the first article of every man and woman who feels within himself or herself the call of the Divine. It is the first article of every yogi, of every gnani, and of every bhakta."

Today, May 28, is his 29th death anniversary.

The characteristics of Bhakti are described variously on account of difference in view-points. Vyasa is of opinion that Bhakti expresses itself in devotion to acts of worship and the like. Garga thinks that it expresses itself in devotion to 'sacred talk' and the like. Sandilya holds that it must be without prejudice to the delight in the Atman. But Narada is of opinion that the essential characteristics of Bhakti are the consecration of all activities, by complete surrender, to Him, and extreme anguish if He were to be forgotten. Examples do exist, of such perfect expression of Bhakti. Such indeed was the Bhakti of the Gopis of Vraja.

—Narada Bhakti Sutras.

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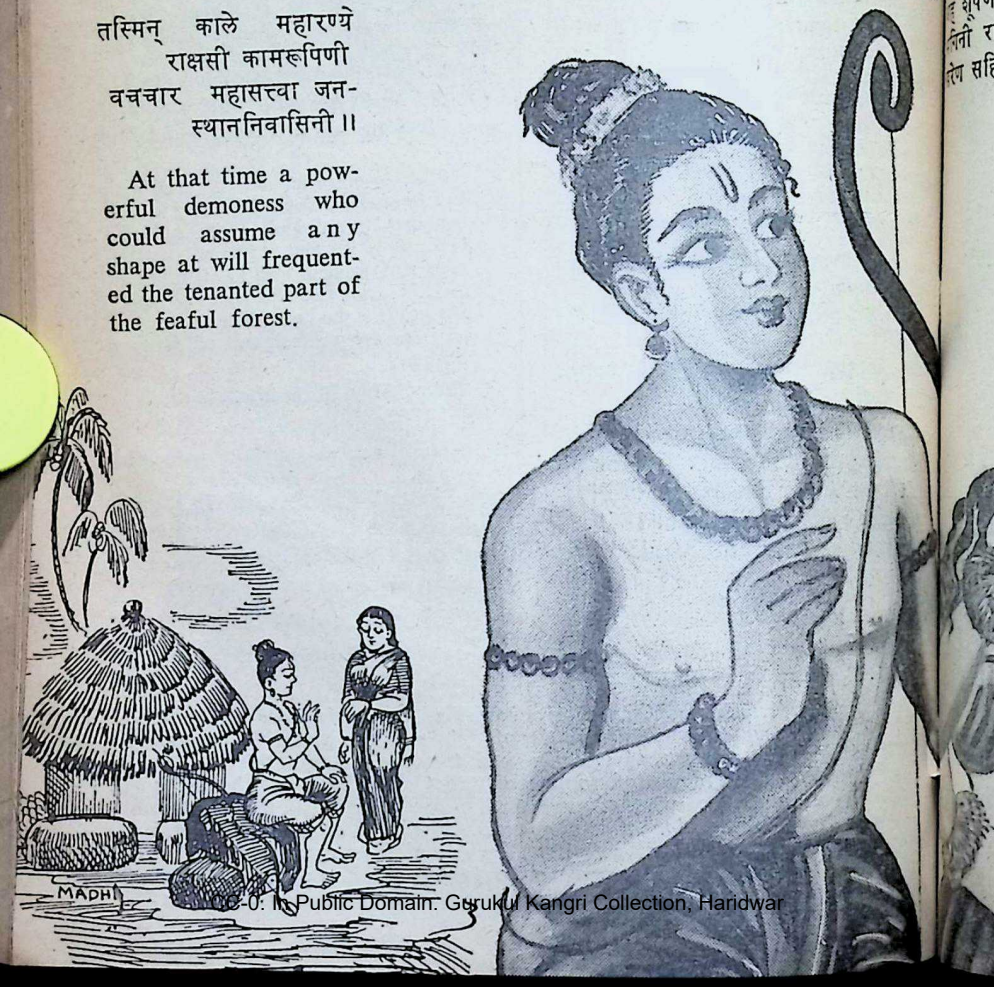
SHURPANAKHA

तस्मिन् काले महारण्ये
राक्षसी कामरूपिणी
वचचार महासत्त्वा जन-
स्थाननिवासिनी ।।

At that time a powerful demoness who could assume any shape at will frequented the tenanted part of the feaful forest.

एकदा गौतमीतीरे पञ्चवट्याः समीपतः ।
पद्मवज्राङ्कुशाङ्कानि पदानि जगतीपतेः ।।
दृष्ट्वा कामपरीतात्मा पादसौन्दर्यमोहिता ।
पश्यन्ती सा शनैरायाद्राघवस्य निवेशनम् ।।
तत्र सा तं रमानाथं सीतया सह संस्थितम् ।
कन्दर्पसदृशं रामं दृष्ट्वा कामविमोहिता ।।

Once she saw near Panchavati on the banks of river Gautami the marks of lotus, *vajra* and *ankusa* in the foot-



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...nts of Lord Rama. Enamoured ... the loveliness of those footprints, ... fell in love with their owner. Fol...wing those steps she came to the ...ode of Sri Rama. There she saw ...i Rama in the company of Sita. ...eing his beautiful form, her infa...ation for him took the better of ...r.

...सी राघवं प्राह कस्य त्वं कः किमाश्रमे।
...तो जटावल्कलाद्यैः साध्यं किं तेऽत्रमेवद ॥
...ं शूर्पणखा नाम राक्षसी कामरूपिणी।
...णी राक्षसेन्द्रस्य रावणस्य महात्मनः ॥
...रेण सहिता भ्रात्रा वसाम्यत्रैव कानने।

राज्ञा दत्तं च मे सर्वं मुनिभक्षा वसाम्यहम् ॥
त्वां तु वेदितुमिच्छामि वद मे वदतां वर।

Asked she of Raghava, "Whose son are you? What is your name? What makes you put on the matted hair, bark-dress and stay in this *ashrama?* What do you want to achieve? Tell me. I am the great Ravana's sister Shurpanakha who can take any form at will. I live in this forest with my brother Khara. The King has put me in complete charge of this forest, and in consequence, I live here eating the *munis* of this place. O best among speakers! Tell me all about you as I am desirous of knowing them."

तामाह रामनामाहमयोध्याधिपतेः सुतः ॥
एषा मे सुन्दरी भार्या सीता जनकनन्दिनी।
स तु भ्राता कनीयान्मे लक्ष्मणोऽतीव सुन्दरः ॥
किं कृत्यं ते मया ब्रूहि कार्यं भुवनसुन्दरि।

Sri Rama replied to her: "I am Rama, the son of the King of Ayodhya. This fair woman is my wife Sita, daughter of King Janaka. That beautiful young man is my younger brother Lakshmana. O, most lovely woman, tell me what I can do for you."

इति रामवचः श्रुत्वा कामार्ता साब्रवीदिदम् ॥
एहि राम मया सार्धं रमस्व गिरिकानने।
कामार्ताहं न शक्नोमित्यक्तुं त्वां कमलेक्षणम् ॥

Hearing Rama speak thus, the demoness, overpowered by her infatuation, uttered thus: "O, Rama! Come with me and enjoy my company in the sequestered havens of this forest. O, I am so smitten with love for you that I am unable to take my eyes away from that lotus face of yours."

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रामः सीतां कटाक्षेण पश्यन् सस्मितमब्रवीत्।
भार्या ममैषा कल्याणी विद्यते ह्यनपायिनी॥
त्वंतु सापत्न्यदुःखेन कथं स्थास्यसि सुन्दरि।
बहिरास्ते मम भ्राता लक्ष्मणोऽतीव सुन्दरः॥
तवानुरूपो भविता पतिस्तेनैव सञ्चर।

Directing his glance towards Sita, Sri Rama uttered smilingly: "Look, right here is my auspicious wife; it is impossible to forsake or ignore her. O lovely woman! How possibly could you submit yourself to the lifelong sorrows of being a co-wife? Do you see my brother Lakshmana standing outside? He is extremely good looking. He fits you admirably to become your husband. Better seek his company."

इत्युक्ता लक्ष्मणं प्राह पतिर्मे भव सुन्दर॥
भ्रातुराज्ञां पुरस्कृत्य सङ्गच्छावोऽद्य माचिरम्
इत्याह राक्षसी घोरा लक्ष्मणं काममोहिता॥

Thus diverted, the frightful Shurpanakha who was overpowered by infatuation, addressed Lakshmana: "O beautiful man! Become my husband. Pay heed to your brother's command and come with me quietly and let us make merry."

तामाह लक्ष्मणः साध्वि दासोऽहं तस्य धीमतः।
दासी भविष्यसि त्वं तु ततो दुःखतरं नु किम्॥
तमेव गच्छ भद्रं ते स तु राजाखिलेश्वरः।

Said Lakshmana to the demoness: "O noble woman! I am only the servant of the learned (Rama). (Should I agree to your proposition) won't you be submitting yourself to the most humiliating position of becoming a servant too? So, you had better follow him only, as he is the King, Lord of the universe!"

तच्छ्रुत्वा पुनरप्यागाद्राघवं दुष्टमानसा॥
क्रोधाद्रामं किमर्थं मां भ्रामयस्यनवस्थितः।
इदानीमेव तां सीतां भक्षयामि तवाग्रतः॥
इत्युक्त्वा विकटाकारा जानकीमनुधावति।
ततो रामाज्ञया खड्गमादाय परिगृह्य ताम्।
चिच्छेद नासां कर्णौ च लक्ष्मणो लघुविक्रमः।
ततो घोरध्वनिं कृत्वा रुधिराक्तवपुर्द्रुतम्।
क्रन्दमाना पपाताग्रे खरस्य परुषाक्षरा।

Hearing it, the evil-minded demoness came back to Rama and asked him petulantly: "Why do you fool me thus? I shall presently gobble up Sita in your own presence." Saying thus, she took a fearful form and jumped towards Sita. At Rama's bidding, Lakshmana whipped out his sword and deftly severed her nose and ears. Raising a hue and cry she ran with her bloody body to her brother Khara, before whom she fell with a thud.

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....This country can be held together only if there is once again a sense of mission, a sense of purpose. We had a sense of purpose during the last two decades when we fought for our political freedom. That sense of mission is now lacking We have to revive our spiritual standard....

DISINTEGRATION: HOW TO AVERT IT

Shriman Narayan

I THINK it was a very good idea of the organisers of the symposium to have selected a subject which is indeed of vital importance and to have the symposium in the city Bombay which has been the of India's unity and I hope continue to remain so. It is true Acharya Kripalani has said that are forces of disintegration raistheir ugly heads in this country other countries and that the vital unity and the cultural heritage country are being gradually ten. It is perhaps thought that political unity will do the trick did during the freedom struggle I completely agree with Kripathat we should be able to gather reads once again of the ancient of this land which even today brings respect and regard for this country. When we go out, people respect us not for our economic planning or some big buildings but for our ancient heritage which has remained through centuries and which can still bind us if we give adequate importance to it. I, however, have some difference with him and perhaps with many others that language or languages in this country need not be essentially a dividing force. I personally do not feel that in a country like ours with distinct regional languages, which are as developed as any language in the world, we have committed any fundamental mistake in reorganising our states, more or less, on a language basis. It is true that even a good thing can be run to death and if we do not maintain the cultural background of this country, the cultural unity of this country, we may go astray, but it need not necessarily be so. I personally believe that the States, which were carved out by the British more or less on historical

Speech at Bhavan's Symposium

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grounds, imposed a foreign tongue on us because if there are too many languages within the State, English necessarily is used both for education and administration. It was, I think, not a very good thing for us. I, therefore, do not subscribe to the view that we have committed any fundamental mistake in reorganising the States, but, as I said, we need not carry a thing too far. The development of regional languages by themselves without keeping constantly in view the essential cultural unity of this country, surely, will be a wrong thing. I also feel that to be fair to the States Reorganisation Commission's Report, while we have implemented, by and large, its recommendations in regard to the demarcation of the boundaries, we have not cared to think deeply about the various recommendations which they have made in part IV of their report. I would beg of you to read that report once again specially the chapter on India's unity in which they have made a number of recommendations about safeguarding the rights of linguistic minorities, the recruitment of All India Services within the State, the judiciary and the Public Service Commission. I think these chapters in part IV should be read once again by this country because we have implemented only one portion and left the others, more or less. When we do that, I think, many of the troubles that we are facing today will, by and large, disappear.

There are surely other forces in this country which are uglier. I refer to caste, to which Acharya Kripalani made a reference. I feel that although linguistic reorganisation against the proper background can still maintain the unity of India, these sectarian caste considerations, still are too much with us. I am particularly unhappy that even the two Central universities, the Banaras and Aligarh Universities, which are run directly under the Government of India to this day bear communal names 'Hindu' and 'Muslim'. This is not the right thing to do. We have a number of educational institutions, denominational in nature. Either there is a Ahir college or a Vaishya college or a Kanya Kubja college and all the rest. This is a greater danger than the danger of linguistic reorganisation because language in the proper background can take care of itself. It can do good to the people by involving them in large numbers as inevitable under democracy in both education and administration. I refer to Prof. Toynbee's phrase 'linguistic nationalism' that he used last year in the course of his Azad Memorial Lecture. He said that while linguistic nationalism can be a disintegrating force it is a fair price that we have to pay for the introduction of democracy. In a country of 400 millions if we really want to reach these millions through our administration and through our education we have to give the fullest scope to these languages. They are good languages. Therefore there is enormous scope for their development and they can be developed only if they become the vehicle of our education and administration. But apart from the language, I think we will have to take greater care of the sectarian and caste disruptionist forces which still are being patronised. There is, then, the question of

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anced regional growth in economic ning. When we met the States, ing the last two months for the rd Plan, each State tried to get al- st all the industries and projects could. There is a reason for it, ause during the last ten years, we not say that we gave that consi- ation to balanced regional growth we should have. But you will be to know that the Planning Com- sion has now set up a special king group on regional develop- t. It has already held a number eetings and I can assure you that n you see the final picture of the rd Plan, this balanced regional th will be visible more clearly. n during our discussion with the es this time we have taken very cial care to see that there is a large- le dispersal of industries both in central sector and the state sector. hin the States we are trying to e care of the regions, because there backward areas even within the es. When a State comes, some ister says: "Sir, have you taken e of the eastern U.P., or western P., or Marathwada, or Rayala- ma etc.?" Even within States there forces of dissatisfaction partly due an unbalanced regional growth, and e is inter-State dissatisfaction . All that will have to be taken e of not because the States are ng that point, but because, when are planning for the whole coun- we have to see to the vital eco- ic interests of all sections of the ulation in all areas. That will take y one cause of dissatisfaction h has been in existence during last few years.

Then, there is the question of education. No language can be a dividing force but if each and every Indian tries to stick only to his own mother tongue and regards it as the best language of the country and does not care to learn other languages in this country, particularly Sanskrit and at least one regional or other language, I think we will be laying wrong foundations of our education. I am, therefore, happy that the Ministry of Education has decided to introduce the three-language formula—the mother tongue, Hindi or one modern Indian language—and as an international language English or some other language. Now, so far as this three-language formula is concerned I am sorry to say that it is not being properly implemented. Some States try to avoid precisely what they should not and that is the study of some other modern Indian language. I also feel that we should go a step further and try to spread the knowledge of the southern languages, particularly the four languages, in the northern area. It is not enough for the Hindi speaking people to learn Gujarati or Marathi or Bengali. We should try in a systematic manner to learn at least one of the four southern languages. Then only I think Hindi will be really respected in the south. It will be very difficult for us to teach Hindi to the southern people unless we can make them feel that their language is also being imbibed by the North. I, therefore, try to impress upon the States in the south and the north that we should try, while we learn our own mother tongue and Hindi, to learn at

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least one more language of this country, not only the language but its literature also. Unless there is an integration of Indian literature, unless we recognise the essential unity of Indian literature, and of course of culture, it will be difficult for us to keep India together merely by economic planning or by political unity.

In the end I would again say, as Acharya Kripalani has said, that this country can be held together only if there is once again a sense of mission, a sense of purpose. We had a sense of purpose during the last two decades when we fought for our political freedom. That sense of mission is now lacking. We seem to be working at cross purposes. Sometimes we think of economic standards, then we feel that by itself that is not enough. We have to revive our spiritual standard.

It is quite clear that this country can play a part in the reconstruc of world culture and that can be my mind, a proper synthesis of scie and spirituality. India cannot af to neglect science and technolog am quite clear about that. Me trying to bring about a cult renaissance will not be enough. cause in this race of technology, if lag behind we shall not be able catch up with the times and the wo as it moves on. But science and te nology by themselves without background of spirituality will be complete. As Acharya Vinoba Bha often says, the age of religion politics has passed. We are now the age of science and spirituality. there is synthesis of science and sp tuality, then, this world with all advantages of science and technol can march ahead. Otherwise it fa destruction and annihilation. The fore, I think that India still has mission, it has a destiny and that d tiny is the synthesis of science a spirituality. I hope that in time come this sense of mission will kept alive and while we plan for ra ing the economic standards of people and for integrating this cou try politically, we will keep this hig ideal in view. If we do that, I thi India will still march ahead as nation of destiny.

Men are meant to make mistake When they commit errors unstabl people indulge in bouts of self-pit while the more mature shrug the shoulders and calmly tackle the ne job.

—Anon

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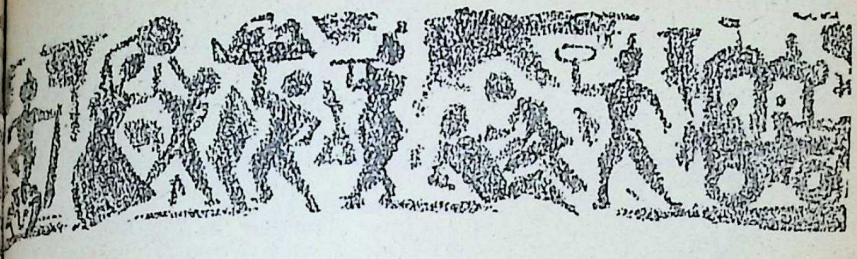

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

22. Shaibya's Wrath

THE magnificent chariot of Shrigalava Vaasudeva clattered through the gates of the city it rushed forward, the horses ...cing and the attendants shout- 'Victory unto Lord VAASUDE-.' Shrigalava, from his high seat, ...ked down with contempt upon the ... and graceful figure that sat in small but battle-effective chariot, ...s in hand, waiting for a reply to request.

No sooner Krishna saw Shrigalava's ...riot rushing forward through the ..., than he pulled the reins and the ...ses of his chariot sprang forward. ...n he blew on his conch, *pancha-...*, a blast of friendly greetings, ... shouted: 'King Shrigalava Vaa-...va of Karvirpur, I, Krishna Va-...va of Mathura, salute thee and ...r thee my greetings.'

...rigalava disregarded the greetings and drew an arrow from the golden quiver held out by the attendant and fixed it on the string of his bow. His voice was heard booming above the rumble of the chariots and the clatter of horses' hoofs: 'There is only one *Vaasudeva* in the three worlds.'

Krishna saw the arrow aimed at him and pulled the reins adroitly. The horses of his chariot reared even as they were rushing forward, and the well-aimed arrow missed its mark, only grazing his left shoulder which was unprotected by the breast-plate and plates which covered his arms.

Garuda let off a terrible, weird screech, which frightened men and beasts.

Krishna's chariot was light and mobile. His powerful horses, under his expert handling, were under perfect control. They ran into the horses of

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Shrigalava's chariot; brushed them; got away without getting locked with them. There was neighing and rearing and the clatter of impatient hoofs. And the cumbrous, golden chariot, with its four wheels, dragged by frightened unruly horses, stood right across the road.

Krishna stood up in his seat and, flinging the reins to his charioteer, unloosed the *Chakra* from its suspender and whirled it, as he alone knew how.

Shrigalava could not see what was exactly happening and tried to fix another arrow, his

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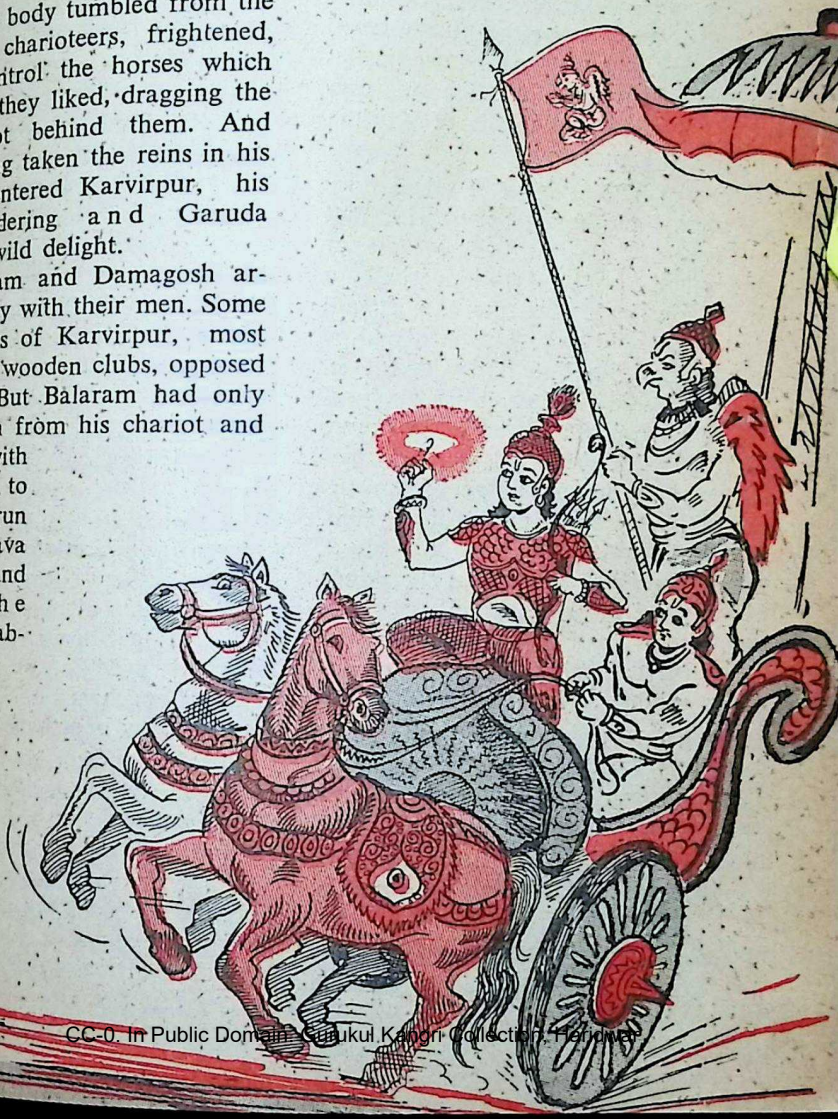
unsteady on account of his
ot heaving like a ship on a stormy
Before he could fix the arrow,
rshana had sped from Krishna's
like the disc of the rising sun.
ing it came, slit the throat of
galava and spun back to Krishna's

s.

galava's body tumbled from the
e. His charioteers, frightened,
not control the horses which
herever they liked, dragging the
chariot behind them. And
a, having taken the reins in his
again, entered Karvirpur, his
thundering and Garuda
hing in wild delight.

Balaram and Damagosh ar-
in the city with their men. Some
warriors of Karvirpur, most
em with wooden clubs, opposed
entry. But Balaram had only
mb down from his chariot and
them with
plough to
them run
Shrigalava
dead and
ketu, the
nder, ab-
sent, practically there was no resistance.

Soon thereafter, Punardatta, Shve-



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taketu and the learned *acharyas* were set free from the 'hell' by Uddhava.

Uddhava returned to Krishna's side and told him about the affairs of Karvirpur. Krishna's first act was to pay his respects to Queen Padmavati, who, now recovered from her swoon, learnt of the death of her husband with a contrary emotion of relief. Her first thought was for her son Shakradeva, who, she thought, would now be deprived of the kingdom. She was crying, when the first words of Krishna lightened her sorrow.

'Queen of Karvirpur, I salute thee, Mother. I am sorry, very sorry, that the lord of Karvirpur has now left for the other world. I did my best to make him look upon me as a friend, but he would not. Unprovoked, he tried to kill me. Fate had willed it so, Mother,' said Krishna in an apologetic manner. Then he took the young prince to his side. 'Let me hail Shakradeva as the new king of Karvirpur. You need not worry about him. I will see to the obsequies of the lord. I will also be present when the prince is crowned the king. I will make arrangements that he is brought up to be worthy of being the son of so noble a mother,' continued Krishna.

Shrigalava was cremated with royal honours. Shvetaketu, as the leader of the Karvirpur forces, was at the cremation ground to do honour to the departed king.

The magic of Vaasudeva worship with himself as God, built by Shrigalava with such labour, was dispelled in a day. The ceremonial worship was abolished to the relief of all, except those who had risen to royal favour by flattering the vanity of the king. The *ashrams* of the *acharyas* were immediately restored to them. The old ceremonials, which had been given up through fear or favour, were cheerfully resumed by the people.

Queen Padmavati expressed a wish to distribute the gold and the jewels which were abundantly stored in the palace and used for the worship of Shrigalava, among the poor and the learned. And immediately after the cremation, she sat in the palace courtyard, her son by her side, distributing the hoard to the deserving.

After the funeral party returned from the cremation ground, Krishna was sitting with Uddhava and Punardatta, when Shaibya rushed in. Her dishevelled hair streamed about her. Her beauteous eyes were red, swollen and fiery. Her face was equally swollen, though flaming with anger.

After Shrigalava's remains had been brought to the palace before being taken to the cremation ground in defiance of religious injunctions, she had flung herself on them in wild riotous grief, wailing piteously, tearing her hair, beating her breasts, addressing her dead uncle in the most pathetic terms of endearment. Now she came hurling every imprecation at Krishna.

'Murderer! You scourge of mankind! A curse to your race!' she shouted as she came.

She fumbled at her waist, whipped out a knife and was falling upon Krishna, when Shvetaketu rushed into the room, caught hold of her from behind and tried to snatch the knife away from her.

Like an enraged tigress, she turned

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deadly ferocity on Shvetaketu, g to free her hands to turn the e at him.

You coward! You worm! I brought here! I got you a place of honour! ave you my heart! And you be- ed the Lord and would not kill wicked Krishna.' She was foam- at her mouth and her eyes were g as if she had gone mad.

The pent-up fury of Shvetaketu t out. He had also lost control himself. He pushed away Ud- a who was coming to his help, Shaibya's arms in an iron grip twisted them till the knife fell her hand. Then he overpowered pushed her to the ground and d her to sit down.

s Shaibya was choked by fury, etaketu gave unrestrained expres- to his feeling.

Witch! You blame me! You lured from my Gurudeva—from my rma. You wanted me as your slave do your work, to train Shrigalava's y, to get me to worship that vain I thought you had given me your and would be my wife, but you cted every service from me and ained your uncle's all the time, ng his vanity, imposing torture the queen and prince Shakra, rul- over everyone through your God. ruined my life. You were not fied with it; so you wanted me ill my dearest friend, the beloved Mathura, the conqueror of Jara- dha. You, wicked witch, woe unto day I was born that I fell under magic spell,' said Shvetaketu.

Shvetaketu unburdened himself vehemence, keeping Shaibya seated on the ground, keeping her arms twisted so that she might not tear out his eyes, for in the struggle she had used her teeth and nails freely to inflict wounds on him.

Krishna got up and stopped Shvetaketu from holding her down with such strength.

'Shvetaketu, why do you blame her? You were lured by her—it was your fault,' said Krishna with authority. 'You were trapped by your weakness. You accepted the worship of Shrigalava because you wanted position and power. You forswore your gods, your Gurudeva and the learned *acharyas*, because you were foolish enough to hope that some day Shaibya would marry you.'

Then his voice grew kind. 'And I tell you, she will marry you. She wants you. Don't you see she has lost everything—her uncle, her God, her faith, the dream of her life? She has no one, but you, to look to.'

'V*aa*sudeva, you don't know how heartless she is,' said Shvetaketu angrily. 'I was only a pawn in her game.'

'Brother mine, you don't know women,' said Krishna with a laugh. 'We are all pawns in their hands, but they can give us strength to make pawns of everyone else. Look at the way Shaibya talked to you just now. She built her life on you and now, for the moment, she finds that the house she had built with such care has tumbled down. Take her away, by force if necessary, and restore it for her. You are the only person she wants.'

Shaibya listened to Krishna almost stupefied. The enemy she wanted to kill was almost boring her heart. Yes!

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She had trusted her life to Shvetaketu, and now there was no one but he who loved her.

Krishna turned to Shaibya and spoke to her with kindness. 'Shaibya, I am sending Shvetaketu to Kundinpur. If you don't want to go with him as his wife, come with me to Mathura. You will never forget your uncle, I know. But Queen Padmavati will never forget how you treated her when he was alive.'

'You wicked murderer!' she started saying.

'What you are saying is half truth,' interrupted Krishna. 'I did kill your uncle, but not out of wickedness. I can't give him back to you. But I can give you a mother as good as the one you had lost at your birth—and a brother who will give you all that a devoted brother can. And who knows, some day you will find that Shvetaketu is yours—Even now he is, I know,' said Krishna.

Shaibya looked helplessly at Krishna, his words piercing the veil of her grief.

'Get up, Shaibya. Wash your face. The tears make your beautiful face ugly,' said Krishna, patting her on the back.

'No, I won't,' she said stubbornly.

'Get up, will you?' Krishna tried to raise her from the ground.

'I will tear your eyes out,' she said, not knowing what to say.

'Keep those nails ready for Shvetaketu when you meet him in Mathura. You can't waste them on a brother, can you? Get up. Be brave! Mother Devaki awaits you,' said Krishna with a smile.

'You fake Vaasudeva!' scowled Shaibya.

'You are older than myself, but you just talk like my little sister,' said Krishna laughing. 'Come to Mathura and see Father Vasudeva for yourself. He will tell you that I am not a fake Vaasudeva, but I am his son. And if you are worthy, he will adopt even you as a daughter as well.'

'I won't come to Mathura,' said Shaibya.

'Then marry Shvetaketu and go with him to Vidcha. You won't like to live here with Queen Padmavati will you?' asked Krishna.

Suddenly Shaibya realised her helpless position. She had made Padmavati miserable for years and years. With her as the regent in Karvirpur she could not live here for a moment. She looked at Krishna piteously and burst into tears.

'Don't cry. I will take you to Mathura and make you a good brother. And who knows, Shvetaketu might come there sooner than you hope for. Get your nails ready for him. He is a very wicked fellow, I warn you,' said Krishna, smiling mischievously. 'He always could shoot an arrow more accurately than I could, till you come.'

Krishna helped Shaibya to rise from the ground. 'Uddhava, please take Shaibya to the women's part of the palace.'

As Uddhava helped Shaibya, trembling with rage and frustration, to go to the *antahpur*, a flame, as it were, passed over his limbs.

And when the thirteen days

[Continued on page 4

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NEW GUJARAT DIARY NOTES

LILAVATI MUNSHI

[*Continued from last issue*]

N the 11th morning at 7.30 Sri Girish Pandya took me round their big farm in a jeep, we started towards Mirakhadi a car where we visited another Ashram. From Dohad this am is about 12 miles away. the way I had a glimpse of the Dam. Here also Bhil boys and are being educated. Some Sarvo- workers are working here. A rs' training camp with a con- t of teachers from different dis- was being held in the Ashram. teachers were mostly from the reas. After seeing the Ashram iving them a little talk we pro- d towards Sukhsar where a -purpose village development is situated. Sri Vithalbhai, an in-charge, and several lady rs greeted us.

Vithalbhai struck me to be a sympathetic and understanding He showed us round the m. Here they produce tiles, cement pipes and concrete *jallies*. This is a centre from which different types of development work for the surrounding villages are being directed.

On our return journey we stopped at Zalod, again at a Bhil Seva Mandal Ashram. We went round and saw the place; a large number of farmers and gentry had collected. They complained to Sri Dayabhai about the slowness of the officials in arranging famine work and wanted him to speak

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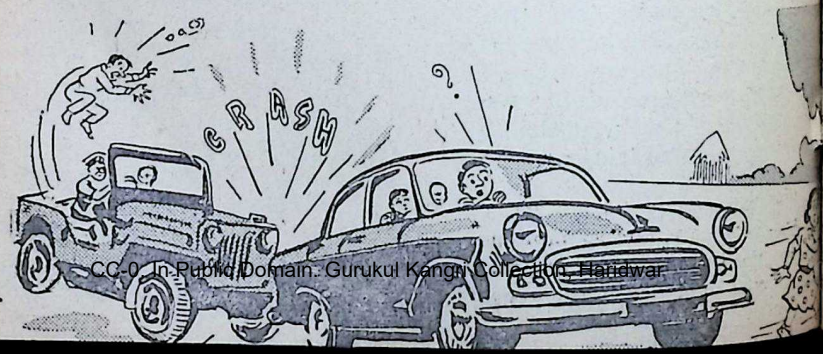
to the Government to organise famine work centres quickly. "Although sometime ago 37 villages were declared as scarcity areas, very little was done except some bunding work which was started recently", they said, and which we ourselves had seen while travelling. "The people were going here and there in search of work with their little belongings on their heads", we were told and "they were leaving their cattle and houses unattended. The cattle would be dying in the houses, as there was neither water nor fodder for them. Something had to be done and done very quickly." Sri Dayabhai promised to do his best. Some other Bhil farmers who had collected there also had some difficulties with regard to their lands about which they complained.

Problems of these small people may be small from the point of view of administration, but they are quite big to the people concerned, and require sympathetic handling.

The water in this area is available at 35 to 40 feet deep, but not in abundance. A partial solution could be found by digging a great number of wells.

From Zalod we returned to Dohad. After lunch at Sri Shantilal's pla and a little rest, again we started go to Santhroad where we reached about 3.45 p.m. Here an agricultura exhibition was held under the Chai manship of Sri Manecklal Gandhi M.P. and where I was supposed t speak. But as there was not sufficien time we did not get down. I only m Sri Gandhi sitting in the car a directly drove to Godhra. Smt. Jahn vikaben joined us from this place.

We reached Godhra at about 4. p.m. Here I addressed a meeti jointly held by the Congress wom and the members of the Bhagini Sam saw the Bhagini Mandal, visit Godhra station where Bhupendr sister and her family met us a started to go towards Anand whi was 45 miles away. We were proce ing at a high speed. At about 6. p.m. at Thasra—20 miles away fr Anand—our car gave a sudden jol was dashed against the back of t front seat. For saving a little child five, the driver had applied the bra suddenly. My elbow was injured. T jeep which was following our car w also suddenly stopped by t driver, throwing Dattu on the hood. It was a provid



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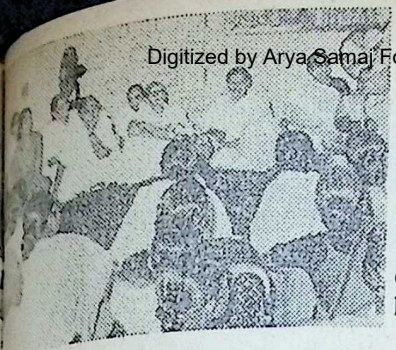

At the Stree Samaj, Baroda.

escape. The child was saved. e jeep and the car had collided, ll would have been dead. Any- this accident changed the further e of my travel. On account of njury to my elbow I had to cancel rogramme of going to Palanpur, h and Kandla. I do not know I shall again get a chance to t like this and see those places. e reached Anand at about 7.30 The elbow gave pain the whole

spite of the pain in my elbow d to go to *Vadodara*, miscalled Anglicized name Baroda, on the morning as I had undertaken functions there. We reached *dara* by train at 10.45. Smt. mati Bhatt and the office-bearers he Shree Maharani Chimnabai Samaj were waiting at the n. We went straight to the Guest e where a large number of pro- t women social workers and ers of the press were waiting. I gave my impressions of my to Dhuaran, Khambhat, Dohad Godhra. After the meeting we to the General Hospital for my elbow X-rayed. Being a however, no doctor was avail- We returned to the Guest House, nd friends started in search of an X-ray specialist. Luckily they found Dr. Dave who, on examination, said that there was no injury to the bone. Then we went to Dr. Merchant, an orthopaedic surgeon, who put a bandage and prescribed some medicine for me. The afternoon functions had to be cancelled.

In the evening a meeting was held under the auspices of Shree Maharani Chimnabai Stree Samaj. An elocution competition was held in which sixteen ladies, both young and old, took part. The subjects were varied and the speeches were lively. There was a great deal of humour in the speeches. The progress made by the Gujarati women is really marvellous. The meeting which started at 4.45 p.m. lasted till 7.30 p.m. Again we went to the Guest House where the office-bearers of the Samaj had arranged a dinner.

At Baroda Sri Kantilal Patel and his wife were put to a lot of trouble on account of me. Without their help it would have been difficult to carry through the day.

On the 13th morning I visited the Railway station, the report of which is included in my railway report.

We started for Anand by the 'Bulsar Express' which is popularly called the 'Gujarat Queen'. I was asked by some people why the railways persist in calling it 'Bulsar Express' and not using the popular name 'Gujarat Queen'. Because the railway officials do not know that small gestures sometimes win many hearts.

On inquiry I found that the soil of Gujarat is fit for growing a large variety of trees. In fact it already grows the following:

Pipal tree; wild date-palm; desert

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palm; Indian butter tree; flame of the forest; neem tree; teak; gum arabic tree; black plum; rayan; soapnut tree; Arjuna tree; bamboo; guava; pomegranate; and sour lime.

There is a possibility of growing orange and grapes. This should be explored.

But to grow these trees much human effort is needed. How to encourage it in this direction? I say by giving them incentive. What incentive? By giving those who grow trees ownership for a certain number of years, say, 25 years. They take their fruit and timber, provided they plant two more trees for each one cut. If this is done, people themselves will plant trees, take care of them, protect them from cattle.

The second thing is that they should be provided with water wherever it is not available. How? By digging wells, by desilting existing tanks and increasing their capacity, by building new tanks, by erecting river bunds and canals. Not a drop of water should be allowed to go waste in areas where the rainfall is less than 25".

Pest control is of great importance. The Government can help people by appointing experts in every district to give advice on the subject. This should be done systematically and scientifically.

Again, there are ten lakh acres of eroded land (*kotars*) near all river courses in Gujarat alone which are either lying waste or used by the criminals as hide-outs. If people are given this land free of charge on a few years' lease—say 30 years—for development, much land could be made available for cultivation. I am convinced that even ordinarily there are vast waste lands which could be brought under cultivation. In fact the alkaline land which is called leprous land could be treated and trees could be planted on it. I have seen this experiment in U.P. successfully carried out.

On the 13th morning I returned to Anand and stayed on till the 15th morning nursing my hand for two days, taking rest, attending to correspondences and revising my report on the railways. This life was interrupted by an incident in which I met four Americans at lunch who were, I believe, medical researchers getting data for population control.

So far foreigners of so many nationalities are coming to our country. They are going round either studying our problems or trying to teach us something or the other. I wonder how much we learn from each other.

On the 15th morning I came to Ahmedabad. His Excellency the Governor of Gujarat was kind enough to invite me to stay with him.

In the evening I attended a meeting of the Sahitya Sabha in the Prembhai Hall for giving posthumous gold medal to Dr. Shridharani. The award was actually received by his child bride Smt. Sundari Shridharani also was present.

I was touched by the ceremony. Shridharani was a dear friend. When he married, he and Sundari had occupied our Delhi house spending their honeymoon there. When we were in Delhi in 1950-52 they met us almost every day. For a number of years I read his columns regularly. He was such a fine man bubbling with good

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mour and always with a smile on face. Very few Gujarati writers ite such beautiful English with so ch inside knowledge of men and tters. He was a quiet force in Delhi cles. His passing away is a great s to Gujarat.

After the meeting I went to Dr. raj's house where I met both him d Smt. Hansa Mehta and told them out the scarcity conditions prevail- in Dohad and Godhra and the essity of planting trees on the de- ded hill sides which were once ests.

On the 16th morning in the com- ny of Dr. Leela Shah I visited thal, a new archaeological site out 60 miles away from Ahmedabad. cept for the last four miles it was tarred road. After the city limits ere were no trees on the road side. nly a few seen in the fields scattered ere and there.

Lothal provides a missing link be- ween 1500 B.C. and 600 B.C. It is e remains of a full-fledged Harap- an town. It is supposed to have been important port on the western coast India in the third millennium B.C. l the structures are made of bricks. ny other important objects were o found. Here I quote briefly from article given in the 'See Gujarat'.

"It can be said that Lothal has extended the Harappan Empire by another 500 miles south of Mohen-jo-Daro and established that the Harappans survived here longer than they did in the Indus Valley. Besides throwing light on the mari-time activities of Harappans, a lot of more information regarding their customs and religious beliefs than was hitherto available has been obtained. Lothal has thus greatly contributed to close the gap in Indian History."

In the evening I met Sri Rasikbhai Parikh, Minister for Revenue, Sri Hitendra Desai, Minister for Agri-culture and Education, and Sri Ratu-bhai Adani, Minister for P.W.D. To all of them I gave my impression about the scarcity conditions in Panchmahal and many other matters.

Next I went to see Sri Shelat, who is like a member of the family. He was a judge of the Bombay High Court, now a judge of the Gujarat High Court and a member of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

On the 17th morning a meeting for organising a branch of the All-India Women's Central Food Council was held at the Raj Bhavan under the chairmanship of Begum Mehdi Nawaz Jung, wife of the Governor. In spite of the short notice many prominent ladies were present including Smt. Hansa Mehta and wives of some of the ministers. I spoke about establish-ing a branch of the All-India Women's Central Food Council in Gujarat and emphasised that to begin with the branch should take up the programme of vegetable-growing. Smt. Kamala-behn Patel, Deputy Minister, Smt. Udayprabha Mehta, Smt. Gangabehn Jhaveri, Smt. Saudamini Mehta, Dr. Leela Shah and some other ladies spoke on the occasion. At the end of the meeting it was resolved to establish a branch of the Food Council under the chairmanship of Begum Saheb.

At the moment all the members seem to be enthusiastic. I hope their enthusiasm will produce good results.

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Bapaji came in the morning. He met Dr. Jivraj Mehta and Sri Kasturbhai Lalbhai. In the evening at 5 there was a meeting of the Anand Agricultural Institute at Sri Udayan Chinubhai's place. The same president and vice-president for the new year were appointed and the budget was passed.

At night Dr. and Smt. Jivraj Mehta, Smt. Bharati Sarabai, Smt. Lila Naidu, Smt. Jaishree Raiji, Niramai and Anju were invited by the Governor to dinner at the Raj Bhavan. I had never seen Lila Naidu—the heroine of the picture Anuradha—before. It seems my hearsay impression about her was somewhat incorrect. I had imagined her to be a flighty girl, but she did not seem to be of that type.

On the 18th morning Bapaji left for Bombay by plane and the Governor for his tour.

In the morning I visited the Ahmedabad Railway station where the traffic has enormously increased.

Although I was born in Ahmedabad, for the first time I saw two beautiful minars on the station platform which are of course, protected monuments. The Station Superintendent could not supply me with their history. On the other side of the station on meter gauge line, there was another surprise for me. There was a curious underground Siva temple between two railway tracks with a stone staircase leading underground. Inside there is hardly enough standing room for ten to fifteen persons. The deities installed there are Shiva, Parvati, Ganesh and Hanuman. All the paraphernalia of a temple was there. A Pujari was sitting. I was told that daily a good number of people came to worship and specially on Purni days a large crowd of devotees visi the temple. The other Pujari was ting outside between the two trac where a 'Dhwaja' was established. T temple is maintained by the stat staff. It is a very well preserved mo ment ever since the time of the B tish rule. I wonder how many peo of Ahmedabad itself knew about The traffic was very delicately han led and, in spite of the heavy rush people on particular days, so far a single accident had happened.

After visiting the station I call on a number of friends.

In the evening while talking to B gum Saheb I was struck by her sim plicity and good taste. I found s had much organising ability. It is d to her efforts that the present R Bhavan has become what it is toda It was a palace built by some Musli ruler three hundred years ago. It wa a Commissioner's bungalow in recen times and at present it is restored t its glory by the efforts of the Go vernor and his wife. It is situated o the banks of Sabarmati, a beautiful place on a beautiful spot indeed.

On the 19th morning we came to Anand from Ahmedabad. I discussed with Mr. Majumdar who is in charge of the Horticultural section of the Institute, a number of problems with regard to the trees which could be grown in Gujarat. In the afternoon I attended the Senate meeting. After that I went to Sri Bhailalbhai Patel's place. Sri Bhailalbhai's knowledge of trees is wonderful. He gave me a few leaves of a creeper named by him as the ma-

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[Contd. on page 76]

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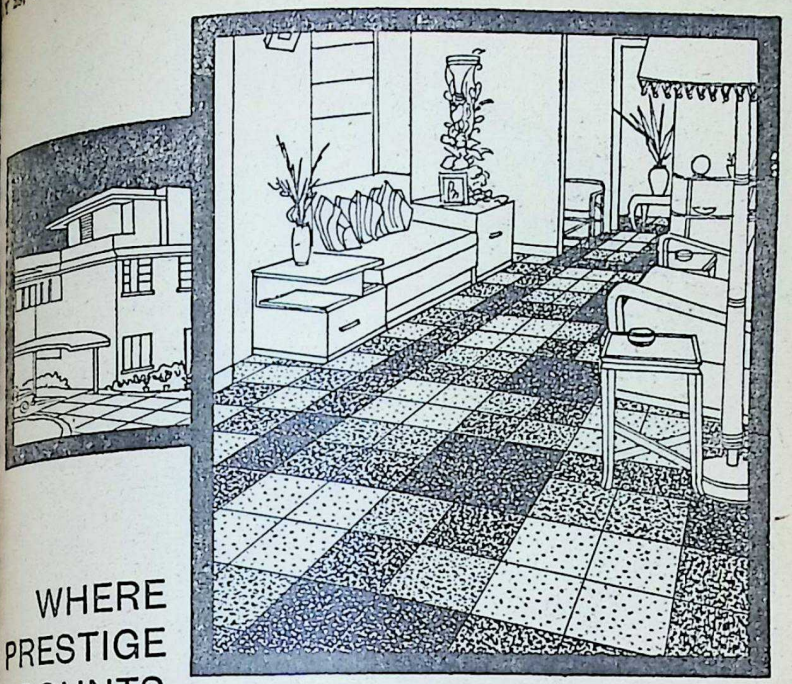

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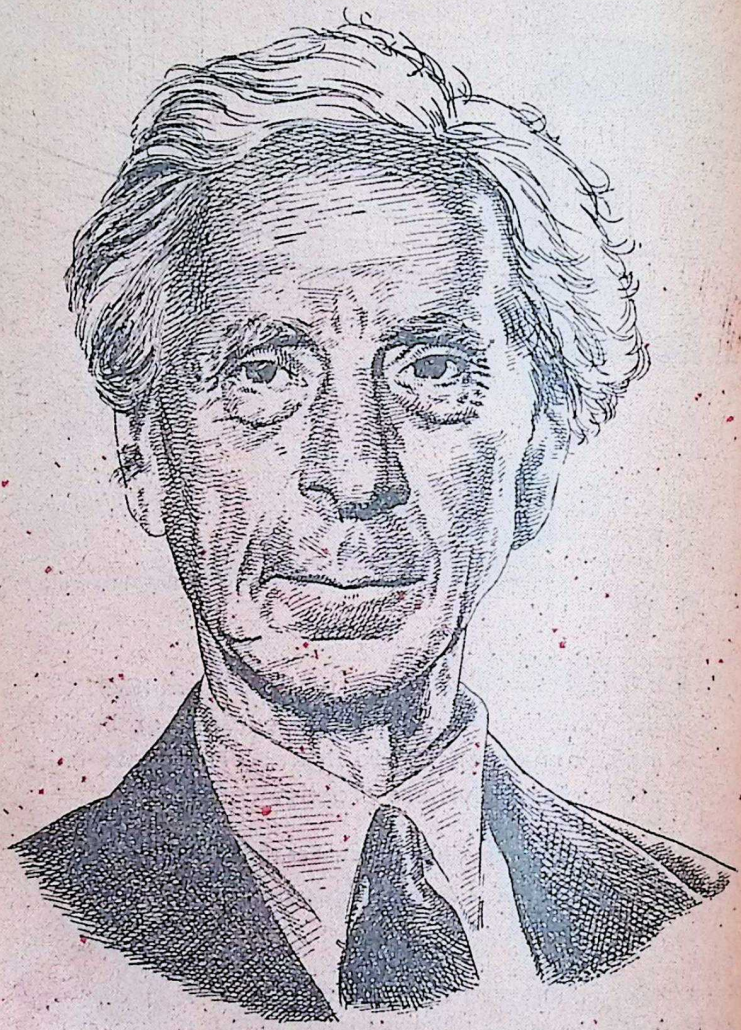

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Philosopher, mathematician and Nobel Laureate who entered his 90th year on May 18.

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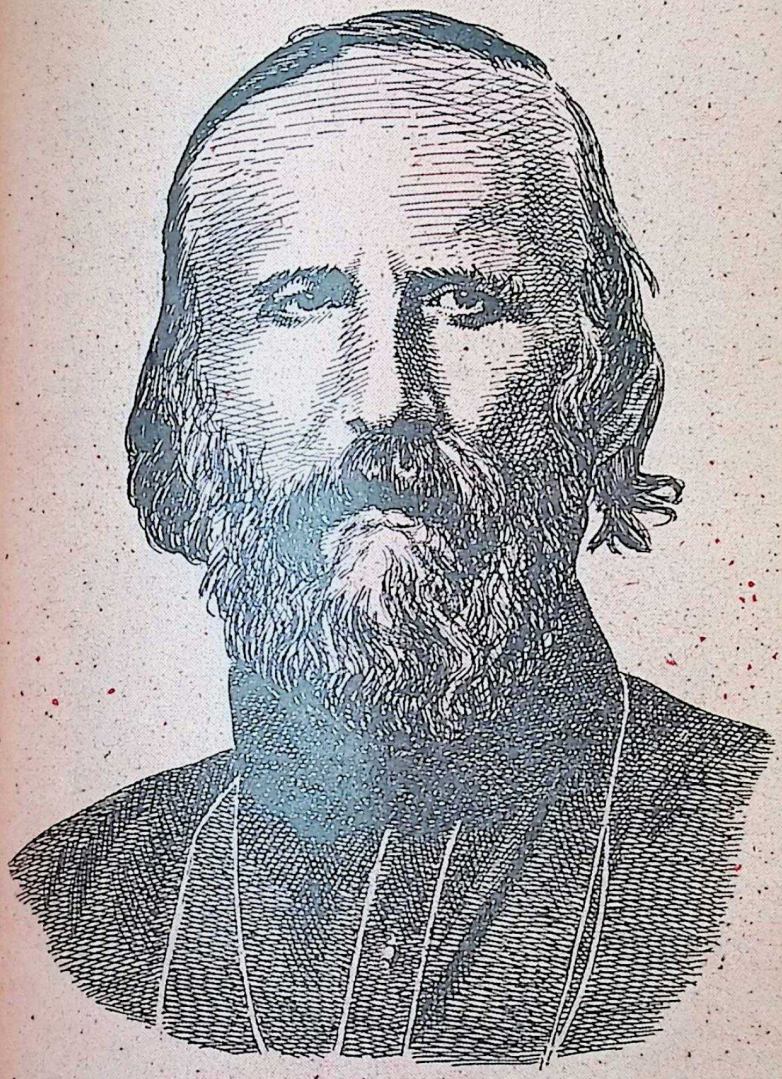

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

Famous Italian soldier and patriot who died on June 2, 1882.

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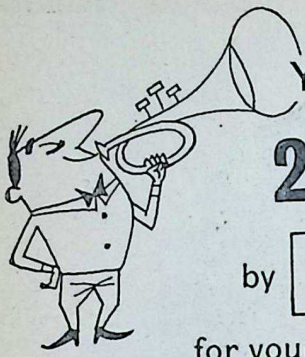

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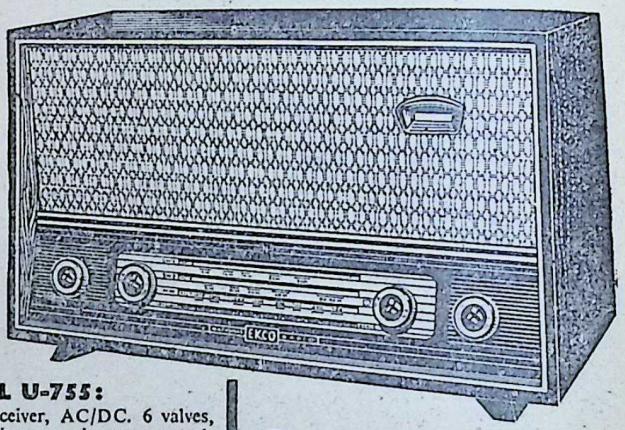

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World famous philosopher, mathematician and Nobel laureate, Earl Russell entered his 90th year on May 16.

A most appropriate article from him on how to lead a successful old age appears on this page.—Ed.

How *not* to grow Old

Bertrand Russell

MY first advice would be to choose your ancestors carefully.

Although both my parents died young, I have done well in this respect as regards my other ancestors. My maternal grandfather, it is true, was cut off in the flower of his youth at the age of sixty-seven, but my other three grandparents all lived to be over eighty.

Of remoter ancestors I can only discover one who did not live to a great age, and he died of a disease which is now rare, namely, having his head cut off.

A great-grandmother of mine, who was a friend of Gibbon, lived to the age of ninety-two, and to her last day remained a terror to all her descendants.

My maternal grandmother, after having nine children who survived, three who died in infancy, and many miscarriages, as soon as she became a widow devoted herself to women's higher education.

She used to relate how she met in Italy an elderly gentleman who was looking very sad.

She inquired the cause of his melancholy and he said that he had just parted from his two grandchildren.

"Good gracious", she exclaimed, "I have seventy-two grandchildren, and if I were sad each time I parted from one of them, I should have a dismal existence!"

"*Madre snaturale*", he replied.

But speaking as one of the seventy-two, I prefer her recipe.

After the age of eighty, she found she had some difficulty in getting to sleep, so she habitually spent the hours from midnight to 3 a.m. in reading popular science. I do not believe that she ever had time to notice that she was growing old. This, I think, is the proper recipe for remaining young.

If you have wide and keen interests and activities in which you can still be effective, you will have no reason to think about the merely statistical

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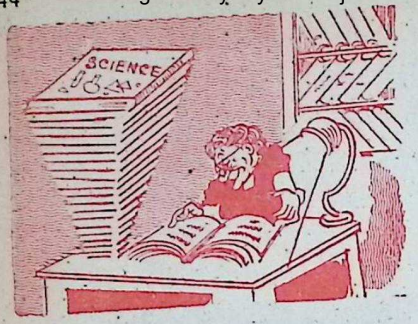

fact of the number of years you have already lived, still less of the probable brevity of your future.

As regards health, I have nothing useful to say since I have little experience of illness. I eat and drink whatever I like, and sleep when I cannot keep awake.

I never do anything whatever on the ground that it is good for health, though in actual fact the things I like doing are mostly wholesome.

Psychologically there are two dangers to be guarded against in old age. One of these is undue absorption in the past. It does not do to live in memories, in regrets for the good old days, or in sadness about friends who are dead. One's thoughts must be directed to the future, and to things about which there is something to be done.

This is not always easy; one's own past is a gradually increasing weight. It is easy to think to oneself that one's emotions used to be more vivid than they are, and one's mind more keen. If this is true it should be forgotten, and if it is forgotten it will probably not be true.

The other thing to be avoided is clinging to youth in the hope of sucking vigour from its vitality.

When your children are grown u they want to live their own lives, a if you continue to be as interested them as you were when they wer young, you are likely to become burden to them, unless they are u usually callous.

I do not mean that one should without interest in them, but one's i terest should be contemplative and possible, philanthropic, but not u duly emotional.

Animals becom indifferent to th young as soon as their young c look after themselves, but human b ings, owing to the length of infanc find this difficult.

I think that a successful old age easiest for those who have strong i personal interests involving appr priate activities. It is in this sphe that long experience is really fruitfu and it is in this sphere that the wi dom born of experience can be exe cised without being oppressive.

It is no use telling grown-up chi dren not to make mistakes, both b cause they will not believe you, and b cause mistakes are an essential pa of education.

But if you are one of those wh are incapable of impersonal interest you may find that your life will b empty unless you concern yourse with your children and grandchildre In that case you must realize tha while you can still render them mate rial services, such as making them a allowance or knitting them jumpers you must not expect that they wi enjoy your company.

Some old people are oppressed b the fear of death.

In the young there is a justificatio

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YOU ARE AS YOUNG AS YOUR FAITH, as old as your doubt, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair. So long as your heart receives messages of beauty, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from man and from the infinite, so long are you young.

WHEN ALL THE WIRES ARE DOWN, and all the central places of your heart are covered with snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism then, and only then, are you grown old indeed, and may God have mercy on your soul.

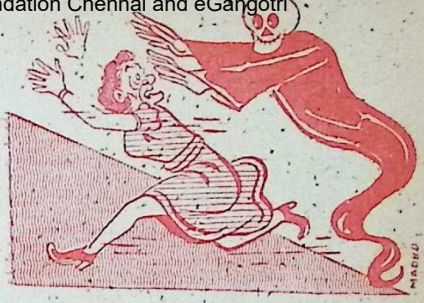
—Anon

for this feeling. Young men who have reason to fear that they will be killed in battle may justifiably feel bitter at the thought that they have been cheated of the best things life has to offer. But in an old man who has known human joys and sorrows, and has achieved whatever work it was in him to do, the fear of death is somewhat abject and ignoble.

The best way to overcome it—so at least it seems to me—is to make your interests gradually wider and more impersonal, until bit by bit the walls of the ego recede, and your life becomes increasingly merged in the universal life.

An individual human existence should be like a river—small at first, narrowly contained within its banks, and rushing passionately past boulders and over waterfalls. Gradually the river grows wider, the banks recede, the waters flow more quietly, and in the end, without any visible break, they become merged in the sea, and painlessly lose their individual being.

The man who, in old age, can see



his life in this way, will not suffer from the fear of death, since the things he cares for will continue.

And if, with the decay of vitality, weariness increases, the thought of rest will be not unwelcome.

I should wish to die while still at work, knowing that others will carry on what I can no longer do, and content in the thought that what was possible has been done.

[From *New Hopes for a Changing World*]

KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

mourning passed and Shrigalava Vaasudeva joined the Land of the Manes, Shakradeva was anointed the King of Karvirpur. Rudracharya accepted the office of the royal preceptor and Punardatta was deputed to be the tutor of the young king. Padmavati offered tribute to Krishna.

Damagosh and Krishna had long talks with Shvetaketu. And on the next day, Shvetaketu, who as the senior disciple of Sandipani was once in charge of Vinda and Anuvinda, the princes of Avanti, took the route which Jarasandha and his allies had taken, as fast as the fastest horse in Karvirpur could take him.

[*To be continued*]

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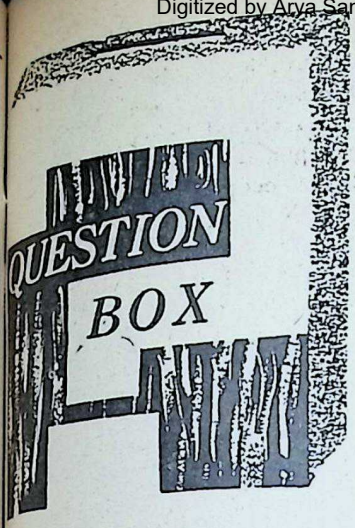

ANSWERS by

K. M. MUNSHI

901

Sri K. Shyamprasad, Bellary.

Q: Is it not necessary that our rituals need a thorough revision to suit the mental frame of the present-day generation? If so, is there any organization for the purpose?

A: You cannot revise rituals through an organisation; it can only be done by a great teacher or by a change in mental outlook. Dayanand Saraswati changed the rituals for Arya Samaj. Gandhiji substituted prayer for rituals. And modern Indians are dropping rituals or simplifying them to suit the present-day requirements.

902

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: What do you suggest to those readers of your Journal *who are struggling hard to get out of poverty? How can they escape the caprices of the bureaucrats in Indian democracy? How to make their life a success?*

A: (1) Work hard and cheerfully develop habits of austere living.

(2) Join the party which fights the totalitarian planning of the ruling party, which is at the root of bureaucratic power.

(3) Work hard with single-minded zeal.

903

Sri K. V. Ganapathy, Bombay.

Q: Has 'miracle' any connection with the spiritual life according to the Hindu way of life?

A: (a) Miracles are occurrences which happen according to laws which we do not know of. If we discover the right law, a miracle is no longer a miracle. The law may be physical, moral or spiritual. At one time, an eclipse occurred when the demon Rahu swallowed the sun or the moon. We now know that it is nothing but the shadow of the earth or the moon passing across a certain point in heaven according to well-established laws.

(2) Spiritual life has nothing to do with miracles. Those who search for miracles or want to work them through spiritual power are on a wrong path. The only miracle, which spiritual effort can make, is to realise God through experience or receive His grace to bring self-realisation.

(3) The Hindu way of life assumes that all things happen by

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the operation of physical, moral and spiritual values.

904

Sri M. Srirama Murthy, Vizianagaram.

Q: Is there any difference in the concept of beauty between the Occidents and Indians?

A: There can be no difference where absolute beauty is concerned. The Taj or the Parthenon, the Ajanta frescoes, or the paintings of Michael Angelo, the songs of Sappho or Mira, the works of Kalidasa or Shakespeare, are characterised by beauty which is accepted as such in all times and by all peoples of the earth.

(2) Relative notions of beauty, however, differ from people to people and from climate to climate. An Indian would find an Indian woman beautiful, but not necessarily, an African one; similarly, an African normally would not find an Indian woman as beautiful as the damsel of his tribe. These differences arise because the standards are relative and depend upon local or habitual attitudes.

905

Sri Lakshmi Narayan Raju, Machala, Indore.

Q: Is there any fundamental difference between the 'theory of trusteeship' and Vinoba's 'Malikiyat Visarjan'?

A: Yes. There is a difference. Vinobaji's theory involves the elimination of individual ownership and the establishment of communal ownership. On the other hand, trusteeship involves individual ownership of property, though its enjoyment, except in so far as it is necessary for providing minimum efficient life to the owner, has to be made available to others.

Unhappiness can be dangerous and the worst part of it is that unhappy people rarely realise the trouble they spread. Thinking that it is natural for them, they feel completely surprised and even scandalised, when the truth is known to them. —Anon

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Our Fortnightly Profile—155

RICHIE BENAUD

THE current Australian cricket tour of England has evoked great interest among cricket enthusiasts of this country. Not the least part of it owes to the glamorous personality of its Skipper, Richie Benaud, who has been leading his team to victories in successive Tests against England, India, Pakistan and the West Indies.

Further, with 32 first-class matches on the English wicket in the counties and Tests before him—some of them would have been played before this appears in print—there is unanimity of opinion that he is certain to provide entertaining fare. Indeed at his very first press conference on arrival at London, Benaud made it clear that he would (a) play attractive cricket, (b) try to win every game and (c) uphold the umpire's decision. And of course, cricket being what it is, one can never be too sure of results—as was evidenced by his fibrositis and the debacle at the opening match at Worcester.

Perhaps it may not be very well known that Skippership came to Benaud the hard way. After his return from the English tour of 1956 his rise to the present position was none too bright what with his few bursts of brilliant performances there. Secondly, Australian selectors were prejudiced against him because he was a recruit from the ranks of the fourth estate—poor compliment to the tribe. Benaud was therefore superseded twice by Ian Craig and Neil Harvey being put in the Captaincy of the NSW team and the combined team against England.

Sportsman that he was to the hilt, Benaud took it in good grace but nevertheless had the foresight to be-

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lieve that he would step into the shoes of Johnson provided he met the demands of the game fully. He therefore set himself assiduously to that task. During the South African tour, while others went to play golf, he practised at the net hour after hour, bowling his slow leg-breaks, asking small boys to bat against him and throw the ball back. Without sparing himself in like manner he so thoroughly improved his control that his later performances were quite a surprise for all.

Benaud got his first chance at Captaincy at Brisbane when Ian Craig, due to his illness after the South African tour, was not available to lead the NSW team. Later, however, Craig turned up, against medical advice, but failed to deliver the goods. Neil Harvey was then put in command when Benaud played under him. But surprise awaited all, including Benaud, when the selectors announced the name of Benaud to captain the Australian Test team against the tourists. And the first to phone the congrats was Harvey! Harvey is presently the Vice-Captain of the present team. Turning to the story, Benaud won a resounding 4-0 victory over the English team in that series. That was the starting point from which he is being catapulted to successive victories.

It is still fresh in our memories how in 1959-60 the Australians under his Captaincy played five matches against us and won the Rubber. Equally fresh are the memories of his victories against Pakistan and the West Indies.

Just 30—four out of his present team of 17 are under 25 years of age, McKenzie being only 19—Benaud an aggressive tactician, aggressive bat man and bowler—right arm leg sp and googly. The present is his thir appearance in England as Test player He has 204 Test wickets to his cr dit, his first Test appearance being Sidney in 1951-52 against the We Indies and his first Captaincy of t Australian Test team being in 195 59 against England whose result have just seen.

Earlier, we were led to believe th his journalistic background was a li bility for him. The fact today is th it is one of his assets, having enabl him to flower into a public relatio man *par excellence* for his tea When we recall that he took over t Captaincy of the Australian tea from Johnson at the lowest ebb of career and today it rides on the cre of success waves, it speaks volum on Benaud's special qualities of le dership which are essential for t Skippership of a touring side.

The way he treats his men ha everything to commend, particularl when some of them are not mere older but hot contenders to his tit Realising this, Benaud fully appre ciates the viewpoints of every mem ber of his team and values everyone opinion. Before each Test, he meet them at the dinner table and discusses the job that awaits them on the mor row. He does not believe in superci lious attitudes. He just behaves as on among them. Not merely does he ha mour and keep them happy and cheer ful but encourages and inspires them Not unoften is he the coach for some of the youngsters who are yet to ac-

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[*Contd. on page 80*]

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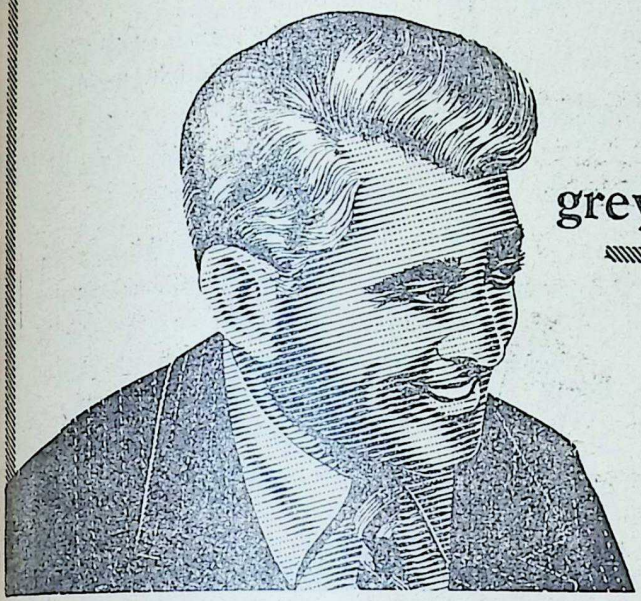

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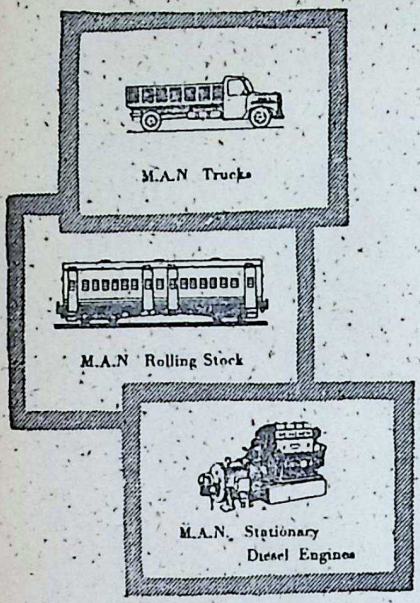

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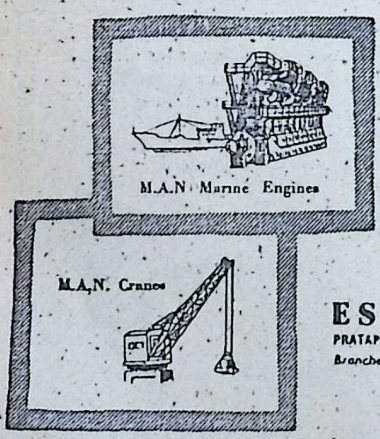

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Tapasvini

by K. M. Munshi

or

THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

48. Fruits of Atonement

NEXT morning His Highness and Radharaman arrived at the hotel at ten o'clock, enquired after Uday as usual and sat down for coffee. After taking coffee Radharaman, Sheela and Jagjivan left for a walk by themselves. Sheela's mind was happy and the memory of her bitter experience with her husband was now like a half-forgotten dream. She thought of Radharaman as someone very far away and of no particular account.

As yet Radharaman had found no way of solving the problem of Raj. For him the solution had become a matter of professional interest, for he regarded himself as an expert in handling women.

"Sheela," said Radharaman, "I must say your Rajba is a strange creature. I doubt if anybody can understand her. What do you think?"

"I agree that I also do not understand her. She is so superior to all others," said Sheela warmly.

"Nonsense," said Radharaman.

"You would not believe it, but she is a wonderful woman."

"Do you mean that she is a *tapasvini* like Uday's 'Tapasvini', cool as ice outside but a veritable volcano inside?" asked Radharaman.

At the mention of the word 'Tapasvini', Sheela could not help blushing, so she turned her face away from him. "I do not know how His Highness can possibly play the role of the 'Poet' to Raj's 'Tapasvini'," she replied. "There is as much poetry in His Highness as in a mule."

In the meantime His Highness and Rajba proceeded towards the Charlotte Lake. For quite some time neither uttered a word; ultimately Raj broke the silence. "Bapu, how long did you live in England?" His Highness, greatly encouraged, narrated his career with appropriate departure from truth. Raj listened to him with attention without interrupting him. Then she began asking questions

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about how he governed his state and His Highness' confidence in himself was strengthened.

His Highness had never before come across anyone so sympathetic and understanding. He, therefore, let himself go, and told her a great deal about his personal history. But as he talked a feeling came over him to avoid exaggeration and speak the truth.

Walking slowly they went to the shore of the beautiful lake. His Highness wanted to take advantage of some such opportunity to ask Raj to marry him, but now when the opportunity had come, he hesitated to do anything which might upset their friendly relations, for he was deeply touched by the respect and affection which Raj displayed towards himself. Suddenly His Highness made up his mind. It was a case of now or never. He said: "Rajbasaheb, there is one thing I would like to ask you, if you promise not to take offence."

"Why should I take offence? Say anything you like." Raj's eyes fixed upon His Highness trustingly.

"Seven years ago, Bhupatsinh had asked me if I would marry you. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," said Raj as if this was something amusing.

"Unfortunately for me, I refused. At that time, I was anxious to obtain the *gadi* of Premkot."

"But everything has worked out as you planned. You obtained the *gadi*. What more did you want?" asked Raj impersonally as if the matter affected someone else.

"It is true that I obtained the gad but I lost you. I have never committ a greater folly than losing you. Ev after seven years I have not forgotte about it." It was with some difficul that His Highness maintained h composure, and said: "I was a fool I was blind, and I lost you."

Raj smiled quietly and continued t look at His Highness as if she wa very much interested in the accoun But when His Highness felt that sh was hearing him attentively, he said "What can I do now to set right th big mistake which I committed?" h asked in humbler tone. "Will yo accept me now?"

Raj showed no signs of anger o impatience. She was just listening t him as if to a young child, and aske seriously: "Are you asking me t marry you?"

"No," replied His Highness in ap logetic tone. "I am begging of yo to accept me."

"Don't you think that the Mah rani Saheb will be very unhappy i you marry another wife?"

"I shall make special arrangemen

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see that she lives happily," His ghness replied.

"Do you think that a woman can r be happy if her husband marries ain?"

"We all claim descent from Sri Ra-chandraji, but how many of us serve his pledge to have one wife d one wife only? I am sure if I e to ask Maharani Saheb, she uld raise no objection."

"That only shows that she is gen-s, but there will be disputes in r household."

"I shall see that Maharani Saheb not unhappy in any way. Rajba heb, today for the first time in en years I feel that I am alive. ase listen to me and accept my er."

Raj smiled, her eyes beaming with ction. His Highness almost thought t he had succeeded in his object. apu, you have placed me under a p obligation," said Raj. "I am a e woman and not particularly er; I cannot run a house."

Before Raj's imposing beauty, the natural beauty of the lake seemed to pale into insignificance in the eyes of His Highness. "Please, please, do not speak in this way. To my mind you are an incomparable woman. I can never be happy without you by my side."

"Bapu, have you tried to find out what decided you to act in this way?" remarked Raj in an affectionate voice, as if soothing a nervous little child. "Have you ever met a beautiful woman without falling in love with her? And as for me, am I not the same girl for whom you had no use? Tell me frankly what do you expect to gain by marrying me? Have you clearly thought of it?"

"I thought of all these things carefully. I can only be truly happy when I marry you. I shall be happy as if I am in paradise."

Raj smiled, shook her head and said: "Have you any idea of the kind of comforts you expect to have in this paradise with me?"

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"I have got a complete idea," said His Highness, in a determined voice. "Bapu, do you know that I consider physical contact between man and woman sinful unless their souls are in complete harmony? Tell me frankly, have you ever achieved this harmony with any one of those with whom you made love with your body?"

His Highness was dumbfounded. He could feel that the question was not put to him either in anger or as a charge. It was just a simple question asked in humility, but he felt that it exposed his unworthiness. Raj continued: "There is another point."

"What is it?"

"Don't you think that wealth and power invariably come in the way of such harmony? How can there be harmony between soul and soul unless you are prepared to give up both?"

"And then, what?"

"Unless both the husband and wife worship God as one, how can they achieve unity between themselves?"

His Highness was not clear whether he understood much of what Raj was asking. But on one point he was clear that she had definitely turned down his request. Nevertheless he made one more effort and asked: "Would you accede to my request?"

"I never said that I will not accede to your request," said Raj. "All I am pointing out is that your feelings are misleading you. You think you will be happy if you marry me. I am afraid you are wrong. Let us drop the matter for the present. If you feel like it, we can talk over the matter after a year. You will by then have found out for yourself what sort of happiness you expect from me."

"Suppose I am not then able to understand what you are saying!"

"Does not matter," said Raj. "All the same, I will always remember your goodwill towards me. And whenever you need me, you have just to say the word and I shall be at your service."

His Highness in all his life had never carried on a conversation such as this. He was rather touched and tempted to fall at the feet of Raj's, but controlled himself.

By the time they arrived at the bungalow, the tension between them had disappeared and they were talking to each other in so unrestrained and friendly manner. Even Radharaman was misled. By a look he enquired of His Highness how things were. His Highness shook his head to indicate that he had failed. Radharaman was puzzled. He could not make anything of the situation. His Highness showed no signs of elation at having won his lady-love, nor was he downcast because his request had been turned down. He only appeared diffident and a little too humble for the ruler of Premkot. Radharaman naturally found it difficult to understand the reason for this extraordinary change.

At lunch time the atmosphere was pleasant and informal. After it was over Jagjivan took Radharaman to one side and showed him a memorandum which he had drawn up. The barrister read it carefully and indicated his approval. On the other side of the drawing-room His Highness was talking to Sheela, their conversa-

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being interrupted by occasional ...hter, while Raj stood close by ...tly looking on. After a while ...haraman asked His Highness to ... him and Jagjivan, and showed ... the memorandum drawn up by ...jivan.

...s this all right?" Jagjivan enquir... of His Highness, and on receiving ...ly in the affirmative, moved over ...rds Sheela and Rajba, leaving ... Highness and Radharaman to fol...

...eela saw that the eyes of Raj ...enly developed a far-away look ... she was staring at something in...le. By this time she knew what ... change which sometimes came ... Raj meant; extraordinary things ... sure to happen.

...s soon as Radharaman and His ...ness joined them, Jagjivan re...ked: "It is surprising that Hans...verba should go to the length of ...ng false things even to Bapu ...hatma Gandhi)."

...Completely false," confirmed His ...ness.

...aj looked at His Highness and ... in a very soft voice: "Have ... prepared this memorandum for ...atmaji?"

...eela felt her body trembling. ... voice was as strange as when ...had heard it over the telephone ...ombay and never forgotten.

...es," replied His Highness. "Why ...ou ask?"

...ain Raj spoke softly as before, ...ere was razor-sharp edge to this ...ess which gripped everyone's ... "Bapu, only a little while ago ...mised to serve you. Will you let ...o it now?"

"Certainly, whatever you do will be nothing less than a blessing," replied His Highness, but somewhat puzzled.

"Let me see these papers," asked Raj.

Radharaman signalled His Highness not to do so, but Raj, though her eyes were turned away from Radharaman, gave the reply. "It is for you, Bapu, to choose between Radharaman's advice and my offer to serve you."

Everyone was amazed. His Highness turned his eyes from Raj to Radharaman and then back to Raj again, and was not able to speak.

"I beg of you. Please accept my offer," repeated Raj. The voice was of course by now very gentle.

His Highness was visibly affected, though he saw Radharaman still signalling him not to accede to Raj's request.

"Come along, please give me the paper," said Raj in a voice of compelling power.

His Highness saw the affection in Raj's eyes and surrendered. He took the papers from Jagjivan's hands and handed them to Raj.

"Stupid fool," muttered Radharaman as he sat down on a nearby chair. All others continued to look at Raj with bated breath.

Raj read Hanskunverba's telegram, His Highness' comments and the memorandum prepared by Jagjivan. Then she took a step towards His Highness as if in a trance and asked: "Would you like me to help you in this danger?"

Everyone was startled as if a lightning had struck the house.

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There can be no question of my ...ng you leave before you help me," ...d His Highness; his voice was full ...emotion.

"Well, then," said Raj, as she tore ...e memorandum into little bits of ...ces and threw them into the waste-...er basket. "Jagjivan, please take ...wn what I dictate to you," said Raj. ...agjivan could not understand what ...s happening, but under the com-...ding power of Rajba's mood, sat ...wn at the table and got ready to ...te. Raj closed her eyes for a mo-...ent, then she looked far away as ...he was invoking some inner force ...o give her strength, and began to ...ate slowly.

'Revered Mahatmaji. I consider ...t a great privilege and an honour ...that you should be good enough ...to call upon me and explain the ...position regarding the telegram ...which the Dowager Maharani ...Hanskunverba sent to you. The ...facts are as follows: I returned ...to India from Europe to secure ...the *gadi* of Premkot. I soon found ...that I could not meet with success ...unless I had money. I asked the ...late His Highness Gangasinhji of ...Manigadh to give me a loan of ...Rs. 8 lakhs. He refused my re-...quest. I then approached Her High-...ness Hanskunverba. I fell a vic-...tim to her wiles...

'Oh God," exclaimed His High-...ss as he sank into a chair and plac-...d his hands on his forehead. Ra-...araman walked up to him, while ...eela kept close to Raj. For her ...n Raj, however, continued her dic-...tion:—

...She promised to secure money which I wanted from His Highness and carried out her promise. She also made me give her a document to the effect that that money, eight lakhs of Rupees, would be kept by me in trust for her benefit. I was the person who needed the money and had no option. I accepted her condition. Later, at the instance of Hanskunverba, I broke off my engagement with Capt. Pratapsinh's daughter and deceived his family.

When I succeeded to the *gadi* of Premkot, Hanskunverba came there and again captivated me. She came there as my guest and I became her slave once again...

His Highness sobbed aloud and tore his hair. But Raj's lifeless voice went ahead relentlessly with its dictation:—

...The people of the State had begun to be restless and I requested Hanskunverba to leave Premkot. However, she refused to do so and threatened to send all the papers to the Viceroy. To save myself from the disaster I had to kidnap her and seize the papers from her. All this has happened because I was not strong enough. I am deeply sorry for what I have done. I have now begun to atone for my sin. As a first step I have asked Capt. Pratapsinh's daughter to forgive me and she has done so. As regards the eight lakhs of Rupees which I have to give to Hanskunverba...

"Rajba, Rajba," intervened His Highness. "What are you doing?" Rajba raised her hand asking him to

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keep quiet and continued her dictation:—

...I am arranging to send the amount as soon as I can to His Highness Ramsinhji of Manigadh and shall authorise him to give such money as may be necessary to Hunskunverba, provided she returns to Manigadh and lives there as befits the royal family to which she belongs.

And as for the wrongs that I have done I am prepared, as I have said, to make appropriate atonement. As a first step I am taking a pledge not to take myself a second wife, as I was contemplating to do.

Yours.....'

"Bapu, please sign this letter," said Raj.

Radharaman turned to His Highness and said: "Your Highness, do... be a fool. This girl is mad. Don't s... this letter; otherwise you will l... your *gadi*."

For a moment everyone was sile... No one knew what to say or do. Th... Raj moved towards His Highn... placed her hands on his shoulder an... said: "If you lose your *gadi*, I shal... see in it the will of God. In that cas... Your Highness, I promise you, I sha... be prepared to marry you whenev... you desire."

Everyone felt as if the world wa... collapsing. His Highness, howeve... looked at Raj with a new sense o... adoration. He took the pen, signed t... letter and threw himself at the fe... of Raj, saying: "Rajba, Rajba, com... what may, I shall carry out yo... wishes."

[*To be continued*

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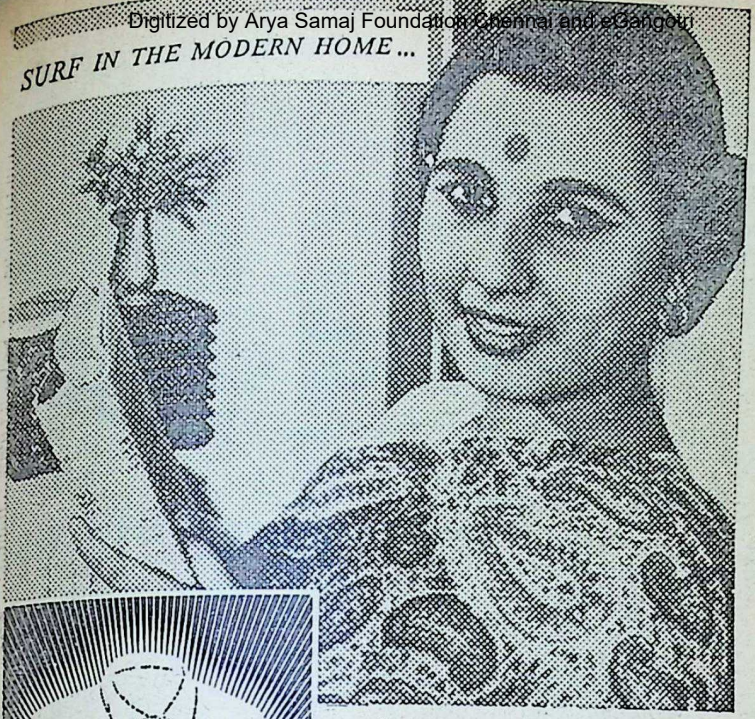

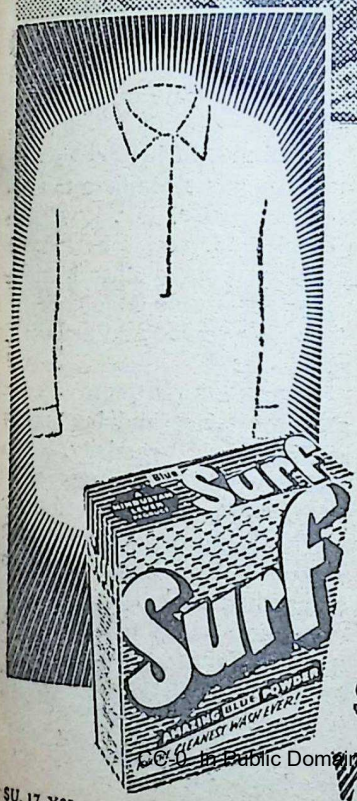

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MAN is heir to three kinds of debt: debt to *devas*; debt to mankind and debt to one's parents. The first has to be redeemed by *yagna*, the second by bringing forth sons and the last by *dana* or gifts. Now although Manjura had redeemed all his threefold debts, due to the unfounded fear of Indra he was chagrined to be faced with a piquant situation. He had to work hard for bringing divine Ganga down to earth if he would prove worthy of his father.

Undaunted by the immensity of the task, Manjura repaired to the reaches of Himalayas and settled himself in frightful *tapas*, towards Lord Parameshwara for bringing down Ganga for drenching his "father's" body. For long did he perform *tapascharya*—now with a slant, unlike on the previous occasion, thanks to the intervention of Narada.

Mother Parvati who noticed Manjura's *tapas* called her eldest son Ganesa and said: "Darling! Look at this Manjura! He is performing intense *tapas* to bring down my rival and your step-mother, Ganga from your father's headgear. Now, long lo... ago I had the gratification of seei... her pride, in virtue of her exalte... station, wounded by Sage Gautam... who took a part of her down to t... earth. Later on Bhagirath took away ... large chunk of her by his *tapas*. A... now has come Manjura to take the r... maining part of her. It will be a goo... riddance for me if he succeeds. W... you help your mother by not placi... any obstacles on Manjura's way?"

Ganesa smiled and replied: "Just a... you wish!"

Great efforts need surmountin... great obstacles and but for Ganesa's self-imposed passivity, Manjura's *tapas* would have met with grea... odds. As it was, it turned out to be ... smooth affair and Lord Sankara ap... peared before Manjura with a co... descending look, sporting serpents for ornaments, clad in elephant-skin, hold... ing the drum, *trisul*, a shining bl... neck, the third eye shimmering on th... forehead, and the lunar arc shining from the headgear. At that sight the hairs on the body of Manjura

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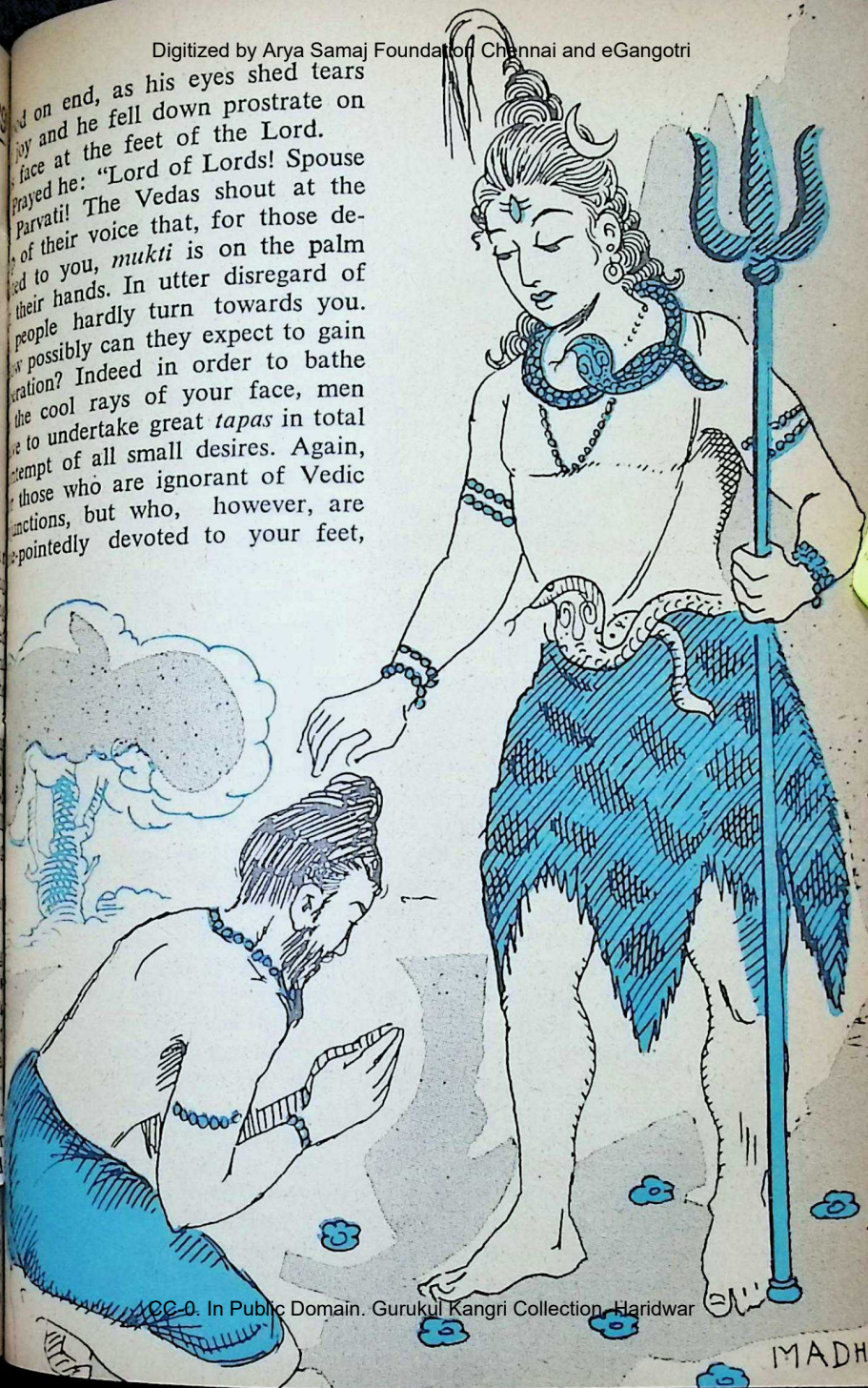
d on end, as his eyes shed tears joy and he fell down prostrate on face at the feet of the Lord. Prayed he: "Lord of Lords! Spouse Parvati! The Vedas shout at the of their voice that, for those de- ed to you, *mukti* is on the palm their hands. In utter disregard of people hardly turn towards you. w possibly can they expect to gain ration? Indeed in order to bathe the cool rays of your face, men e to undertake great *tapas* in total tempt of all small desires. Again, those who are ignorant of Vedic nctions, but who, however, are e-pointedly devoted to your feet,



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you appear before them, speak kind words and bestow fantastic gifts. Whoever has fully known your greatness?"

Lord Siva who was pleased with Manjura's prayers said: "Child! I am happy with your humility and *tapas*. Ask of me any boon you require!"

Cupping his hands before him, Manjura prayed: "Great Lord! I am the humblest of creatures. The mere fact of your having appeared before me, pleased with my humble devotion, is a million boons to me. Yet I would crave of you this much: please allow me to take away Ganga-mata from your head for a short while to irrigate the place where I live so that her sacred water can drench my deceased father's body and enable him to reach the higher worlds!"

"So be it!" declared Mahadeva.

Soon I had to follow Manjura (*Ganga-mata is narrating this story—Ed.*) at the Lord's behest. I was vexed at the thought that I had to descend from my exalted position and therefore gave vent to my anger thus: "Manjura, I shall follow you by the orders of the Lord; but take care to run sufficiently fast so as to cope up with my rapidity and force. Should you for any reason be unable to comply with my requirements, I shall run along some other course!"

Hearing this, Manjura begged of me: "Mother of the world! Does it become you to speak to me thus? I am but a poor mortal. Where am I and where is your might? Indeed I shall be nowhere if I have to conform to your requirement. If, however, I should do as you desire, grant me a boon. Let me earn by *tapas* a vehicle which can carry me as fast as you desire. There should be difficulty for you to grant me boon if your intention be genuine not to cheat me of my gift from Lord. Indeed, in the latter case, one in all the three worlds can get better of you. Who but Lord can put a check on you who, from the feet of Lord Vishnu, like his own Maya? Whoever known your prowess in full? A you the mother of all creatures people all the three worlds? O mo Isn't it your duty to protect all children? Pray save me, your s from all difficulties."

Accepting his plea, I permitted to earn the needed vehicle. Man started on an intense *tapas* dire to Lord Vishnu, as a result of wh the latter appeared before him outstretched hands that bestow g Lakshmi shining on his chest, as as the navel-flower. Manjura fell the feet of Maha Vishnu and gett up prayed: "O best among de That tongue alone is called a ton which sings the names of yours, y on whose chest smiles Sri, wh hands hold the *shankha* and the c *kra*, who is clad in *pitambar*. a whose goal is the protection of t world! Those alone are ears whi always listen to your blessed stori Those are eyes which feast on loo ing at your glorious form. They a minds that contemplate on your gre truth. All the external practices and worship bestowed upon you without real *bhakti* are like rains emptyi themselves in the ocean; like see sown in barren soil; like ghee pou ed over ashes; like the moon shinin

[*Contd. on page 75*]

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The Love-Potion

OF all senses, the sense of possession is the fiercest, particularly among the female of the species. The danseuse was chagrined to find that her parmour found time and the inclination to go home and stay during the day. Lakshmi's presence only tended to exasperate her. Wanting to put a stop to that too she had recourse to that fabled step of administering the love-potion—which had the desired result.

As a result, the Prince came home only for his food and bath, spending the rest of the day too with the dancer.

Not at all disheartened, Lakshmi became more resolute of her purpose to continue to be devoted to her husband without raising her little finger. Things went on in this manner for three consecutive years.

Lakshmi had for her neighbour an old woman who was an adept in the ways of the world and in black magic

She came to Lakshmi one day and said: "My child! You are quite young, have good looks and yet your husband frequents houses of ill-fame! What kind of wife is she who is unable to control her husband?"

"What can I do, mother!" replied Lakshmi. "When Brahma created me, he wrote on my skull that I should suffer thus!"

"Do not blame Brahma. He did his work all right. It is your foolishness that makes you suffer. Look! If you listen to my advice, you will have no reason to regret."

"What should I do? Please tell me."

"Here, take this love-potion. Mix this in the food which you offer to your husband. He will not part from you for a second," said the old woman and departed.

Taking the vial containing the potion, Lakshmi reflected: "If the potion does the work as told by her, it is well and good. Suppose it does not, and instead, harm him; what

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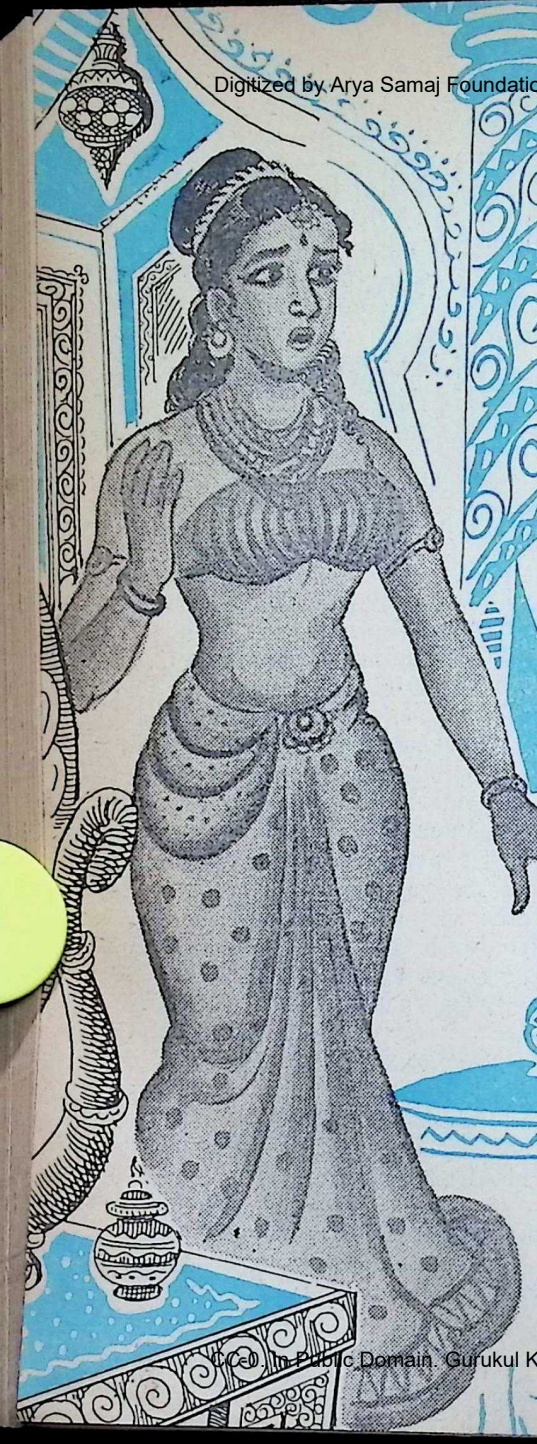

my husband hale and hearty e
though he be wayward rather th
permanently harming him?"

Thus being influenced negative
Lakshmi spilt the potion on a dun
heap at her back-yard.

Now, a serpent lived under
dung-heap and a few particles of th
potion percolated on to it which
licked and consequently became
amoured of Lakshmi.

That *nag* wanted to meet Laksh
Knowing the fate that would m
him if he went in his real form,
nag waited till the Prince depar
to the danseuse's house and tak
the form of the prince, tapped
Lakshmi's door.

When she opened it, she was agre
ably surprised to find her husba
come back so soon after his dep
ture.

She blessed her stars th
her husband had turned
her. She wondered if
potion which just pass
through her hands ha
brought about that mirac
lous effect. If that could d
that much, how wonderf
would it have been had she mixed
the potion in her husband's food
He would never have parted from
her. Her breast heaved with expec
tant pleasure and after years of
missed happiness she had the com
pany of her "husband" for the en
tire night when, her cup of joy was
full to the brim.

Lakshmi carried on with the ser
pent, blissfully ignorant of the iden
tity of its person and thinking al
the while that it was her husband
and none else. As a result of this
association she became *enceinte*.

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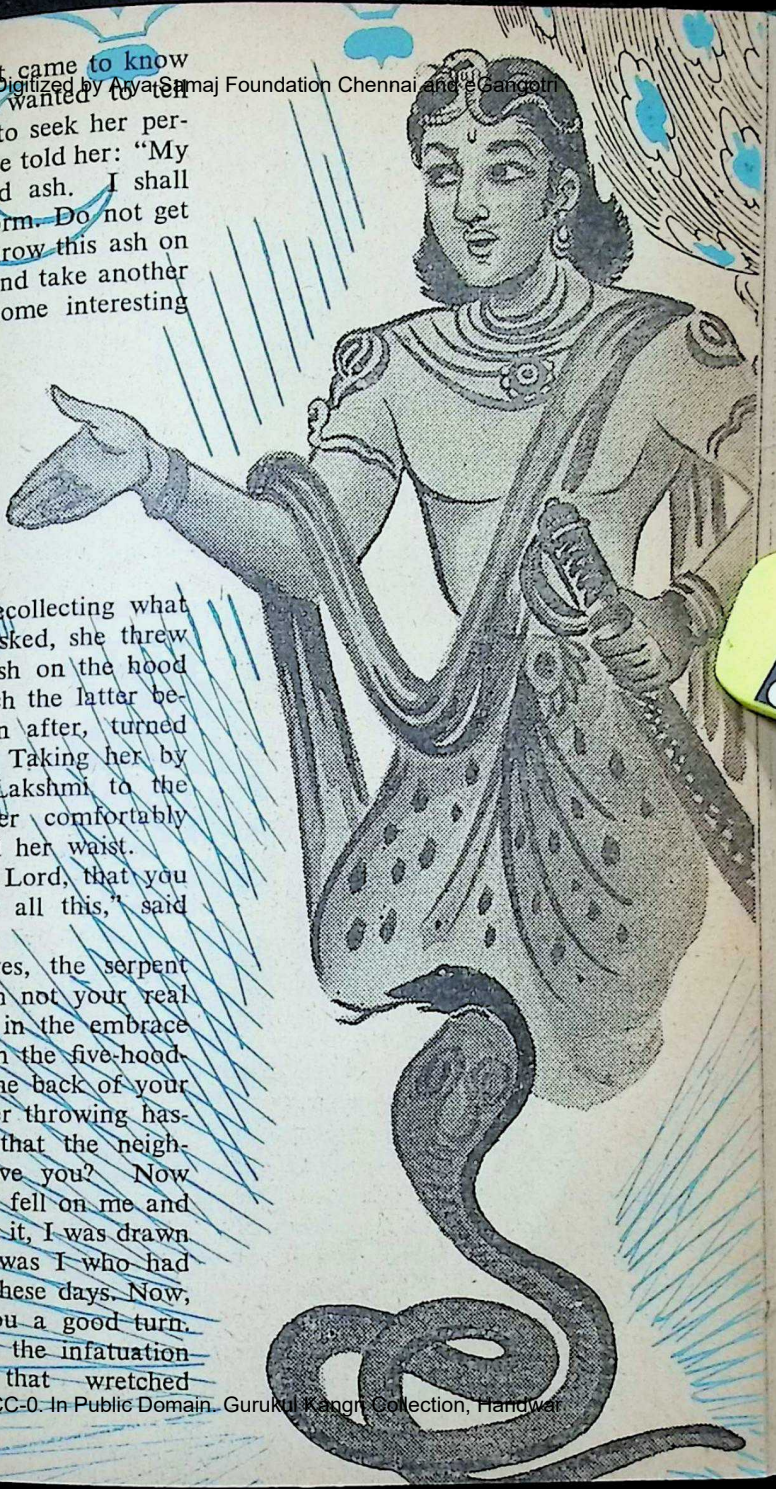
...on as the serpent came to know ...er condition he wanted to tell ...e truth if only to seek her per...nt company. So he told her: "My ... Take this sacred ash. I shall ...take a strange form. Do not get ...tened by it but throw this ash on ... I shall be tamed and take another ... and tell you some interesting ...s."

...ng away ... few seconds, ... returned in ...al shape of ...oded serpent ...g ferocious... At first sight, ...hmi shriek... ...in terror, but recollecting what ... "husband" had asked, she threw ... of the sacred ash on the hood ...e serpent at which the latter be... ... tame and soon after, turned ... into the Prince. Taking her by ... hand, he took Lakshmi to the ... and seating her comfortably ... his hand round her waist.

... never knew, my Lord, that you ... so powerful as all this," said ...hmi.

...oking at her eyes, the serpent ... "Lakshmi! I am not your real ...and. He is now in the embrace ...e danseuse. I am the five-hood... ...rpent living at the back of your ...e. You remember throwing has... ... the love-potion that the neigh...ing old lady gave you? Now ... you threw it, it fell on me and ... result of drinking it, I was drawn ...ou like this. It was I who had ... kidding you all these days. Now, ... going to do you a good turn. ... going to break the infatuation ... your husband to that wretched



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woman and bring him back to you."

And he left, leaving Lakshmi more alarmed than ever.

As Lakshmi was fairly advanced in her motherhood, her appearance struck the real Prince as odd.

He therefore went to his father-in-law and complained that his wife was being unfaithful to him as evidenced by her condition, as he had not even touched her for years now.

The vagaries of children are a permanent source of embarrassment to parents and this being a delicate issue, the King wanted to send experienced nurses to examine Lakshmi and report to him. When the latter came to inform her of her father's desire, Lakshmi gave them an appointment on the next day and sought the serpent-king's advice that night when they were alone.

The serpent laughed and replied: "Be of good cheer that your bad days are over. Let the King know of your true condition and should he challenge you, tell him firmly that your husband alone is the father of the child that is within you. Should people fail to believe you, as most certainly they will, offer to swear on oath before any deity. Better still, offer to do this: Let them keep a serpent bottled and you offer to retrieve a gold coin from the container in attestation of your fidelity. This should completely disabuse them of any lingering suspicion. I will of course manage to be that serpent. Don't worry" and left.

At day break, Lakshmi put on her best dress and appeared before her father asking, "Father! Why did you want me to be examined by nurses?"

The King bent his head low at appearance, and directed her to spe to her husband who, flushed with citement, addressed the King th "How is it, King, that while it is two years since I had touched your daughter is bearing a child!

It was a small council that was sent at the room and so, addres her audience, Lakshmi replied in firm tone: "I do not want to much of your time arguing over matter beyond stating that it is unfortunate for an aspersion like to be cast on my character. C as I am in my conscience, I am ling to vouch for mine by undertak the *sarpa-satya*."

There was pin-drop silence at dramatic turn of the enquiry and th was no option for the council exc to accept her offer.

The Prince on his part was ju lant that the truth will be out.

A snake-charmer was immediat sent for. He came and started play his pipe to attract a serpent. So to the astonishment of all, a fi hooded serpent came majestica forward and to the piper's biddi entered the big pot which was k ready, inside of which a gold co had been dropped.

The pot was sealed as soon as t serpent entered it. Lakshmi went a nearby river, bathed and returning her wet clothes, went round the po thrice and uttering "On the day my marriage I touched my husban hand. With the same hand I sh touch this serpent!", she removed t

(Continued on page 74)

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Notes & News

DR. SHAKUNTALA RAO SASTRI

WE regret to report the sad demise of Dr. Shakuntala Rao Sastri, the great Indian woman Sanskrit Scholar, at New York on the 5th instant, at the untimely age of 55. Dr. Shastri who was a B.Litt. of the Oxford University, D. Litt., & F.R.A.S. (Lond.), was also a "Shastri" and a "Vedatirtha" of the Government Sanskrit College of Calcutta. She won the Gold Medal of the Bengal Sanskrit Association for proficiency in Vedas and Vedanta. As Ghosh Travelling Fellow, she was deputed to England and other countries of the West to make a special study of girls' education there. In England, she worked under great savants like Dr. F. W. Thomas, Boden Professor of Sanskrit of the Oxford University, and the late Dr. A. B. Keith of the Edinburgh University, both of whom spoke highly of her "singular conscientiousness and great assiduity."

A keen research student, Dr. Shakuntala Rao is also the Honorary Secretary of the World Fellowship of Faiths and had organised its International Congress thrice in India.

She had also organised a Sanskrit Academy in Japan of which she was the Director. For some time she was connected with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan doing

research. Among her works, "Women in the Vedic Age", "Aspirations from a Fresh World" and "Women in the Sacred Laws" have been published by the Bhavan in the famous Book University Series. These books have won great fame. The Bhavan has also published the Sanskrit work "Kaumudimahotsava", a Sanskrit drama, which she has edited with an English translation.

At the time of her death she was doing great service in the U.S.A. as the Founder-President of the East-West Institute.

More of her books are under print. Dr. Shastri's affection for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was so great that she has bequeathed all the rights in her books and their income to the Bhavan.

A great scholar and indefatigable worker in the cause of Indian culture has passed away. May her soul rest in peace.

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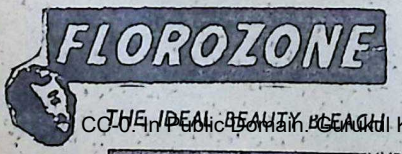

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VEDA DHARMA SABHA

THE sixth Bombay session (and 228th All-India session) of the V Dharma Sastra Paripalana Sabha held between the 13th and 19th of month at Matunga under the Pre dentship of Acharya T. A. Venka wara Dikshitar. In conformity w the declared objective of this Sa which is to create Vedic conscious among the moderns, a number scholars who had specially been in ed for the purpose explained significance of Vedic rites like Par Malya Yagna, Upanayana, Marriage and also the principal *dharmas*. morning the Avahanti *homa* w seeks to banish famine and other of the world and pray for prospe was also performed. Asthiks atte the function in large numbers listened to the learned expositi H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya Kanchi had sent his blessings to session through a special messenge

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THE LOVE-POTION—*Contd.*

seal from the pot, thrust her ha into it, took out the huge serp threw it round her neck, took the gold coin and going round council, deposited the coin on golden platter kept for the purp while the council stood terror-stric

When she deposited the serpent i the pot back again, all of them pra ed Lakshmi for her chastity.

And the Prince too was dazed i believing that he must be the fat of her child.

[*To be contin*

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BHOJARAJEEYAM—*Contd.*

middle of the forest—so say great ones who have read the *pu-*. People who do not pay heed is truth are caught in the dark- of *agyan*. Falling in the well of *ra*, they drown in the water of ; they get bitten by the snakes family ties. Dying as a result, take *yatana* bodies, get rigged by a's noose; they suffer untold ies at the hands of Yama's s who pull them by their hair fell them down unholy pits; they in hell-fire. Why talk of the folk? They are greatest who, be- g servants of your servants, are ted to you with single-minded i, innocent of any kind of mis- by word, deed and thought; fol- determinedly the path dictated e Guru and thus have known you . They indeed are capable of pro- g all the three worlds! It is im- ble to praise their blessedness ex- by Brahma. These souls not me- shine resplendently by them- s, but wash others too of sins. Lord of Mahalakshmi, prostra- s."

eased with his prayers Maha nu said: "Child! Come near and me what you desire."

Manjura related how he earned me his present difficulty in manag- me. To overcome his difficulty njura asked the boon of the loan Garuda, Maha Vishnu's mount, overcoming his difficulty. The immediately called Garuda and manded him: "Garutman! Go this King and help him in his objective" and disappeared.

Manjura mounted the Garuda after the ceremonious sipping of water three times. When Garuda stretched his wing and tore towards Kailasa, the high heaven-ways shook with terror as *devas* swiftly gave him priority of passage. As soon as Manjura neared Kailasa where I was waiting for him, the serpents which adorned Lord Siva became jittery at the approach of their hereditary enemy and held their breath in terror.

On alighting at Kailasa, Manjura sought Lord Sankara and prostrating before Him said: "Lord! You were pleased to permit me to take Ganga away. Now, I have brought Garuda to help me keep pace with her. Kindly be pleased to instruct Ganga-mata to follow me now as I fly on Garuda."

Lord Siva smiled and said to me: "My dear! He is my *bhakta*. Please go with him wherever he goes."

It is difficult to overcome inhibitions even for me. So I left Siva's headgear, ferociously pouring down to the utter bewilderment of all. At my first impact, the earth sank hundreds of miles below; Adisesha's neck was strained; the Diggajas fell on their sides; the mountains shook and seas became stormy. For a time it was all a thorough shake-up. I coursed down to Patala and by flowing through its plains, liberated quite a number of ailing souls and afterwards started upward.

Manjura woke up from the temporary shock and urged on Garuda: "Now, Lord! Ganga is coursing towards heaven. Unless you fly ahead

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of her and show her the way, she will be lost. Hurry up!"

Garuda opened the flaps of his wings and sortied in front of me and from that time, he succeeded in directing me to the place where the body of Manjura's fake father lay. On the way, quite a number of souls who had been liberated by contact with me, flew past them towards higher worlds, all of them blessing Manjura for his meritorious act. The fake body of Manjura's father too was drenched by my waters; but the net effect of all these was that real Siddhadatta who was in heaven, acquired further merit by the great actions of his son and attained to higher *lokas*. Even so, the *rishis* living near Manjura's *ashrama* blessed Manjura for thus unexpectedly getting me at their doors.

Ultimately Manjura stood be me and prayed: "Mother, my missi has been accomplished. I am r grateful to you. Innumerable pe have been blessed by you. You are at liberty to go wherever you lik Thereupon that part of me r with Gautami. Garuda too took le of Manjura and returned to M Vishnu. Manjura returned to his *rama*, pleased at the accomplishm of his father's wish.

At this the Brahmin pilgrim a Ganga-mata, "Mother, how is it Garuda, the divine mount of M Vishnu, had the misfortune to c a mortal like Manjura?"

Ganga-mata smiled and prom to reply.

[*To be contin*

NEW GUJARAT—*contd.*

laria creeper. It is specific for malaria.

Sri Bhailal Patel is an engineer who retired from the Government service some years ago. In his lifetime he said he has planted seven lakhs of trees. I am sorry that Gujarat has not taken advantage of this man's knowledge and experience. If the Government had entrusted him with the work of building river bunds and bridges, and planting trees, that alone would have turned his dynamic energy into a vast constructive channel. He would have felt the fulfilment of his life's mission and Gujarat would have been greatly benefited.

Vallabh Vidyanagar is a great m nument of his organising ability. E at the age of 75 his passion and ena for work would put to shame a yo man of 25.

After I came to the Institute, in evening Smt. Subhadrabehn brou some of the Vallabh Vidyanagar lad who were running a Mahila Man at Vallabh Vidyanagar. We discus the possibilities of opening a s branch of the Food Council at Vid nagar and make an experiment vegetable-growing. They felt th could even run a small Annapoor for the Vidyanagar students.

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ENDRA PRASAD, FIRST PRE-DENT OF INDIA. By K. L. Pan-i. Published by Macmillan and mpany Ltd. Price: Rs. 9/-.

marks the half century that has d since Dr. Rajendra Prasad join-the Congress in 1911 and was d a member of the All-India ress Committee.

11 was in a sense a momentous . Partitioned Bengal had been d and a phase of national struggle e to an end. Since 1907 Congress been split into two groups and were not to combine till the Luck-Congress in 1916 which not only the re-emergence of the Congress a vital organization but also wit-ed the arrival of a new man, hatma Gandhi. It was at the Luck-Congress that Gandhiji learned plight of the afflicted people of mparan and shortly after, came to them. As a result, he not only died the conditions at Champaran attracted one person for ever to him and his country—that was Rajendra Prasad. Since then his became inextricably mixed up with political activities which ultimately to our independence.

herto Dr. Rajendra Prasad had interested in the education of ris. While still a student, he had ed various students' organizations, at Champaran he came close to the e of the soil and thereafter he ded to improve the condition of easants. In a sense he can be said the maker of modern Bihar.

other part of his activities was to promote Hindu-Muslim unity. In this, however, he has not been quite successful. He had selected Persian as a subject up to B.A. and served his law-apprenticeship under a Muslim lawyer at Calcutta where any number of Hindu lawyers were available. This shows that communal considerations never stood in his way. He came near to a settlement with Jinnah while he was the Congress President in 1935. But he failed as he could not induce Pandit Malaviya to give up the stipulation that the representation given to the Muslims at the Centre and Bengal should be reduced and Jinnah refused to sign an agreement until Pandit Malaviya was one of the signatories. (*Autobiography*, p. 402).

Another field of his important activities lies in the propagation of Hindi. Dr. Rajendra Prasad saw the future of Hindi at a very early age, and though at the time his knowledge of Hindi was limited, he became the Secretary of the Hindi Sahitya Parishad in 1904 and after the Lucknow Congress of 1935 he presided over the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan at Nagpur. From very early times we find him struggling to establish Hindi as the national language of India which has succeeded to a great extent, thanks to his persistent efforts.

Thus, the life of Dr. Rajendra Prasad becomes a subject of absorbing interest and one difficult to write. Sri Panjabi, a former member of the Indian Civil Service, has tried to give an account of Dr. Rajendra Prasad's life in 208 pages

—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar*

LETTERS OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA (New edition). Published by Advaita Ashrama, 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta-13. pp. 552+viii. Price: Rs. 6.

THE volume under review is a new edition of Swami Vivekananda's inspiring letters. We have here some *two hundred and twenty-nine letters*, representative of the genius of this radiant monk of neo-Hinduism, inspired by Sri Ramakrishna. Swamiji's collected letters go into several volumes, but for the casual, and busy reader the present bunch is an epitome of

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the many-sided message of the sage. The informal style, the effective diction, the strength of spiritual experience and the abundant love of humanity are seen in each epistle. The manliness of Vivekananda drives the despair and gloom of all of us.

In these letters we have the philosophy of Sankara explained in an unique manner. The *Practical Vedanta* of the Swamiji has been the single source of inspiration of many great Indian thinkers. Sri Aurobindo in his *Synthesis of the Yoga* refers to the inspiration of Vivekananda. Radhakrishnan too has acknowledged his indebtedness to the inspiring message of the sage. It is difficult and not possible to explain all the problems discussed in the letters. The letters have a charm that transforms our personality. They give us the plan of Swamiji's ardent mission, the means he adopted for its fulfilment, his large vision, his impatience of the delay and slow progress, his sharp rebuke to the followers, and his enthusiasm which awakens all to the greatness of the action and the urgency of the need. He wanted *work* and not *mere worship*. In these letters we have useful suggestions made for successfully organising our social and political life. We see clearly the different aspects of Vivekananda's life, the militant monk in him, the fiery soul, the seer, and his dynamic personality.

This volume and the other volume where we have the selection from his speeches constitute the best introduction and study of Indian culture and Hinduism.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

THE PELICAN HISTORY OF MUSIC, Vol. I. Edited by Denis Stevens and Alec Robertson. Published by Penguin Books Ltd., London. Price: 5 sh.

In this first volume of a series of three volumes of the Pelican History of Music, Editors Denis Stevens and Alec Robertson have given a *lucid* and, by and large, a *factual* account of ancient forms of music and brought the history up to and inclusive of organ polyphony.

Besides the two scholarly and painstaking Editors, Alec Robertson and Denis Stevens, two other devoted students of music, Peter Cross, Holland and Gilbert Reaney have contributed to the volume under review.

Besides making the present volume itself fairly comprehensive, the Editors have added to the value of the volume (and, in all likelihood, of the other two volumes also) by giving a fine list of Books for Further Reading under each important heading, a discography, giving a list of relevant recordings, (again under each separate heading) and an Index. This will give an idea of the thoroughness with which the job has been done by the Editors and consequently of the high value of this volume to those who are interested in a cogent and authoritative history of music.

Non-Western music of the kind which prevailed in ancient Mesopotamia, Egypt, India, China, Japan, Tibet, South-East Asia and the Arab World, the development and basic features of Christian chant of Rome and the Sarun, Gallican, Mozarabic, and Ambrosian Rites have been treated with remarkable understanding.

What, one may ask, is the value of the *history* of music. Superficially it may seem that *appreciation* of music is more important than research into and knowledge of the *history* of music. This, however, is not correct. The study of the history of music enables us to understand the vast cultural heritage not only of India or China or Europe, but also of the whole world and of its *relation* to the music of our day. Indeed, many of the attempts of modern composers and stylists in Europe or in India pale into utter insignificance when we compare them with "the most elaborate structures built by the great ones of the ancient and particularly of the Middle Ages.

The volume under review, while certainly not meant for the utterly uninformed. It can

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requirements of intelligent rea-
who already know something
the history of art and literature,
who have not been able to link
with details of musical art-

appropriate illustrations which
a fine indication of the setting
the atmosphere, and with illus-
s of musical instruments, the
bers of Penguin Books have
done a fine service to the under-
ng of the history of music by
ing out a handy but yet compre-
e publication.

—*Prof. T. V. Ramanujam*

UNDER WELLESLEY. By P. Roberts. Published by Vishwa Vidyalaya Prakashan, Gorakhpur. pp. xii + 323 Price: Rs. 12.50.

is a reprint of the book first shed in 1929 by G. Bell & Sons London. The author is a disciple Sir William Wilson Hunter and a aster in state-paper research. He s the present volume as a substi- for "an authoritative biography on e scale." To praise the work under is superfluous and ridiculous ex- His *History of British India* has de- rated his judicial impartiality as torian, and his outstanding merit nforced in the volume before us. ing a chapter to chapter survey his massive monograph, a few m comments may be offered. A e chapter is devoted to the of Arcot's debts on the ground this scandal in the Company's y is "generally ignored or very quately dealt with in the ordinary s—whether because it is dis- ble, or admittedly very difficult derstand, we need not perhaps mine" (p. 85). The author thinks Burke's condemnatory judgement it, though "an exhaustive study e unpublished records and con- ary pamphlets might result in qualification of this verdict" 0). Another separate chapter with the College of Fort William, ey gave attention not only to imperial policy but also to the reform and development of the internal administration. It is very unfair to regard the great Governor-General as "a great calamity inflicted upon England or a brilliant incapacity". (p. 299). The author concludes: "And indeed, making full allowance for anything that was harsh or inconsiderate in his public career—I have not in this memoir disguised these traits—and for all that was trivial, petty, affected, or effeminate, in his private life, I must record my deliberate conviction that he was an administrator and ruler of wonderful achievement and glorious capacity" (pp. 307-8). The volume is provided with an index and four maps, two of which have been misplaced.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

KASHMIR TODAY (Tourist Number). Published by the Directorate of Information, Government of Jammu & Kashmir, Srinagar. Editor: Moh'd Amin Pandit. pp. 116. Price: Re. 1.

THE issue under review is a very interesting one, detailing all aspects of tourist interest in Kashmir in 30 articles illustrated with numerous photographs. Especially of interest to the tourists is the 'guide' given at the end furnishing information regarding the routes, accommodation facilities, train and boat fares, etc. Everyone contemplating a visit to Kashmir whether in the immediate future or later will find this number immensely useful.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer*

KANNADA

RAAGA VIRAAGA. By Pandarinatha Galagali. Published by Rajeeva Prakashana Mandira, Gadag. pp. 152. Price: Rs. 1.75 nP.

ELEVEN imaginary pen pictures based on the Bhagavata Purana are here presented by an imaginative author who has steeped himself in the spirit of Vedavyasa. As the writer of the learned foreword, Prof. V. Sitaramiah, observes, the readers should ponder over the esoteric meanings of the

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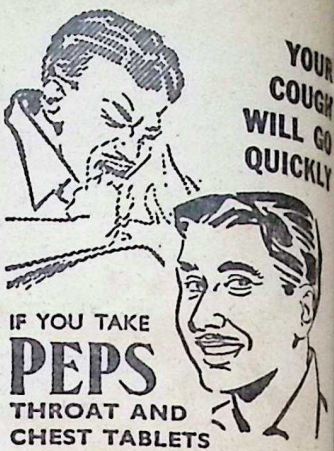
characters like Chyavana (who is compared to Prometheus), Kashyapa, Prishadhra, etc. The author could easily have taken some hints from Madhva's *Bhaarata Taatparya Nirnaya* and developed these short stories further in the same spirit. Such short stories are abundantly needed for social reform nowadays and writers like A. N. Krishna Rao (in his *Nagna Satya* and *Shani Santaana*) and Shivarama Karantha (in his *Chomana Dudi*) could easily have been imitated, and these and other religious themes from similar epics like the Bharata and the *Ramayana* could be developed into absorbing novels by this gifted author.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

RICHIE BENAUD—*contd.*

climatize themselves to new pitches and tactics. After the day's play, again, he analyses the opponents and evolves new tactics for the next day. No wonder he has been able to build up an impregnable team.

Australian sports writers incline to be cautious in discussing the prospects of the present series of matches. Indeed informed opinion has it that Benaud would have a hard time. But in his first press conference Benaud looks like having underestimated the home team when he said "We cannot perhaps hope for the same sort of excitement we had against the West Indies, because there is no guarantee that the matches will be so close, but come what may, we intend to make them attractive." But Worcester should have corrected this view. At all events the "ashes" are not known to be as easy of win as those words would imply. Let us wait and watch.



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Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Arthur Road, Bombay-7.
Associate Editor, V. A. K. Ayer : Managing Editor, J. H. Dave.

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AVAN'S URNAL

FORTNIGHTLY
JUNE 11, 1961
Vol. VII, No. 23

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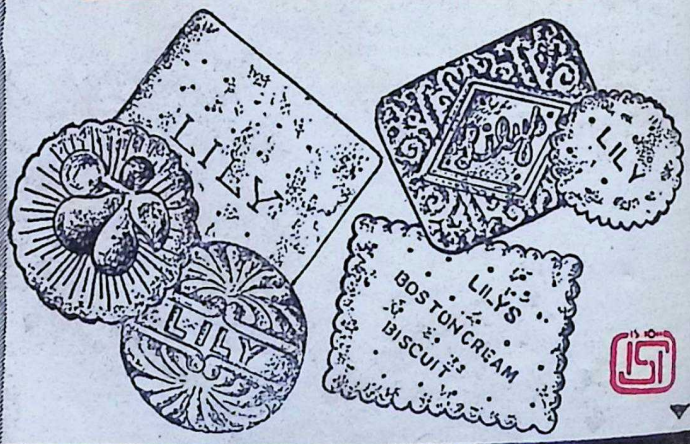

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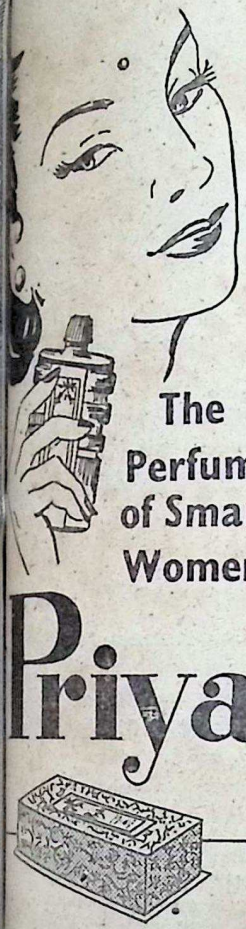

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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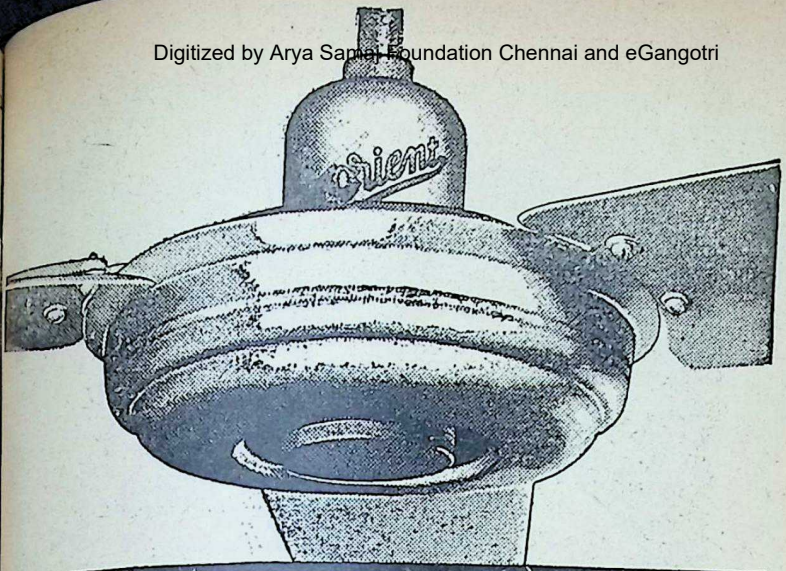

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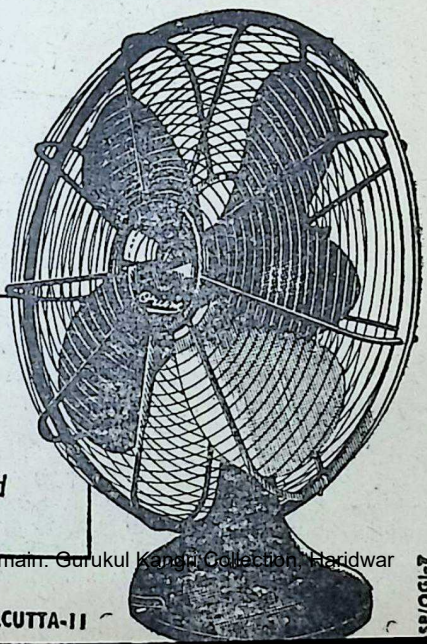

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I changed her clothes
a moment ago
-and look at her now!

'Thank goodness I know how to cope with her clothes—with a girl like mine, you just *have* to!

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side.

—Rigveda, I-89-1.

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Subscription including postage: Inland Rs. 6.50; Foreign 12sh. (Rs. 8.00), $2.00

VII JUNE 11, 1961 No. 23

PRAYER FOR WISDOM

यश्छन्दसामृषभो विश्वरूपः। छन्दोभ्योऽध्यमृतात् संबभूव।
स मेन्द्रो मेधया स्पृणोतु। अमृतस्य देव धारणो भूयासम्।
शरीरं मे विचर्षणम्। जिह्वा मे मधुमत्तमा। कर्णाभ्यां
भूरि विश्रुवम्। ब्रह्मणः कोशोऽसि मेधया पिहितः। श्रुतं मे
गोपाय।

May that which is the leader among the Vedas, Omnipresent, Immortal, churned as the cream from the immortal Vedas, the Pranava (OM), the Supreme Being, make me the possessor of Wisdom.

O Lord! May I be made to hold in my heart the Immortal Brahman!

May my body be made impervious to all forms of illness!

May I become extremely sweet tongued!

May my ears hear a surfeit (of auspicious words).

O Pranava! You are the treasure-chest containing Brahman! You are rigged by wisdom.

May all my learning conduce to my protection.

—*Taittireeya Upanishad, 4-1.*

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 233

★ MODERN GUJARATI LITERATURE ★ IMPACT OF WEST ★ EARLY BEGINNINGS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BH
BOMBAY.

JUNE 11, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

MODERN literature in Gujarati, as modern literature in other Indian languages, is the product of the impact of the West on India. It falls into five well-defined periods: (1) from 1818 to 1852, (2) from 1852 to 1885, (3) from 1885 to 1915, (4) from 1915 to 1934, and (5) from 1934 to 1960, when Gujarat was formed into a separate State of the Indian Union.

During this period, the impact of the West created new forces in all spheres of life in Gujarat as in many parts of India. It saw the high watermark of fascination for all things Western and of contempt for many things Indian; it also saw a strong revulsion against Western ideas and habits, and also a resulting synthesis which related the modern outlook to the old one.

This impact produced a renaissance giving birth to a new language and a new technique in literature. In the process, Sanskrit was largely drawn upon to give to Gujarati some of the

expressive power of English, a Romanticism which dominate English literature of the nine century served to vitalise the cal tradition of the Sanskrit m

The years from 1818 to 185 the last phase of medieval Gu During these years, Dayaram, great representative, wrote m his songs which form part of rati classics. The famous poets Swaminarayan sect also com poetry under the inspiration of janand Swami, the great religio der of Gujarat. They carried fo the old tradition in literature: language, technique and spirit fa side the scope of modern liter which owed its birth to the imp the West.

In 1818, the Maratha Empire dissolved. The Battle of Kirkee Poona, fought in that year, le East India Company the str military power in the land. Wit ruinous peace, a new age dawn

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ujarat as on several other parts country. The City of Bombay, of growing international im-ce, then emerged as the capital East India Company's Govern-

fortunes of the Gujaratis had linked with those of the Com-when its headquarters were at But when, in order to be secure the repeated incursions of Shi-e headquarters of the Company ransferred in 1687 to the islands mbay, which were inaccessible d, the Gujaratis found in the developing international port scope for their enterprising spi-

shipping industry and the for which Surat had been pre-t in the Moghul period, drifted new capital. To Bombay flock-venturous spirits from all parts country: shippers, merchants, men from Surat, Broach and y; bankers and commission from Ahmedabad; enterpris-raders from Kathiawar and The opening of the Suez and the discovery of engine-shipping immensely enlarged ope of their commercial acti-and in course of time, in co-on with foreign business houses, ilt up the greatness of Bombay ntrepot and the principal mar-the East.

e fifties, Premchand Roychand, ly from Surat, operating Bombay figured as a Co-in the important cotton mar-the world. His failure in 1863 repercussions in more than ntry. The ministers of the dif-ferent States of Kathiawar and Kutch also met there to settle their policies and to deal with the Government. Aspiring students from all parts of the province came to study in its schools and its colleges after its university was founded in 1857. Teachers, lawyers, doctors and literary men, found a rich field for their activities in a city where they could meet in a cosmopolitan atmosphere free from parochial attitudes. The psycho-social factors which these intellectuals created, influenced the whole of Gujarat, re-shaping and unifying all aspects of its life.

In Bombay, the East met the West which was represented by British clergymen and teachers whose high-souled humanity aspired to set Indians on the path of what they conceived to be progress. They did not entrench themselves behind racial exclusiveness. Political consciousness was not in evidence among Indians, and Britishers had no occasion for developing racial arrogance; for, those who sought inspiration from them did it in the spirit of humble and admiring students.

●●●

In the past, education was widespread in India. In many parts of the country, there was scarcely a village which did not have its *pathashala, tol,* or *madressa.* Men and women of the higher classes rarely lacked general knowledge of ethics, mythology, hygiene and social etiquette. The children of the well-to-do classes were generally educated at home by teachers of the old school to whom imparting learning was a religious mission which had been handed down

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to them from teacher to pupil; the officials drawn from their ranks were distinguished for their refinement and culture. The *puraniks* who recited the epic stories, and the *gagaria bhats* who relayed their popular versions, represented an educational system, which imparted tradition, religion as well as moral and social ideas to the masses.

However, during the century which followed the death of the Moghul Emperor Aurangzib in 1706, the combatants, who ceaselessly scrambled for power in the country, had no respect for culture, and the indigenous system of education fell into decay.

Bombay was the meeting place of India and the West, and the Gujaratis settled in the city first established contact with Western culture. The history of Gujarat of this period is only a story of how these pre-historic Aryan colonies reacted to this new impact; how new impulses quickened life; and how the soul of the people, awakened to a fresh outlook, expressed itself in life and literature.

The Government of Bombay, till 1947, directly governed only five districts in Gujarat: Surat, Broach, Pancha Mahals, Kaira and Ahmedabad, all of them rich in soil and resources. Surat carried on a large trade, fostered diverse industries and possessed a large class of wealthy and enterprising merchants. Broach, as a port, had not completely lost its importance. Narmada was the largest waterway in the province, and the fertility of the district was proverbial. Ahmedabad, with its vast banking resources, controlled trade and c merce in North Gujarat, Kathi and parts of Rajasthan. The dis of Thana possessed a large eleme of Gujarati-speaking people.

The possessions of the Gaek of Baroda ran contiguous to the B tish districts and included the around Amreli and Dwarka in S rashtra. In the early decades of 19th century, the Gaekwads of B da had not adapted themselves settled state of things, but the rec misrule of Malhar Rao attracted tish interference. He was deposed 1875 and Sayajirao, an infant, selected to succeed him. During early years of Sayajirao's rule, tinguished diwans like Sir T. Ma va Rao and Manibhai Jasbhai, blished a tradition of an efficient advanced form of government in State. The Gujaratis living in the roda State were not allowed to behind the residents of the British tricts, except in the matter of and political consciousness.

The States of Kathiawad (called by its original name Saur tra) and Kutch were governed long time by a brilliant race of G rati administrators. It inherited traditions of Indian statesmans combining power of organization an outlook easily adjustable to m ern exigencies. In spite of freq wrangles and perpetual mutual trust, these administrators maintai a sense of unity among themselves troduced a progressive system of ernment and built up a great tr tion which served as a constituti bulwark against the irresponsi of rulers. They were united in m

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the homogeneity of Gujarat
te of political fragmentation.
princes too co-operated in this
work.

○○○

1752, the Court of Directors of
ast India Company, in a fit of
sity, recommended to the Gov-
nt of Bombay that charity
s, principally for the children of
s, should be established. How-
ittle was done till 1814, when
acon Barnes, with the support
Government and the public of
y, founded 'The Society of
ting the Education of the Poor
the Government of Bombay.'
ver, the well-to-do classes,
and exclusive, would not touch
ways of educating their child-

ween 1820 and 1840, the Court
rectors ordered a survey of the
ion of education in different
of India with a view to its im-
ent. This policy was solely in-
to disarm the hostility of the
classes of Indians by associat-
em in the lower grades of ad-
ration. This policy culminated
bruary 2, 1835 in the famous
of Lord Macaulay on educa-
which laid the foundation of the
system of education in the
with English as the medium.
1820, the Society founded by
acon Barnes, generally known
Bombay Education Society,'
its active work. It opened four
s in Bombay, one in Surat and
Broach. In 1825, a branch of
ciety was formed for work in
t under the name of 'The Na-
tive Education Society,' and Bishop Carr, its guiding spirit, when on a visit to Broach on behalf of the Society, acquired for it the services of Ranchhodbhai Girdharbhai (1803-1873), a young man who had picked up a little English from an ex-soldier.

Ranchhodbhai with apostolic zeal prepared the first set of text-books in Gujarati and undertook the training of teachers in Bombay. He was the father of modern Gujarat, for the educational activities for the succeeding thirty years was the life-work of Ranchhodbhai.

In 1827, the Bombay Education Society commemorated the retirement of Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone, the popular Governor of Bombay, by founding the Elphinstone Institution in Bombay 'for teaching the English language and the Arts, Sciences and Literature of Europe.' Many pioneers, including Dadabhai Naoroji, to whom we owe the birth of many progressive movements in Western India, received their education in this institution.

The young men educated in the Institute, bursting with fresh knowledge and enthusiasm, banded themselves into The Students' Society, pledged to broaden the horizon of their knowledge and outlook. Its Gujarati wing, styled *Gujarati Jnana Parasaraka Mandali*,—The Society for the spread of knowledge—in 1849, started a monthly magazine, *Ganeana Parasaraka*, (the Disseminator of Knowledge).

In 1851, Gujarati young men studying in the institute started yet another association, styled *Buddhivardhaka Sabha* with Ranchhodbhai as president, and began to publish a

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monthly organ called *Buddhivardhaka*, (the Augmenter of Knowledge). Associated with him were Mehtaji Durgaram Manchharam, Tuljaram Sukharam, Mohanlal, Ranchhodbhai's son, Mahipatram Ruparam. Sorabji Bengali, Ardeshir Moos and Nanabhai Ranina, the Hindu and Parsi pioneers of education among the Gujaratis, were members of this group. Karsondas Mulji, the social reformer, who later exposed the immoral practices of the *goswamis* of the Vaishnava sect, also belonged to it.

These enthusiasts wrote books on science and mathematics, history and biography, Ranchhodbhai, for instance, wrote the History of the Medos, the Persians and the Egyptians; Mahipatram and Nanabhai Haridas, later a judge of the High Court of Bombay, a collection of biographies; Mohanlal, the son of Ranchhodbhai, a history of the Marathas.

The adventurous Fardunji Marzbanji (1787-1874) had as early as 1822, started journalism in Gujarati on a prosperous career by his daily *Mumbai Samacara* which still survives. The increasing number of weekly and monthly journals which began to be published in its wake gave ample scope for the literary and reforming zeal of this set. The ideas which actuated these young men of the institute cannot be better described than by the names of their magazines.

●●●

Mehtaji Durgaram (1809-1878), one of the early enthusiasts influenced by Ranchhodbhai, had left Bombay in 1826 to settle in his native Surat. Though a high-browed Na Brahman by caste, he renounced thodoxy and started a vigorous paign against custom and sup tion, social and moral evils, gh and miracles. He also wrote on ence, started a tract publishing ciety called the *Pustaka Pra Mandali* and organised a small of enthusiastic co-workers.

The litho press which Mehtaji D garam wanted to instal in Surat with a curious fate. The British lector of Surat was an arrogant presentative of the ruling race. W requested by the Head Master o English school to examine the dents in geography and grammar had exclaimed: "What? Geogr and grammar to the Blackies!" man would not allow Mehtaji t up the press within the limits o town. A mission press, no doubt, been working in the town since but a press in the hands of a 'Bl might, he thought, provide a we to attack the officials. Mehtaji, ever, remained undaunted and s up outside the town. In 1844, h ganised *Manava Dharma Sabha*, ciety for discussing problems of reform.

In 1826, Tuljaram Sukharam, pired by the new spirit, open school in Ahmedabad which was ing slowly awakened to modern ditions. In 1846, an English civ A. Kinloch Forbes, came there a assistant Judge. He studied Guja established contact with cultured of the province, and in 1848, ac ed a friend and associate in Da ram Dahyabhai, a poet.

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...en them they collected old ...ripts, gathered tales of hero-...om *charans*, the hereditary ...and collected traditional and ...al materials about Gujarat, ...Forbes utilised in his *Rasama-*...56) to describe the vanished ...of Gujarat with glowing sym-... In 1848, he founded The Guja-...rnacular Society—now styled ...*Vidya Sabha*—at Ahmedabad, ...d the foundation of its library ...is manuscripts. The society ...a fortnightly organ, *Buddhi-*... in 1850, which still is being ...ed, and its own press in 1851. ...es, when transferred to Surat, ...unded a similar society there and promoted a journal, *Surat Samacara;* both of them, however, were short-lived.

On his retirement in 1854, his friends found The Forbes Sabha in Bombay to carry on the research work so dear to him. In his journal *Dandio*, Poet Narmadashankar described him as 'a *tulsi* plant in a bed of opium.' He is, perhaps, the only British official who will always be remembered by Gujaratis with affection and gratitude.

Yours sincerely,

Fortunes have been made out of opportunities which many men ...d but only one man saw.

—Anon

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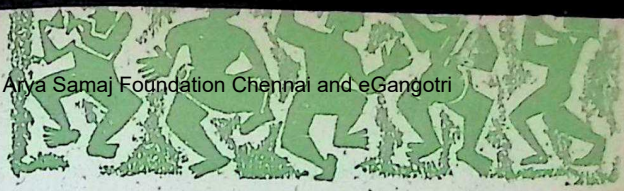

LORD'S NAME

O, mortals who are scorched by the fire of sins! Do not lose heart. The showers falling from the cloud of Govinda-nama will surely scotch that fear.

—Garuda Purana

Be he one who has transgressed all dharmas, *be he one who has revelled in sins; if only he repeats the name of Lord Vishnu, he will attain liberation beyond any shadow of doubt.*

—Vaishampayana Samhita

If, however, on the strength of God's name, one embarks on an evil act, there is no liberation whatsoever for him; not all the Yogas can save him.

—Padma Purana

Well-known in the world is the name Narayana, as the greatest burglar! No sooner does it enter man through his ear, than it steals away all the accumulated sins of his past births.

—Vamana Purana

There is one commendable quality about the sins of Kali Yuga. At the mere singing of Sri Krishna's name they disappear and man becomes liberated. What had to be attained in the Krita Yuga by Dhyana *of Vishnu, in the Treta Yuga by* yagas, *and elaborate worship in Dwapara Yuga, can be obtained in Kali Yuga by the mere chanting of Hari's name!*

—Srimad Bhagavata

Fear not, O afflicted souls! The greatest atonement for sins and the highest means of attaining Divine Love is the reciting of Hari's Name. Renouncing all worldly cravings, engage yourself in this practice in the firm faith and work out your salvation from bondage.

—Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu

I have discovered the Chintamani (*wish-yielding gem*) *'Rama-Nama'; I shall never remove it from my heart.*

—Goswami Tulsidas

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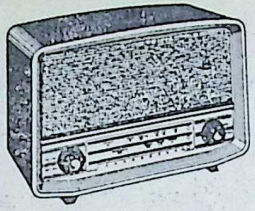

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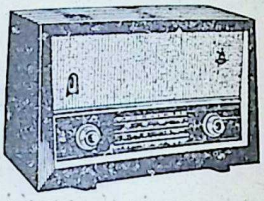

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...cism demands a razor-sharp intellect,
...ute clarity of thought and divine intuition.
...ks and half-wits, neurotics and
...ia-ridden people can never have real mystical
...rience. The divine element in it makes
...remely compelling and valid.

WHO IS A MYSTIC?

Dr. R. D. RANADE

MYSTICISM denotes that attitude of mind which involves a direct, immediate, intuitive ap...ension of God.

...signifies the highest attitude of ...h man is capable, namely, a beati...ntemplation of God, and its dis...nation in the society and the ...d.

...e surest criterion of mysticism is ...ality of the experience as enjoy...y the mystic himself. It is known ... to him and to his Maker. Before ...ere is no appeal; for it there is ...riterion.

...is this personal-divine aspect of ...stic's spiritual realisation which ...es it with a peculiar halo and ... It is in this sense that mystical experience has been regarded as ineffable.

It has been very often supposed that, for mystical experience, no separate faculty like intuition need be requisitioned, but that intellect, feeling, and will might suffice to enable us to have a full experience of God.

Now it is a matter of common knowledge that even for heights to be reached in artistic, scientific, or poetic activity, a certain amount of direct, immediate, intuitive contact with Reality is required.

Far more is this the case in the matter of mystical experience.

Intuition, far from contradicting intelligence, feeling, or will, does penetrate and lie at the back of them all.

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Intuition would not deny to Mysticism a title to philosophy if intellect requires it.

As it connotes a determinative effort towards the acquisition of reality, it implies a definite, prolonged, and continuous exercise of the will.

As feeling brings the subject and object into more intimate contact than any other psychological process, it also becomes a vital part of the process of realisation.

Thus it seems that intelligence, will, and feeling are all necessary in the case of mystical endeavour.

Only intuition must back them all.

It is this unique character of mystical experience, namely, its intuitive and ineffable character which has served to make all God-aspiring humanity "a common and hidden society", the laws of which are known to themselves, if at all.

●●●

We have seen above how mystical experience involves the full operation of the intuitive faculty which subsumes under it the operations of intellect, will, and feeling and is not contradictory of them.

We must say that that kind of mystical experience must be invalid, which does not tend to an intellectual clarification of thought.

A man who is labouring under delusions, a man who is likely to suffer from hallucinations, a man who is pathologically neural, can never hope to attain to real mystical experience.

A man who aspires after the mystical life must have a penetrating and unfaltering intellect; he must also have a powerful philosophic imagination.

It is not without reason that m mystics like Sankaracharya and navalkya, Plotinus and Spinoz Paul and Augustine, Jnaneshwar Kabir have produced the great int tual works that have lived after th

We must say about these works t they enjoy a certain amount of i mortality, and they can never p so long as the world prizes their m mystic fibre.

Accurate intellectual thoug among other things, which will co pel philosophical assent and adm tion, is a sure accompaniment of m tical experience.

It is true that there are temper mental differences between mystics there are temperamental differe between ordinary men.

Not all mystics need be philo phers; not all mystics need lead life of emotion; not all mystics activists; but wherever true mys cism is, one of these faculties m predominate; and unless we see i mystic a full-fledged exercise of least one of these faculties, we m not say that he is entitled to the na of a mystic at all.

Hence intellectual power and ab lute clarity of thought seem to be t primary criterion of mystical expe ence.

Another criterion of the reality mystical experience is its capacity f the definite moral development of t individual and society.

If we go to Plotinus, we find th same perfection of moral virtues i mystical life insisted on. "The Vision he tells us, "is not to be regarded unfruitful. In this state the perfe soul begets—like God himself—bea

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ughts and beautiful virtues."
hn of the Cross teaches that
uly mystical life, a knowledge
and His attributes overflows
understanding from the con-
h Him, and the soul is ad-
to the knowledge of wisdom
ce, and the gifts and powers
whereby it is made so beauti-
rich."

r as the utility of the mystic
society is concerned, we may
take it to be a truism, and a
who is not of supreme service
society is not a mystic at all.
true that here again there are
mental differences among my-

mystic may choose more or
be a Quietistic, and another of
vistic type. But the fact re-
that in either case he is of sup-
service to humanity by calling
tention from moment to mo-
o the perfection and greatness
d.

have been mystics, who like
's God, have moved the world
r divine contemplation. Un-
themselves, they have become
a world-shaking type.

s Jones narrates how mystics
eir consciousness invaded by
sh of a large life: "Some-
ey have seemed to push a door
rger range of being with vast-
tened energy. Their experi-
s been always one of joy and
In fact, it is probably the
joy of which a man is cap-
nergy to live by actually does
them from somewhere, and
verse backs the experience."

It has been occasionally contended by certain writers that mysticism has got nothing to do with a life of emotions.

If, by a life of emotions, these people, on the one hand, mean a sombre and melancholy, or on the other, a buoyant and boisterous sentimentalism, we entirely agree with what these people say.

But if they deny to a mystic the possession or use of emotions in their refined, pure, and "Deiform" state, we entirely disagree with them.

In fact, if we take the trouble of reading the account of emotions given by Tulsidas, or Surdas and Eknath or Tukaram, we may be sure that the life of emotions is almost a *sine qua non* of mystical experience.

In fact, no mystical experience is possible unless we have a plenitude of finer emotions, all turned to the experience of God.

A mystical life so far from being unemotional is, we must say, supremely emotional; only, the emotions ought to be exercised and kept under control by intellect.

Otherwise, a mystic would tend either to be an extreme L'Allegro, or on the other hand, an extreme Il Penseroso.

When Spinoza said that emotions must be transmuted into an intellectual love of God, he said most accurately what is needed in a true life of Mysticism.

●●●

We cannot close this subject, however, without touching upon a point of vital importance, namely, that of the epistemological character of the reality of mystical experience.

●●●

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The cumulative experience of the mystics of the East and the West would prove that there is a certain amount of universality in their mystical experience.

They have the same teaching about the Name of God, the fire of Devotion, the nature of Self-realisation, and so forth, and it is due only to an overweening superciliousness that certain people might regard the mystics of one country or religion, as different from, or superior to, the mystics of other lands or faiths.

If all men are equal before God, and if men have got the same 'Deiform faculty,' which enables them to 'see God face to face,' then there is no meaning in saying that there is a difference between the quality of God-realisation in some, as contrasted with the quality of God-realis... others.

It is true that there may b... sical, mental and temperament... ferences, but there is no differe... quality of their mystical or i... realisation.

It is this element of univer... which, as Kant contends, woul... fer upon mystical experience ... tivity, necessity and validity.

We suppose that the objectiv... necessity conferred by mysti... perience is even of a higher ord... that of any other kind of hum... perience just because it is 'D...

It is this element of divinit... that makes it so supremely com... and valid.

[From *Pathway to God in Literature.*]

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Pageant of Great Lives--19

SANT KABIR DAS

(1398-1527 A.D.)

Bankey Behari

N the holy city of Benares, some hundreds of years ago, a childless Muslim weaver, Niru by e, saw a smiling babe with bright g forehead, sucking his thumb, sedate on a lotus leaf in a negd tank.

e child saw the old man apch, and greeted him with *'ba, ba.'* old man seemed to have remembd it for ages. He immediately ed it to his bosom, and rushed ve the good news to his aged Pleased, she sent for the Maulvi, performed the necessary ceremoand the child was named Kabir Great) which he became.

ring his lifetime, Kabir performany miracles. By his mystic utces he impressed everyone, and s learned harangues, he caused discomfiture to the learned Pandits. The idolators marked him out as a master iconoclast. But this reformer and saint fearlessly preached the gospel of social equality, imparting with force and preaching by practice, the gospel of his Guru, Ramananda:

Jati Pati Puchai Na Koi,
Hari Ko Bhaje so Hari Ka Hoi

None shall inquire into thy caste. He who shall recite the Name of the Lord will be claimed by Him.

Kabir refused to make austerities the goal of his life. He remained a householder for a long time and followed his profession of a weaver. The music of his loom always reminded him of the divine symphony. With skill and as a perfect craftsman, he wove his 'Jhini Chadari' (the delicate wrapper) of devotion and as a

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supreme artist, he steeped it in the tears of his devotion, dyeing it with his piety. It was this act of the weaver which made him proclaim without fear of contradiction, "the weaver hath looked into his heart, and there recognised God."

Tradition has it that he married twice, and his wives were ever obedient to him and ministered to his special mandates to feed every mendicant who came to his door. Many miracles are recorded about his life. One such refers to the period when the Brahmins with a view to humiliate him, circulated the news that a big '*bhoj*' (dinner) was to be held at his place. People repaired to his house. He, however, hid himself for fear of shame. The Lord, instead, played the host and a rich feast followed to the surprise of all who were called by the Lord.

●●●

Kabir was remarkable for his spiritual earnestness and this was apparent in him from the very outset. His discipleship was the first step to it. Ramanand, the great saint of the Order of Ramanuja, accepted only Brahmins as his disciples. All entreaties to relax the rule proving futile, Kabir, one day hid himself under the steps of the Ghat at Benares, where Ramanand used to go very early in the morning for his bath. Unknowingly he trod on Kabir to the great joy of the latter. The Master, in agony, of having crushed one of God's own creatures, cried out 'Rama, Rama.' Kabir took it as his initiation—*mantra*. Since then he called himself the disciple of Ramanand, and began to recite 'Rama.' When Ramanand the earnestness of Kabir, he acc ed him as a disciple. It was him that he learned the worship practice of the impersonal aspect (N guna) of the Lord. And in his he denounced most vehemently beliefs of the orthodox, ridiculed theologians, and exhorted pe against all rituals and ceremon He decried the learning that sought form only and ignored the spirit line is ascribed to him:

Pothi Parh Parh Jag Mua Pc Hua Na Koi
Dhai askhar Prem Ka Parhe Pandit Hoi

The world passed away reading big tomes. None found enlightenm therein. He who understood the t and-half letters which embody (viz. राम) gained emancipation!

He went far and wide to preach gospel of love, which appealed all more to the people for the rich and simplicity of the poetry in w his teachings were contained.

●●

His *sakhis* and songs are rep with mysticism of the highest or I give a few of the translations illustrate the point. Macauliffe, gore, Underhill and others have gi some translations of Kabir's so which can be studied with profit.

Speaking of the nature of lo which is his universal theme, about the sacrifice that the Belo wants, Kabir says:

This is love's abode, not the ho of a dear aunt.
He who severs his head and pla it on the ground is admitted.
He severs the head, places it on examples it under foot

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s Kabir, if such a one be thou,
r thou in.

ve grows not in the garden, nor
e market sold;
soever likes it king or subject, let
purchase with his head.
have drunk the brimful cup of
the Teacher with knowledge hath
ed me.
thy love be like the Chakor's
for the moon:
en if the head severed falls to the
nd, the gaze still is fixed in the

at is the love of the fish for
, aught else falls short of it,
soon as it is separated from
, life departs.

the religion of Kabir the door
sed to nobody, to whatever class
ationality he might belong, nor
y special favour shown to the
mician. 'The heart shall be look-
into' is the brief commandment.
the counting of the beads, nor
growing of the matted locks,
even the idol worship, nor
tinkling of bells, nor the holy
mage will help. The Lord dwells
n the heart. When you will pant
Him and weep bitterly in sepa-
n from Him, then would reali-
n dawn.

accepts no bribe, and all these
rent charities, whilst your heart
s in the things of the world,
not take you one step nearer
im Whom you say you love.

abir enjoined a strict code of
line for them who will traverse
Path. He points to the meaning-
ss of our occupations and the
risy of our professions. The
ss of our life is vividly portrayed
Him. While it appears so easy

REMEMBERING GOD

Remember God in the same way as a lover remembers his lady-love, who is never out of his mind even for a moment during the twenty-four hours of a day.

Fix your mind on God even as the cow has its thoughts fixed on the calf even while grazing in the forest and does not forget it even for a moment.

Think of God in the same way as a pauper thinks of the few farthings he has scraped together, which he counts every now and then and forgets not even for a moment.

Merge your thoughts in the remembrance of God just as the deer is absorbed in hearing the music of the lute, so much so that it never withdraws its mind from it and dies with it.

Develop attachment for remembrance similar to that which the moth has for the flame,—the moth which burns itself to death but does not shrink from hugging the fire.

Concentrate your thoughts on God just as the insect is absorbed in the thoughts of the bee, so much so that it loses its identity and is transformed into the bee through intensive meditation.

Develop that love for remembrance which the fish has for water,—the fish which cannot bear a moment's separation from water and dies without it.

—Kabir

to woo the Beloved with Love, yet it is so difficult, for Kabir says, what the Upanishads have so often repeated:

"Difficult is the Path leading to the Beloved, it is like a sword-edge....."

Kabir wants you to be honest to yourselves. He said:

I am the yogi of the mind: others are of the body

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Fixing the mind in Yoga, my condition has altered".

The Path pointed out by him is simple. It is, "recite the Name. Make love to Him. Happiness and wealth are mere dreams. Discriminate the dross from the gold. Realise the Divinity within thee. Beware of the net of Maya (illusion). How subtly it entangles! You should not go towards sensuousness. Every morning approach nearer to Him. Leave off vanity and be humble from this moment. Lose not the opportunity. Hear what the clay has to say to the potter:

"Saith the clay to the potter, to what purpose dost thou knead me?
Such a day shall come when I shall knead thee."

The lines remind us of Omar Khayyam, where he says:

"I watched the potter thumping his wet clay:
And with its all obliterated tongue
It murmured, gently, brother, gently pray."

The strain of the Sufi is struck at many places by Kabir. That was the reason which led to the banishment of Kabir at the hands of the then ruling Emperor, Sikandar Lodi, who did not quite appreciate the protestant effusions and the free-thinking of Kabir.

Kabir refused to accept that Truth which proclaimed was or could ever be the monopoly of any creed. He held it was the outcome of Divine grace. And when Kabir fell ill, he refused to have himself treated, for who could treat a patient like him? Bidding farewell to the learned p sicians he said:

"Depart to thy house, O Physi my malady is beyond thee.
He who hast this pain created, would look to my well-being."

Kabir of late has been the subj of special study by scholars. And i not surprising to find students go to Maghar, Benares and other pl in the Central Provinces which great saint visited. One of the pro able subjects of study would be comparison of the philosophy of K bir, with Vedanta, Vaishnavism and Sufi way of thinking. There are ma points of resemblance, and a thoro appreciation of the main princ of the various creeds will lead to better understanding between warring communities of India. true religion consists in understand and not merely in rituals and cere nials. Says Kabir, 'in whose h dwelleth the Lord performeth best worship.' Kabir insisted o logical approach to religion, in true devotional spirit. He fought thodoxy with fearlessness and bear the lion in its own den—Benares, stronghold of orthodoxy. Many trick, and some at times vulgar w played to injure him, but he towe over all temptations. Once a beauti courtesan was sent to him to turn off the path of righteousness. T sight of Kabir converted this Mag lene, and made her an "initiate of higher Love!"

He is born to no purpose, who having the rare privilege of being a man, is unable to realise God in this life.

—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

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Ravana's Decision

When the demons Khara, Trishira and Dushana were killed by Rama, Shurpanakha flew to Lanka and fell crying at the feet of her elder brother Ravana, when the latter asked her:

उत्तिष्ठ वत्से त्वं विरूपकरणं तव।
केन वा भद्रे यमेन वरुणेन वा।
कुबेरो वा बूहि भस्मीकुर्यां क्षणेन तम्॥

Get up, child! Who has disfigured you, O auspicious one, thus—Indra, Yama, Varuna or Kubera? Tell me and I shall pound them to dust instantaneously."

इत्युवाचेदं त्वं प्रमत्तो विमूढधीः।
नूनं स्त्रीविजितः षण्ढः सर्वत्रलक्ष्यसे।
राज्यहीनस्त्वं कथं राजा भविष्यसि।
खरस्त्रिशिरास्तथा दूषणस्त्रिशिरास्तथा॥
निहतः संख्ये दूषणस्त्रिशिरास्तथा॥
सहस्राणि राक्षसानां महात्मनाम्।
हतानि क्षणेनैव रामेणासुरशत्रुणा॥
अशेषेण मुनीनां निर्भयं कृतम्।
किमसि विमूढस्त्वमत एव मयोच्यते॥

Replied Shurpanakha thus: "You are a colossal fool, for you are always insober with drink, a slave to women, and ineffective like a eunuch. Even one who refuses to see with the eyes of spirit, be called a King? Killed has been Khara in battle, even as Dushana and Trishiras. Nay, fourteen thousand gallant Rakshasas have been slain lock, stock and barrel, in an instant, by Rama, the declared foe of demons, and Janasthana has been made safe for the Munis. Inasmuch as you know nothing of these calamities, I call you a fool!"

रावण उवाच—
को वा रामः किमर्थं वा कथं तेनासुरा हताः।
सम्यक्कथय मे तेषां मूलघातं करोम्यहम्॥

Replied Ravana: "Tell me who this Rama is, how have the Asuras been slain by him; tell me in detail so that I may extirpate the enemy!"

शूर्पणखोवाच—
जनस्थानादहं याता कदाचिद्गौतमीतटे।
तत्र पञ्चवटी नाम पुरा मुनिजनाश्रया॥
तत्राश्रमे मया दृष्टो रामो राजीवलोचनः।
धनुर्बाणधरः श्रीमान् जटावल्कलमण्डितः॥
कनीयाननुजस्तस्य लक्ष्मणोऽपि तथाविधः।
तस्य भार्या विशालाक्षी रूपिणी श्रीरिवापरा॥
देवगन्धर्वनागानां मनुष्याणां तथाविधा।
न दृष्टा न श्रुता राजन् द्योतयन्ती वनं शुभा॥
आनेतुमहमुद्युक्ता तां भार्यार्थेतवानघ।
लक्ष्मणो नाम तद्भ्राता चिच्छेद मम
नासिकाम्॥
कर्णौच नोदितस्तेन रामेण स महाबलः।

Replied Shurpanakha: "From Janasthana I happened to go to Panchavati on the banks of Gautami where lived the Munis. In an *ashrama* I saw the lotus-eyed Rama, holding the bow and arrows. He looked charming in his matted hair and bark-dress. Equally good looking was his younger brother Lakshmana. Rama's wife Sita, large eyed, was a replica of Lakshmi. There is none like her among Devas,

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Gandharvas and men. Illuminating the forest, she shines auspiciously. O sinless one! I tried to carry her away into your harem. But lo! The younger brother, valiant Lakshmana, cut off my nose and ears at the bidding of Rama!

ततोऽहमतिदुःखेन रुदती खरमन्वगाम् ॥
सोऽपि रामं समासाद्य युद्धं राक्षसयूथपैः।
अतः क्षणेन रामेण तेनैव बलशालिना ॥
सर्वे तेन विनष्टा वै राक्षसा भीमविक्रमाः।
यदि रामो मनःकुर्यात्त्रैलोक्यं निमिषार्धतः ॥
भस्मीकुर्यान्न संदेहः इति भाति मम प्रभो।
यदि सा तव भार्या स्यात्सफलं तव जीवितम् ॥
अतो यतस्व राजेन्द्र यथा ते वल्लभा भवेत्।
सीता राजीवपत्राक्षी सर्वलोकैकसुन्दरी ॥
साक्षाद्रामस्य पुरतः स्थातुं त्वं न क्षमःप्रभो।
मायया मोहयित्वा तु प्राप्स्यसे तां रघूत्तमम् ॥

"Crying, I went to Khara. He came out with the hordes of Rakshasas to fight Rama but the mighty Rama killed all the powerful Rakshasas in a trice. Lord! It appears to me that if Rama so wills he will burn all the three worlds into ashes in half a minute. If only Sita becomes your spouse will your life become fruitful, so try your might, O King of Kings, to get her. Sita is lotus-eyed, the only beautiful woman in all the three worlds. (I may tell you this) Lord! You cannot stand before Rama in person, so by luring away the best of Raghus, should you take away."

श्रुत्वा तत्सूक्तवाक्यैश्च दानमानाविभिस्त
आश्वास्य भगिनीं राजा प्रविवेश स्वकं गृहं
तत्र चिन्तापरो भूत्वा निद्रां रात्रौ न लब्धवान्
एकेन रामेण कथं मनुष्य–
मात्रेण नष्टः सबलः खरो
भ्राता कथं मे बलवीर्यदर्प–
युतो विनष्टो बत राघवेण
यद्वा न रामो मनुजः परेशो
मां हन्तुकामः सकलं बलं

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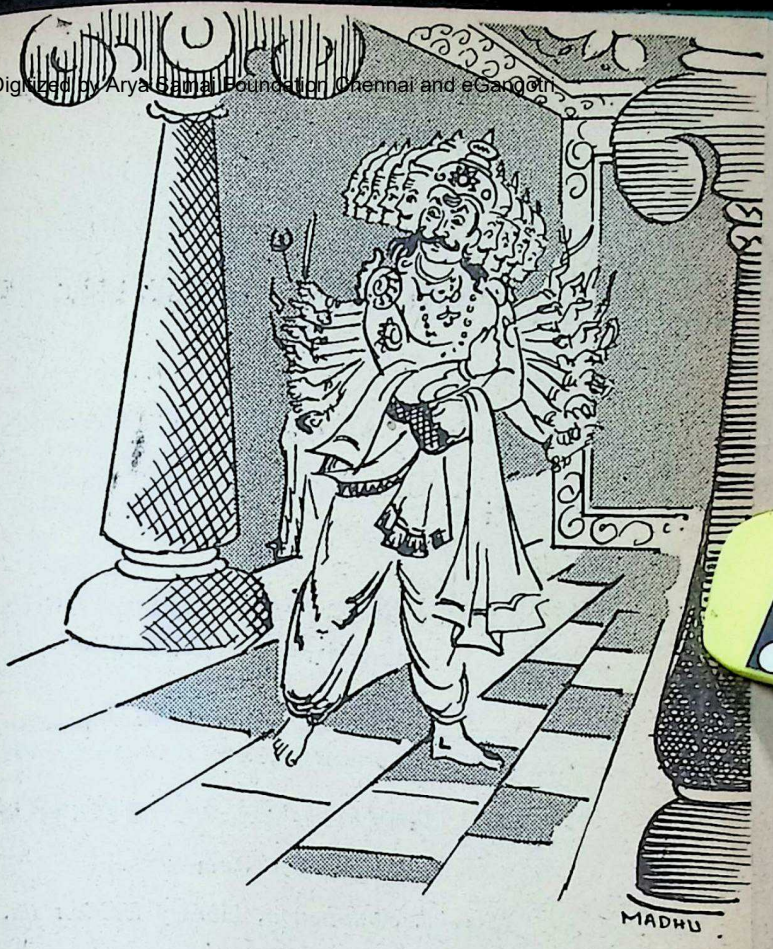

...तोऽयं द्रुहिणेन पूर्वं
...रूपोऽत्र रघोः-
कुलेऽभूत् ॥
...यदिस्यां परमात्म-
वैकुण्ठराज्यं
परिपालयेऽहम् ।
...दिदं राक्षसराज्यमेव
...चिरं राममतो
व्रजामि ॥

...fter listening to ...se meaningful ...ds, Ravana paci- ...his sister by gifts ...praise, and en- ...d his palace. ...re he lay sleep- ...thinking 'How ...ibly can my ...ant brother Kha- ...despite his pro- ...s come to be ...d by a mere ...Raghava? Is ...a no mortal, but the great God ...e down to earth for the purpose ...lling me as prayed for by Brah- ...f yore? Should, however, I hap- ...to be killed by God, I shall surely ...over Vaikuntha! If not, I will ...ruling this kingdom of Raksha- ...At all events I shall be speeding ...rds Rama!'

विचिन्त्याखिलराक्षसेन्द्रः
रामं विदित्वा परमेश्वरं हरिम् ।
विरोधबुद्ध्यैव हरिं प्रयामि
द्रुतं न भक्त्या भगवान्प्रसीदेत् ॥

Reflecting thus the King of the Rakshasa world came to the conclusion that Rama was no other than the great Hari. (Said he to himself) 'I shall go to Hari in the spirit of a foe, for, verily the Lord does not become pleased quickly by following the path of devotion!'

We can lose everything if we remark that to ourselves.

— Goethe

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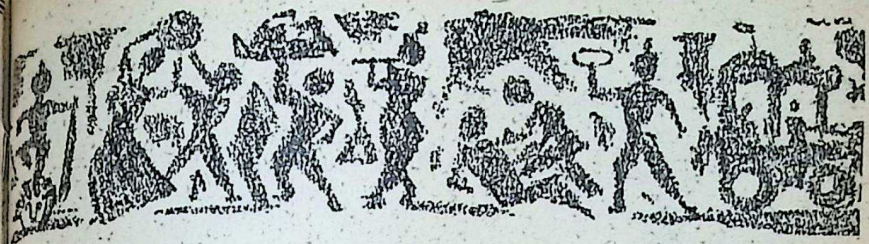

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

23. Jarasandha's New Strategy

ANUVINDA'S chariot sped fast. Jarasandha lay in it with eyes closed, refusing to open them en when he was thrown against sides of the chariot. He wanted, ove all things, to flee away from place where he had met the grea- disaster of his spectacular career. Before his mind came pictures of past life in rapid succession. He born with limbs almost disjointed, Jara, a *rakshasa* midwife, reputed be a sorceress, put him together d made him hale and hearty. When ng, he had succeeded his father adrath to the rulership of Giri- a, which was then torn by inter- ne strife. Then by intrigue he ob- ed unquestioned mastery over it. hen began his brilliant career. He olidated the power of Giri- ; spread terror in Magadha and ght it under his sway. He began to weave an imperial fabric by favours, intrigues, betrayals and conquests. He was by turn bold and cunning, patient and irresistible as the situation demanded. The kingdoms which surrounded Magadha soon accepted his hegemony. Damagosh, after a brave fight, accepted his overlordship, and Bhishmaka of Vidarbha, after a smashing defeat of Bhoja forces under his father Kaishik, wisely invited it. And many smaller kingdoms thought it wise to meet danger halfway by diplomatic surrender.

For years Jarasandha's star was in the ascendant. He gave his daughters in alliance to Kamsa, who proved a powerful ally and a dynamic instrument. Mathura was a very important centre of Aryavarta and the Yadavas were a powerful people. With Kamsa also came several petty kings within his imperial amoit. He celebrated the

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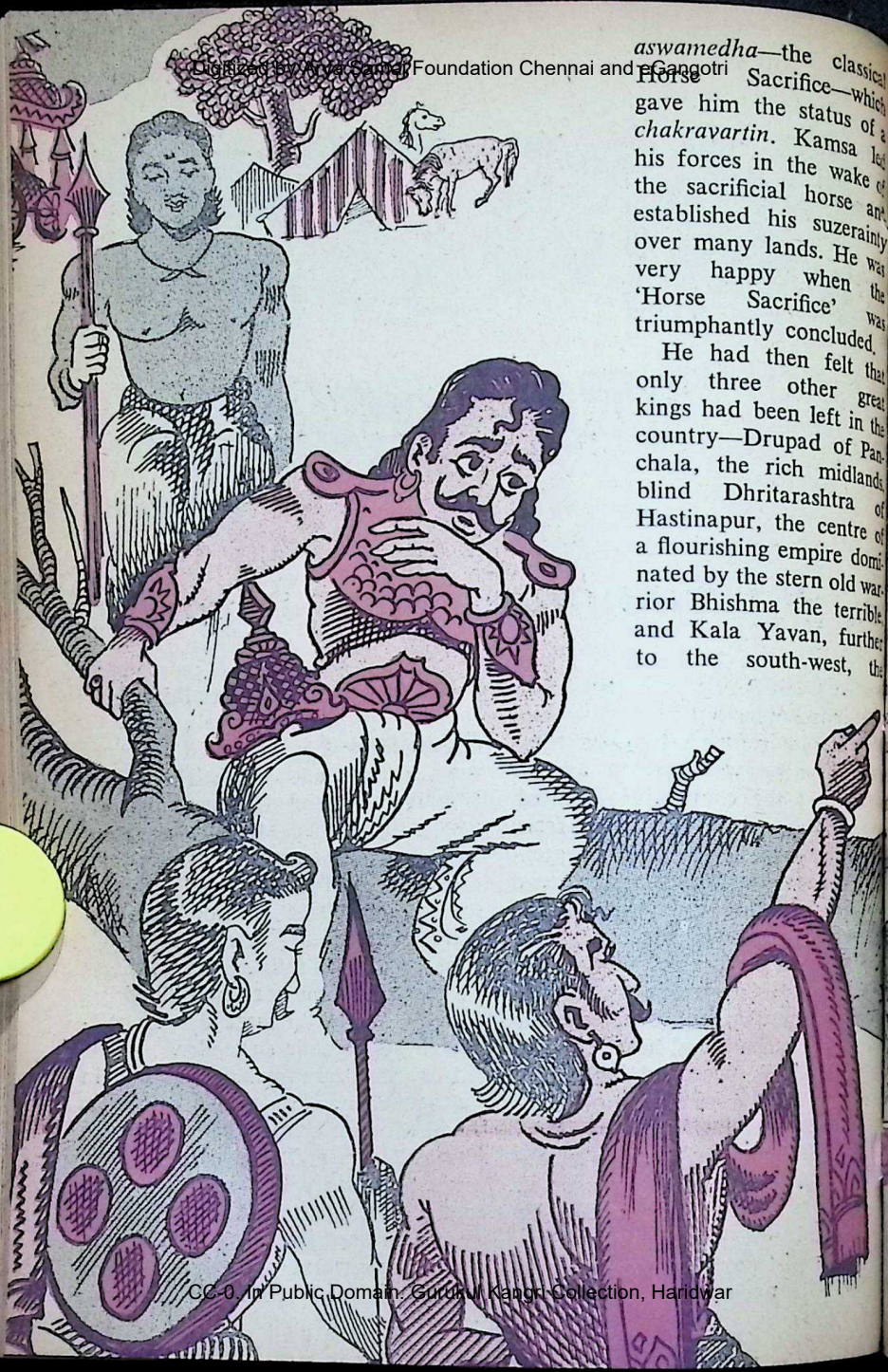

aswamedha—the classical Horse Sacrifice—which gave him the status of a *chakravartin*. Kamsa led his forces in the wake of the sacrificial horse and established his suzerainty over many lands. He was very happy when the 'Horse Sacrifice' was triumphantly concluded.

He had then felt that only three other great kings had been left in the country—Drupad of Panchala, the rich midlands, blind Dhritarashtra of Hastinapur, the centre of a flourishing empire dominated by the stern old warrior Bhishma the terrible, and Kala Yavan, further to the south-west, the

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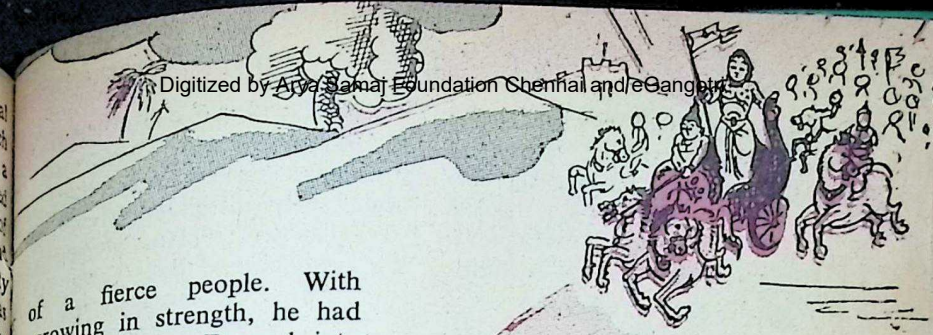

of a fierce people. With
a growing in strength, he had
decided to bring Drupad into
mbit of his power. It was but
tep forward and not a difficult
what with Panchaladesh sur-
ded by his vassals.
en the blow had fallen. Kamsa
been murdered. The most formi-
link in his imperial chain which
d kingdoms to him had been
ed. At first he had thought that
uld be child's play to dispose of
deva's sons and to seat some in-
Yadava on Mathura's throne,
his daughters ruling the land of
rasena.
t all his plans had been upset.
boys had fled. In a foolish mo-
he had decided to pursue them.
he—the irresistible emperor of
dha—was fleeing from them. Oh,
the ignominy of it! If Krishna, his enemy, whom he was out to kill, had not intervened, Balaram would have smashed his skull to smithers. Now every king in the world would laugh at his discomfiture, and every child would utter his name in ridicule!

Lying in the chariot, he would not move, would not sit up, would not open his eyes, till he had drunk the very dregs of humiliation.

Damagosh, his ally and friend, his vassal, whom he had so often saved from complete disaster, had turned a traitor. No! His timely intervention had saved his life. If he had not intervened, he would have died of a broken skull in a

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foolish adventure with cowherd boys!

Now, ran his thoughts, something had to be done to retrieve the disaster. He had to gather the broken fragments of the fabric of power which had taken a lifetime to build, and begin restoring them to some shape. This was not a time to feel frustrated, nor to indulge in vain regrets or fruitless anger. He must swallow his pride, face ridicule and begin again. The sons of Vasudeva had grown very powerful; now—there was no doubt—they could not be eliminated easily; he would have to work up patiently to a situation when he could do so. In the meantime, all those who were friends had to be heartened and kept united.

The most important of his subordinate allies, thought Jarasandha, were Damagosh of Chedi and Bhishmaka of Vidarbha. He thought and thought, made, rejected and re-made plans, swallowed his pride and decided to repair his shattered influence over his friends. Ultimately he saw light.

When the evening came, he asked Anuvinda to stop his chariot and await the other kings who were following in their chariots at a slower pace.

He spent the night in the improvised camp restlessly, thinking and rethinking. In the morning, he decided not to break up the camp till Rukmi and others joined him. When the others came up in the evening, they were surprised to find Jarasandha cool and collected, so different from what they had expected him to be.

They continued to camp there for two days. Whatever of food and drink was left with them was brought out, and slowly, as the *sura* warmed their stomachs, the sense of humiliation began to be dissipated. Most of them were disposed to blame Damagosh for the *contretemps*, but Jarasandha, to the surprise of everyone, stood out for him. He was brave and loyal, the emperor said. His intervention saved Rukmi and himself from death. No one had expected that the sons of Vasudeva were so well equipped and so valorous. There was no doubt that Krishna had worked a miracle; otherwise the sea would not have saved the Gomantak Hill in such a timely manner.

Jarasandha was an expert dissembler. He used all his skill to appear fair, to take all blame on himself and to give a meed of praise to Damagosh and Krishna. Slowly the others fell under the spell of his persuasive eloquence. They began to have a new respect for their chief who could be fair even in such a defeat, and were lifted out of frustration.

The next day the party arrived at the headquarters of a petty principality. The chief, unaware of how these great kings happened to be travelling the way that they did, extended his hospitality. They stayed there for three days, hunting, carousing and laughing.

On the fourth day of their stay, Shvetaketu arrived in a chariot laden with dust. He had been riding it all day and half the night.

Anuvinda was delighted to meet his old tutor and embraced him with affection.

'I was at Karvirpur, when I heard of your departure,' Shvetaketu told

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Anuvinda. 'Murderous tribes inhabit these forests, and I was afraid lest you might come to harm. I, as the chief of Shrigalava's forces, know these tribes well. So I followed you. I am glad you met no danger so far', he added.

Anuvinda was overwhelmed with gratitude and introduced him to Jarasandha and others as Acharya Shvetaketu, the senior disciple of Sandipani, under whom he had undergone training in arms.

'Did you meet Krishna Vasudeva?' asked Rukmi.

'I saw Shrigalava Vaasudeva going out of Karvirpur to meet him', coolly said Shvetaketu.

Rukmi also joined Anuvinda in pressing him to accompany them to Kundinpur, a suggestion which he was all too eager to accept.

On the way Shvetaketu gathered the whole story of how Krishna and Balaram put them all to flight. His mind continuously dwelt upon the events which had led to the death of Shrigalava; upon the way Krishna had dealt with the situation; upon Shaibya's anger and the miracle of her being tamed by Krishna. Pictures rose before his mind of Shaibya; how she had won his heart; how she had worshipped Shrigalava with devotion; how, out of her faith in her god, she had kept queen Padmavati in perpetual terror; how she had made use of him only to further her uncle's cause; how she lay on her uncle's dead body, grief-stricken and heart-broken; how, like a *chandika*, she had vowed to avenge his death by attacking Krishna; how she had treated him, whom no doubt she considered chief, as a personal slave guilty of gross betrayal; how, when overwhelmed by Krishna's kindness, she had sobbed like a little child. He was unhappy to recall all these memories, but was happy that with Krishna she would find both affection and peace, if only she could forget that he was her uncle's murderer.

A few days later, they reached Kundinpur and King Bhishmaka received them with generous hospitality. Anyone in his position would have borne traces of being mortally humiliated, but not Jarasandha. He told the story of their discomfiture, suppressing an event here, playing down another there, but ultimately bringing out, in entirely a novel form, the nobility of Damagosh. The King of Chedi was wise, loyal, resourceful. But for his intervention, there would have been bloodshed. Poor Vasudeva would have perhaps lost both his sons. He himself, said Jarasandha, saw the wisdom of Damagosh's action. After all, he, the Emperor, could afford to forget and forgive young boys for their immature action; that was what Damagosh intended to convey by his intervention. It was a wise step. He could not find fault with the wise friend for his timely intervention.

Jarasandha, every time he repeated the story, embellished it still. By hearing the different versions of the story increasingly embellished, even Rukmi began to believe that what the Emperor narrated were the events as they had actually happened.

'Bhishmaka, Damagosh was right. Krishna and Balaram are not kings; they are only the sons of a Shoora

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our attention to the game of kings', said Jarasandha.

'What shall we do, noble lord?' asked Bhishmaka.

'What we need is a powerful community of kings, not a hunt for cowherds', Jarasandha said with a laugh.

Every one tried to forget that it was at his instance that the party had gone to hunt out Krishna in the Sahya mountains. That was the only way by which their self-respect could be restored.

'I agree we shall have to strengthen our alliance, now that noble Kamsa is dead and Mathura is no longer under the *chakravartin's* influence', said Bhishmaka.

'It won't be for a long time, don't worry', said Jarasandha. 'In the meantime, I would like to cement our family bonds. I would like Rukmi to wed my grand-daughter.'

Bhishmaka was surprised. So far he had never ventured to dream that the Emperor would give his grand-daughter to his son. So far it had been commonly accepted that he would prefer to seek a matrimonial alliance with the more powerful Damagosh.

Rukmi smiled happily. He would now be in the same position as Kamsa, the emperor's son-in-law and right-hand man.

'But I thought you had intended to wed your grand-daughter elsewhere,' said Bhishmaka. He wanted to find out whether the suggestion was definite.

'I think it would be better that Shishupal, Damagosh's son, marry your daughter Rukmini, noble Bhishmaka. Then all three of our royal houses will have been brought into closer alliance', said Jarasandha.

Shalva, the king of Saubha, with his uncanny shrewdness, saw through the emperor's game. After what had happened, Damagosh, the astute man that he was, would not be too ready to enter into a matrimonial alliance with Jarasandha immediately. Damagosh's wife, queen Shrutasrava, was Vasudeva's sister and may not welcome the idea of having the grand-daughter of Jarasandha as her daughter-in-law. She would naturally be partial to her brother's son. And with Rukmi wedded to the emperor's grand-daughter, his sister, whose beauty was praised by poets of all courts, could keep Chedi in order. This was a wonderful way out, thought Shalva.

Rukmi interrupted enthusiastically. 'I would like to have Shishupal as my sister's husband. He is a brave man and generous too. He will make a fine husband for Rukmini', he said.

'I should think so,' said Jarasandha.

'But we can't settle these things in this way', said Bhishmaka. 'My old father, Kaishik, might object. In our family, daughters are wedded after a *swayamvara* and only to the king who is chosen by the bride for his valour'.

'Look here, Bhishmaka', said Jarasandha. 'I can manage the *swayamvara*. Shishupal is a great warrior, an expert in arms. He would win the bride all right. And leave it to me. I will see that nobody else enters the competition and wins the bride'.

'Father, don't think of these fine

(Continued on page 48)

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Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das passed away on June 16, 1925. Below is given Gandhiji's tribute to this veteran leade condensed from a signed article in 'Forward'

Deshbandhu C. R. DAS

Mahatma Gandhi

CALCUTTA demonstrated yesterday the hold Deshbandhu had on Bengal, nay, India. Calcutta is like Bombay, cosmopolitan. It has people from all the provinces. And all these people were as hearty participators in the procession[1] as the Bengalis. The wires that are pouring in from every part of India emphasize the fact of his all-India popularity.

It could not well be otherwise among a people known for their gratefulness. And he deserved all. His sacrifice was great. His generosity had no bounds. His loving hand was opened out to all. He was reckless in his charities. And only the other day, when I gently remarked that he might have been discriminate, prompt came the reply, 'I do not think I have lost by my indiscriminations.' His board was free to the prince and pauper. His heart went out to everyone in distress. Where is the young man in all Bengal who does not owe a debt of gratitude to Deshbandhu in some shape or other?

His unrivalled legal talents were also at the disposal of the poor. I understand that he defended many political prisoners without charging them a pie. He went to the Punjab for the Punjab inquiry and paid his own expenses. He carried a princely household...I had it from him that he spent during that stay in the Punjab Rs. 50,000. This large-heartedness towards all who sought his help made him the undisputed ruler of thousands of young hearts.

He was as fearless as he was generous. His stormy speeches at Amritsar[2] took my breath away. He wanted immediate deliverance for his country. He would not brook the alteration or removal of an adjective —not because he was unreasonable, but because he loved his country so well. He gave his life for it. He controlled enormous forces. He brought power to this party by his indomitable zeal and perseverance. But this tremendous outpouring of energy cost him his life. It was a willing sacrifice. It was noble.

Faridpur[3] was his crowning triumph. That utterance of his is a demonstration of his supreme reasonableness and statesmanship. It was a deliberate, unequivocal and for him—as he

1. Funeral.
2. Congress Session.
3. Terms of Settlement.

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> **I felt forlorn when cruel fate snatched away Lokamanya from us. I have not yet got over this shock, for I am yet wooing his beloved disciples. But Deshbandhu's withdrawal leaves me in a worse plight. For when Lokamanya left us the country was full of hopes. Hindus and Musalmans appeared to be united for ever. We were on the eve of battle. Now?**
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

said to me—final acceptance of non-violence as the only policy and, therefore, political creed for India.

In constructing with Pandit Motilal Nehru and the disciplined stalwarts from Maharashtra, the great and growing Swaraj Party out of nothing, Deshbandhu showed determination, originality, resourcefulness and contempt of consequences, after he had once made up his mind that the thing to be done was right. And today the Swaraj Party is a compact, well-disciplined organization.

My differences about the council entry were and are fundamental, but I never doubted the usefulness of council entry for the purpose of embarrassment and continuously putting the Government in the wrong. No one can deny the greatness of the work done by the party in the councils. And the credit for it must predominantly belong to Deshbandhu. I entered into the pact with him with my eyes open. I have since done my little best to help the party. His death renders it doubly my duty to stand by the Swaraj Party now that the leader is gone.

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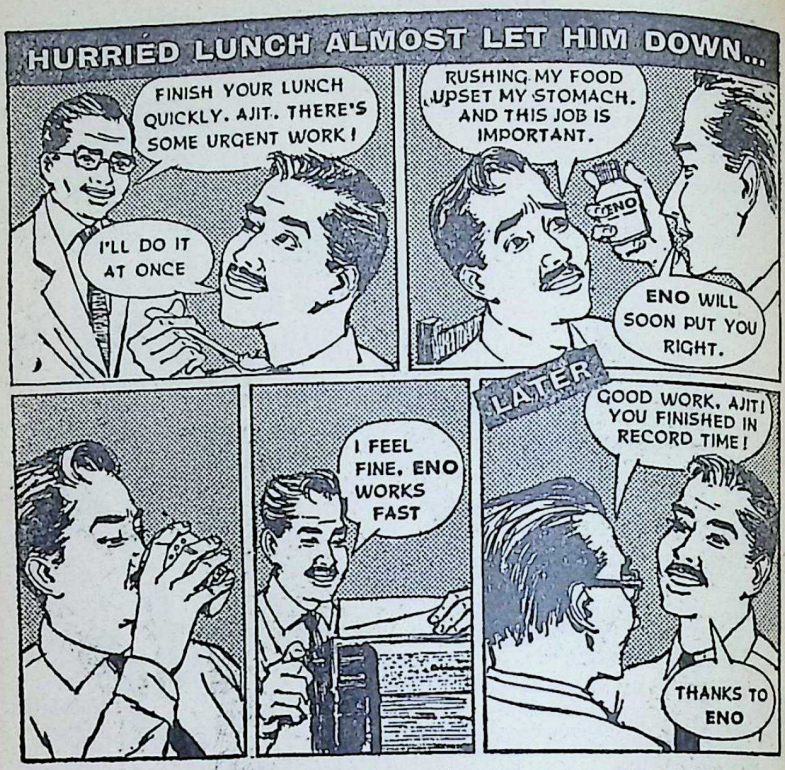

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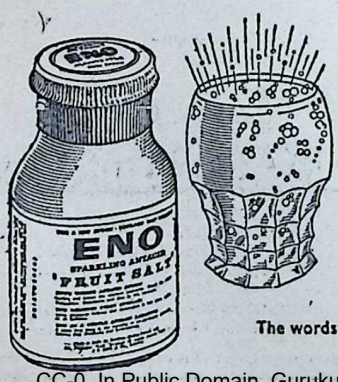

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It is the failure of the Central Government to rule that has brought to the top a great many of these disintegrating forces that we are today facing....The loyalty we owe, the larger loyalty should not be subordinated to the smaller and yet that is what is happening today....A positive step is to inculcate in our children from childhood that 'I belong to India'....One important reform ...is to rename the State and call it a province....

DISINTEGRATION

HOW TO AVERT IT

H. M. PATEL

THE question before us is: "Is there disintegration and if there is disintegration, how should we avert it?" It has been assumed by my distinguished predecessors that there is a measure of disintegration. And as to how to avert it, as one possible solution, we have had a very eloquent plea for a return to our ancient culture and values. There is no doubt that it is that ancient culture and those ancient values that will hold this country together and that because of them, the unity of our country will hold in spite of whatever the politicians and the rest may succeed in doing. They can weaken it and it is really this that we have to consider. Merely to talk of a return to the ancient values, unfortunately, does not help us in determining what we should do in order to preserve our unity.

The speaker who just preceded me said that language need not be a dividing force. We may agree, it need not be. The question we are concerned with is "Is it acting as a centrifugal force?" We were also told that the planning we are now doing is balanced regional planning, the implication being that was necessary for pressing or strengthening the country's unity. The question again is not what is being done now but what are the consequences of that type of planning, of the thinking in that particular way. Are we thinking of the economic development of India as a whole, or are we thinking of merely regional

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> **If India did not remain united and strong, even the hard-won freedom could disappear and India could be ruled by an outside Power. Anything of this kind cannot be tolerated. So it is imperative that people should fight fissiparous tendencies and not let themselves be swept away by emotion or anger on the basis of province, language, religion, caste and the like.**
>
> —Jawaharlal Nehru

development? You may say that regional development is essential in order to achieve the economic development of the whole country. Agreed. But is this regional development approached from that point of view, namely, whether it contributes to the best possible development of all India? That is the important point to remember all the time.

Now I go back to the first question. Is there disintegration and what exactly do we mean by it? I agree that the spiritual aspect of it is undoubtedly of great importance, great relevance, but what immediately strikes the ordinary man when the question is put in this way is whether at the State level we are tending to break away from the Centre, whether each State is trying to get a greater degree of sovereignty than is compatible with the concept of India as one country, one nation? Does that come in the way of all-India development or does it not? Are we indeed claiming certain kinds of rights which must lead to the destruction of much that was done to create in us the feeling of oneness? In the past it was the acceptance of certain things, concepts, which made us think of ourselves as Indians. It is true that for cultural purposes we regard ourselves as belonging to this country. Nevertheless the loyalty which we claim we owe to our group, caste, religion, province now almost transcends the loyalty we ought always to owe to the country as a whole.

I would suggest in passing that perhaps one important reform which may be made is to re-name the State and call it a province. Because for one thing that would emphasise the fact that the individual States are not sovereign States, very far from it. They are necessarily subordinate, though undoubtedly each is a part of the State of India and it is very important that this particular point should never be overlooked. Unfortunately, we see in a number of recent incidents a tendency to think of a State and its interests as being above the interests of the country as a whole. We have seen the dispute between the States of Andhra Pradesh, Mysore and Maharashtra virtually bringing to a standstill a major irrigation project. Each of these States claims a certain right in the waters of a river, but does not want to look at the question from the point of view of an arrangement which will, on the whole, bring about the greater economic good, more food, more power for the country as a whole.

It is in a way only the Central Government which can see the thing as a whole, and it is for the Central Government, therefore, to take a firm line. It is the failure of the Central Government to rule that has brought to the top a great many of these disintegrating forces that we are today facing. The Central Government

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ight easily say that this is not in e interest of all India. How can the eople of one province look upon e people of a neighbouring province, ot as brothers, but virtually as emies? Why should the develop- ent of Andhra come in the way of aharashtra, or vice-versa? This can ever be so.

In fact the first thing to be em- asised all the time from our child- ood onwards is that while I undoub- dly belong to this or that province, at this or that is my language, I m above all an Indian. This aspect not being emphasised today. Quite istakenly we talk of the language oblem. We must, of course, have and e for most purposes our regional nguage, but that does not preclude from thinking ourselves as Indians. The loyalty that we owe, the larger yalty should not be subordinated the smaller and yet that is what happening today. Therefore the first ing I would suggest as a positive ep that should be taken by those in hose hands it is to take this step, to inculcate in our children from e childhood up this fact that 'I be- ng to India.' Even in America this eling has to be inculcated by deli- rate effort. As you know, the U.S.A. a country formed from people ming from so many different States Europe and speaking so many dif- rent languages. When they arrive in U.S.A., however, they accept the nguage of that country. Even so, a nscious and deliberate attempt has be made throughout the U.S.A. drive into them the feeling, the rit that they belong to the U.S.A. d that they are Americans first. It

Sri H. M. Patel

is such a conscious and deliberate step that needs to be taken in our educational system. This should be the task of our provincial governments. I shall call them provincial governments; if we think of them as provinces, we shall be emphasising the fact that they have been created for administrative purposes, because it is convenient to have that administrative form of government. The Central Government has to rule and govern the country in so many different spheres, but for certain purposes, it is better to decentralise, and provinces or States have been created as a measure of decentralisation. But the point to remember is that when we decentralise, we must take care to see what the consequences of that decentralisation would be, and then decide upon the authority, and the powers to give to these subordinate authorities.

We do not learn, however, from our own experience and are now determined to create Panchayats, dis-

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SANT KABIR DAS
(1398-1527 A.D.)

He saw Ram and Rahim together in his heart. His Jayanti falls on the 15th instant.

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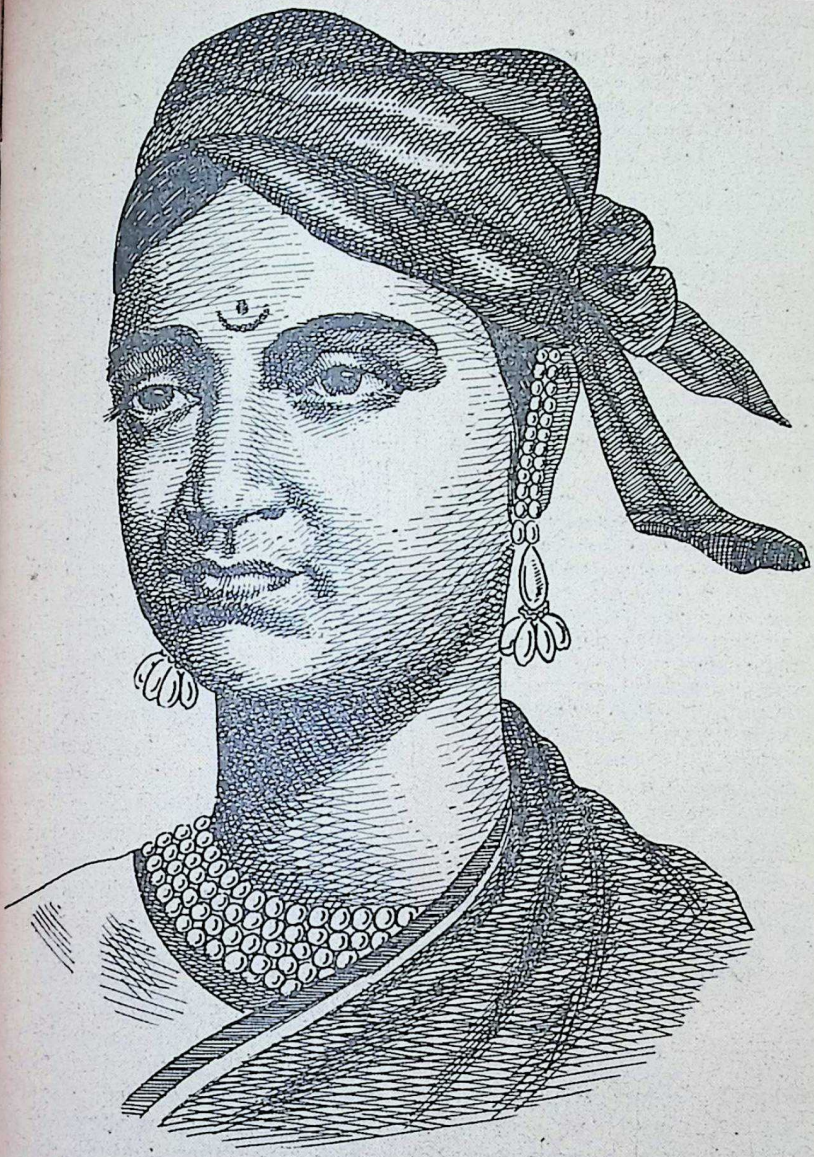

RANI LAKSHMIBAI OF JHANSI

(18-11-1835 to 17-6-1858)

Single handed, she fought against the might of the British imperialism and died a hero's death in the battle of Gwalior.

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The recent tragic happenings in Assam and Bengal are the culmination of the movement for linguistic States, which some of us had opposed all along. India, as a nation, is a mixture of races, creeds and language-groups, and this very mixture carries with it the guarantee of national stability and democratic freedom. Component States too should conform to this pattern as far as possible, if India is to retain its integrity.

On the other hand the creation of linguistic States, each developing an aggressive regional nationalism, besides leading to mutual hostility, has created a minority problem in each State.

Vocal exhortations, pious resolutions, reports of well-meaning committees and piecemeal action to patch up outbursts are insufficient to stem the tide. The time has come to drive home, in unmistakable terms, to our administrators and legislators that the administration of the country as a whole is a national concern and the problem of language is only one element in it and not the most important, much less the sole one.

The arrest of this dangerously fast-galloping disintegration is a matter of the greatest national importance, cutting across party politics and has to be kept completely out of it. If something concrete and effective is not done promptly and well ahead of the elections, the dreams of national unity will prove illusory.

—K. M. Munshi

regarding the complications of a disastrous nature which we shall thereby be laying in store for ourselves. We are going all out to give them powers long before they are trained and accustomed to use them. We are introducing the principle of election in a sphere in which we ought to know, if we know our villages at all, it w strengthen factions and bring to t top bad rather than good elemen It is a pity people at the top do n go *incognito* to the villages and s for themselves what is happenin there.

I sometimes wonder if those wh strongly support this method of d centralisation realise where they a going. It is precisely this habit o taking a decision first on *a prio* reasoning, and then considering wha the consequences will be that has lan ed us into difficulties in many way Thus, we took almost immediate after independence a decision that t medium of instruction for secondar education should be the regional la guage. That was of course in its a reasonable decision to take. But w should have immediately realised th one consequence of that decisio would be that the standard of Engli will come down, that therefore if w still desired to retain English as medium of instruction for higher ed cation, we shall have to take som definite and deliberate steps and th if we did not take such steps, we sha not be able to retain English as th medium of instruction for higher edu cation. Now if the Constitution say that Hindi should be our nationa language and that it should be deve loped within a period of ten years the planning to give effect to that ob jective, that decision should have been done right then and at that stage Then it would not have been so diff cult. Today we are still arguing whe ther in the higher education, there should be the regional lan guage or Hindi or English. There is

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> My first ambition is the glory of Mother India. I know it in my heart of hearts that I am an Indian first and an Indian last. But when you say you are a Bihari, I say I am an Oriya. When you say you are a Bengali, I say I am an Oriya. Otherwise, I am an Indian.
>
> —Loknath Misra, M.P. (Orissa)

ust stress, a limit to the burden we can reasonably impose upon young. It is all very well to talk their being required to learn three guages, four languages or six lan- ges. It is true that in certain States urope there are people who do, and to learn a number of languages; o many of us. But we are talking mposing such a burden upon all students.

we realise that India is one coun- we should realise that there can only one language as medium of uction for higher education. When talk of the medium of instruction higher education being the regional guage, do we realise what exactly are proposing to do? How would have one common civil service, the armed forces? The Railways, Post and Telegraphs, the Judiciary, Central Services, the Army, the y, the Air Force, these essentials of odern government, country, make ecessary for us to think of India ne unit. We cannot have all these ices separately at the State level, still think of ourselves as citizens one country.

nfortunately there keeps occurring fault all the time in our planning. en we plan we take certain de- ns because they appear highly at- tive from the point of view of a in immediate though limited ad- tage. There is no doubt whatever elections have been responsible a great many faulty steps that e been taken. It is not for me to oduce politics into this discussion. m merely placing before you ob- vely certain factors which appear me to be creating this feeling of disintegration, and which may gather momentum, if we do not wake up in time and do something about them. It is not merely because of the linguistic states that our troubles have been accentuated. There is nothing wrong in linguistic states as linguistic states. After all if we are living in a democracy and if the majority of people want linguistic states, then they should have them. But we must not forget that there has to be a common language for the country if the affairs of the country are to be managed efficiently and well.

To my mind, we are talking today of disintegration, of the break-up of the country, and so on, only because we are terribly disappointed; there is a general feeling of frustration. When Independence dawned, we had hoped for much. We had certainly not thought then that when any neighbouring country would march into our territory and capture thousands of miles of Indian territory, we would call it an incident or a matter for discussion. But that incident has been of value. It has made us realise that we still think of ourselves as Indians. As Indians—and that would be a very real test of an Indian—our blood should boil when we see that our ter-

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ritory has been encroached upon a foreign country. Then we do and should not think of ourselves Gujaratis, Maharashtrians or galis etc. Such an incident affected all uniformly. We resented it. thought and felt as Indians.

It is a major failure of the Cen Government that it does not us fully informed. The Central G vernment ought never to forget it is running a democratic state. the business of the Central Gov ment to see that whatever it is tr to do is fully understood by the pe of each and every state so that people can look upon the Central G vernment as a guardian of rights even against State Governm That is not the confidence that Central Government is genera Let us take the question of Beru The State Government, it is clai was not consulted on this issue. has there been trouble in West gal? Only because the Central G vernment did not take the trou which a democratic government o to have taken, to explain the p tion clearly to the people of t State. It ought to be a definite p of the policy of the Central Gov ment to see that its every action clearly and fully explained to people throughout the country so t they understand what is meant, we can or cannot do certain thing

Let us look at the economic poli to which reference has been ma After 12 years of Independence, cording to a recent statement in ne papers, we learn that though national income has risen by 5% 1959-60 as compared to 1958-59,

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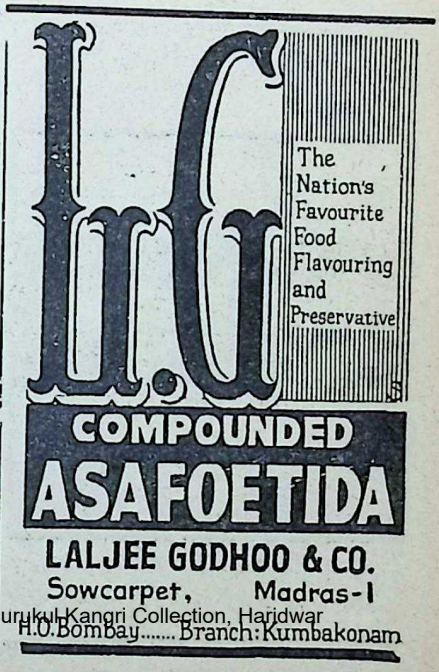
capita income has come down
n 293 and odd to 292.2! Why has
happened? Because the popula-
has grown at a faster rate than
been assumed in planning. But is
ot a matter of great concern to
average citizen that quite apart
m inflation, after all these years,
trend in per capita income is down-
rd, has started coming down rather
n going up? Why have vigorous
s not been taken in regard to
ulation? Why have adequate and
orous steps not been taken in
ard to so many other economic
blems? Only because so often the
blems have been faced not from
all-India point of view but from
e immediate and very narrow point
view: sometimes a sound policy
been rejected because it was felt
t it may displease so and so, or so
so might be offended.

Let me draw your attention to one
our major and vital problems, the
ulation problem. In the First Five
ar Plan, it was allotted only a
gre 60 lakhs. Why? Because there
e certain sections of the people
o did not like it; certain Ministers
not like it. But it ought surely not
have been a sufficient reason for
policy makers when dealing with
ital problem, vital in every sense.
er all, whether you allocate 60
s or 60 crores, it meant the ac-
tance of the principle that we had
have a measure of family planning.
n why not take steps to achieve
gnificant improvement in the situa-
? Very well, we did somewhat
er when it came to the Second
n and allotted three crores. Our
this I am told a small amount only
has been or is likely to be spent. What does it show? Still only half-hearted implementation. In the Third Plan only 25 crores in a total plan of 11,000 crores have been allotted for a measure which is of basic and vital significance for the actual improvement of the standard of living of our people. What is the main purpose of our planning? It is to raise the standard of living.

An eminent economist-statistician has calculated how much an extra head costs in terms of food-grain etc: it becomes evident at once that we could afford to spend very much more on family planning and that it would indeed be worth our while to do so. We shall be spending not 25 crores, but several times 25 crores, in order to take effective measures to spread



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family planning and control on a scale which will actually have some definite and relevant effect in the foreseeable very near future. Why is this not being tackled with a sense of urgency? Perhaps we are still afraid there may be some resistance, even though fortunately for us there stands no religious or sentimental objection from the bulk of the people.

The same applies to cattle population, which is another serious obstacle in the way of economic development. We claim to be proud of the fact that we have very large cattle population, the largest in the world, but wisely we do not emphasise with equal force that they do not yield even a quarter pound of milk per head. This is due to the fact that the cattle are poorly fed and we have not got the land or fodder to do any better. But then why not take steps to see t there are fewer cattle but better fe ed after? Here one may concede t is sentimental and religious objecti yet it would surprise people to kn how much more realistic rural peop are in this respect than the urban, wh have nothing really to do in rega to cattle.

I have said enough. To sum up do not think there is as yet dis gration, but there are signs that t may take place if we do not wake in time and realise the danger sig There is no doubt that provinces t to think of themselves as sovereig they are virtually trying to beh as such. But fortunately the Cen Government is still able to take a f line if it wishes to, and as it d sometimes take. If only they wo be firm more frequently and insist 'no interference' with all-India pl ning, there would be less danger these fissiparous tendencies rear their heads. There is another dan signal which should also be heed the continuously growing feeling frustration in the individual, and it a feeling of which the roots are b economic and political. On the po tical plane, I have given one illustr tion of the encroachment of o border territory and the official at tude towards it. There are other re sons to which Acharya Kripalani h hinted. Likewise in the matter of ec nomic development, there appear be far too many compromises and d partures from what is admitted to the best course. With all due respe to Graham Hutton to whom Sir C. referred, I for one would say that a underdeveloped country must plan

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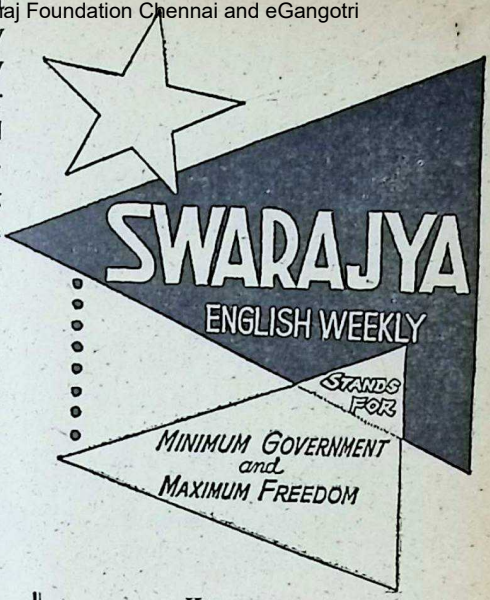
...hes to advance rapidly. But what ... of plan, to what degree you may ... for controls etc. would naturally ... must necessarily depend upon our ...city and resources, human and ...ral, so that whatever we under... to do we are capable of carrying ...gh, whatever control we impose ...pable of being enforced. These ...ome of the main reasons for the ...ing feeling of frustration.

...ally we must also not forget that ...dd to our troubles by the fact ...e have allowed a general lower... ...f moral standards to take place. ... to raise these standards is a very ...ant question in this context. Ob...ly, this can be done only through ...ation which is a long process. But ... again our policies are halting ...indecisive. When we have come ...gard money as our God and deny ...r and more important values, we ...ly cannot take objective, disin...ted views.

...would conclude on a somewhat ... hopeful note. It is my view that ...rocess of disintegration has only ...n, but it has not yet taken firm ... that it can still be halted, if only ...entral Government will insist, as ...n a position to do, on acceptance ...-India policies in economic and ...ral matters.

To let things drift is to let ...gs crystallise adversely.

—Lord Haldane.



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KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

points', said Rukmi. 'I have heard that in many royal houses, *swayamvaras* are so managed as to enable the desired bridegroom to win the bride. I will manage it'.

'Well, I will leave it to you then', said Bhishmaka.

'Then let us keep this to ourselves', said Jarasandha. 'I will have a talk with Shishupal first. Damagosh will then readily come into the scheme. In the meantime, when the rains are over, noble Bhishmaka can send an invitation to the kings whom we select to attend the *swamyamvara*'.

'Then what about Rukmi's riage with your grand-daughter? ed Bhishmaka.

'In Magadha, we don't follo custom of *swayamvara*. As Rukmini is married to Shishupa all come to Girivraja and we celebrate the marriage', said sandha, and with a broad smile, a hand on Rukmi's shoulder and 'I want you, Rukmi, to be the of my empire'.

Rukmi's heart bounded in and joy.

[To be cont

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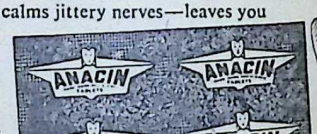

'ANACIN' IS BETTER

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ued from last issue
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NEW GUJARAT

Diary Notes

LILAVATI MUNSHI

WE reached Broach at about 11.30 a.m. on the 20th and stayed with Sri Motilal Vin, well-known pleader of Broach. He is a flourishing practitioner, a greatly respected and influential, family in Broach, but in many parts Gujarat. His sons and the members the family are all well-settled. He still maintaining the joint family with. He, his wife, sons, daughters-in- and unmarried daughters all in the same house together with them looking after each other's children and helping each other in the running of the house. Young women in the house are all educated and nursing is done by them.

After a long time I stayed in a *pole* (street). The same old buildings, the same narrow lanes and roads with accumulated. The living ways of people are nearly the same as of and the same 'Bhoian' women are working as domestic servants from generation to generation. Relations of the servants with the members of the master's family are quite cordial. They are more or less treated as members of the family. Generally, in every house there is a tank (*tanka*) in which rain water is collected during the monsoon and stored. The water is collected with great care and it is used throughout the year. Surprisingly the water does not go bad in such tanks. In our family house on Munshi Heights the *tanka* is 90 years old and still in good order. This arrangement even in modern houses in the areas where rainfall is 25 inches or less should be revived. I am sure if the people are taught how to collect and utilise rain water in this way, it will prove a boon in many parts of India.

As the surface of the streets was broken up for laying water pipe lines, our car could not go into them.

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We had to pass through somebody's house to reach Sri Vin's place. In Broach every one knows every one else and all the neighbours are supposed to help each other although sometimes they butt into each other needlessly.

There was a ladies' meeting in the evening which was attended by about fifty women. I spoke to them about undertaking 'grow more vegetable' campaign. In Broach the Food Council was founded in 1951-52 under the chairmanship of Smt. Gangubai Hadkar. Now it is defunct, but I was told that there was still some money in the bank in the Council's name. I asked Kumari Hemalata to revive the branch and to render the accounts.

Kumari Hemalata, daughter of Sri Ramlalbhai, who was a great friend of Sri Munshi in his young days, is a great social worker of the city. She is very enthusiastic and looks after many social welfare board centres. Most of the time she moves from village to village in a jeep.

After the meeting was over, we went to the railway station. The station master—a Muslim—seems to be a good man. The information supplied by him is given in the railway report, but some of the points are worth mentioning. At first I was struck by the names of the city spelled in three different ways at the station. In Gujarati it is Bharuch, in English it is Broach and in Hindi it is Bhadoch. This anomaly is still persistent on many stations. For instance Vadodara is Baroda and Vulsad is Bulsar and Dahod is Dohad. I was reminded that after the independence the names of some of the U.P. stations were changed and given the original na Benares became Varanasi, and C pore became Kanpur, but such cha have not yet been thought of he

The old bridge on the station quires to be extended to the o side of the station giving an o on the road. Many new housing co nies are springing up on the other There is also an Arts and Sci College. During the monsoon the mal route becomes impassable. M of the people and specially stud are using the railway tracks, not o in monsoon, but even otherwise cause it is a short cut, thereby al creating the possibility of an accid

The clock tower which is from the whole city is under repair the last five years. This and m other points we discussed at the tion.

On return home we went to Sa Jayantiben—an old soul full of world talk. She and Natu were lis ing to the radio at the time. She t me all the news of the family showed me some pictures of the gra children who are now grown up settled down. After her son's dea like a mother tigress she had loo after the little cubs with intense sessiveness and also seen to their cation.

At night some of the leading m chants met me at Sri Vin's and cussed about a number of inconv ences felt by them in connection w the railway and at the station.

Next day on the 21st very early 6.30 we started to go to Kabir and Shukla Thirth. First we reach Mangleshwar which is about twe miles away from Broach. Our co

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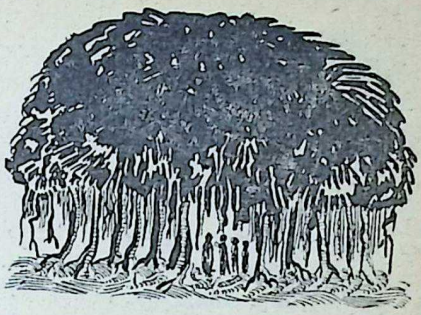
included Nandukaki, Hemalata, bhai, Sri Vin's son, and myself. Anupram Master, a leading local er, joined us at Mangleshwar bank. At Mangleshwar we got country boat and crossed Nar- to go to Kabirwad. Narmada is river with an extensive sandy bed on the other side. In some s farming is done on the beach, the whole stretch is not fully uti- On the river-bed a variety of s, 'Bhangra', and some other s—some having great medicinal —had grown here and there. I sted Anupram Master to collect for me if possible and send them mbay. I discussed with him many s amongst which what crop and s could be grown in the river- He said 'varieties of melon, pota- and crops like jowar could be n'.

had seen Kabirwad many years It is a big Banyan tree. Some part he tree is washed away by the r or encroached upon by farmers. it is not one great tree, some r trees have also grown in between everal branches. Under the tree e is a temple of Kabirji and some r buildings. There are two stories t Kabirwad. Once when Kabirji e there, a 'dattan' twig which of the banyan tree with which he hed his teeth was thrown away him which grew into a mighty The other story is that two ktas (devotees) planted a dried- branch of a banyan tree and said they would recognise Kabir as a if his touch could make it green develop into a tree. Kabir's touch e the stick green, which later on



grew into a mighty tree. Whatever be the true story, Kabirwad is a fine spot worth visiting.

We recrossed the river, got into the car and drove to the lift irrigation station. Here we saw how the water was lifted from the river and distributed to the fields. Then we went to Mangleshwar, visited a child welfare centre run under the supervision of Kumari Hemalata. Then we drove to Shukla Thirth and went to the guest-house. The Principal of the school run by the Narmada Kelvani Mandal and two other influential persons, one of them being a big progressive farmer, were present. Here we were treated with the usual hospitality. From here we went to the school run by the Mandal. This school was first started by the Theosophical Society, later on taken up by the Arya Samaj and now it is run by this Mandal. Most of the members of the committee belong to this area. It is a very good high school. All the students and the teachers had collected on the open ground, partly shaded with one or two trees where I was introduced and asked to speak. I harped on the same theme of the advantages of planting more trees. I said this part of the coun-

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try was very beautiful and could be made more beautiful by human efforts. In the coming ten years if there was no internal struggle or external aggression, there was no doubt that the whole of India and as a part of it, Gujarat, would prosper.

We returned to Broach at mid-day, had meals and a little rest and started for the railway station to go to Surat. On the way we visited the new colonies.

I was hardly two days in Broach. Anyway I am glad it gave me an opportunity of reviving my memory with it and meet some old friends.

When we reached the station the train was late. We reached Surat at about 7.30 in the evening. Sri Lalitmohan Gandhi who is a leading lawyer and a Rotarian, was at the station.

Sri Gandhi is a progressive man. Besides his profession he looks after a number of institutions which were started by his father under the name of Sarvajanik Education Society very successfully. He seemed to be more westernised than ordinarily many Gujaratis were. He told me when we reached home that one of the Bhavan's plays 'Bhaduti Pati' was being staged that night, but I was too tired to go and see it.

His wife Prabhavatibehn is a quiet woman, very gently moving about the house and looking after everybody's needs.

Next morning at about 8.30 we started for Dumas. Smt. Deval Saraiya, the energetic secretary of the Bombay Food Council, accompanied me. It was a good road, but I did not find any trees on the roadside. First we went to Bhimpore, passed through Dumas and finally saw the Sangam where river Tapi meets the sea. Dumas is very famous sea-side place where number of bungalows built by the millionaires are still standing. I ha stayed one summer in this place 1922 and have very pleasant memorie 'Rekha Chitro', my first venture in Gujarati literature, was written he and sent to the editor of the 'Gujara magazine—by the way he was S Munshi—which, when published, ma me known in Gujarat as a writer. felt that this place had lost a lit of its former glory.

From here we returned to the ci picked up Sri Thakorbhai Sheth, t Engineer in charge of the Udha estate where many engineering ent prises are coming up. A number factories are being erected. We s one Geyser factory which supp geyser to many parts of India a specially to many government depa ments. The workmanship was qu good. Over and above small industr which are being set up in this esta there are many large industrial co cerns which have taken large plots land in the neighbourhood. In t years' time Udhana will claim a nu ber of modern industries. There is siding station nearby which is prov ing railway facility.

From here we went to the Dhanam Silk Mills which is producing beau ful art silk cloth. We, two wome could not resist the temptation buying a few things. Thereafter w saw the mill which was built by t Japanese. The machinery is very m dern and very well arranged.

From here we went to a bone-sett

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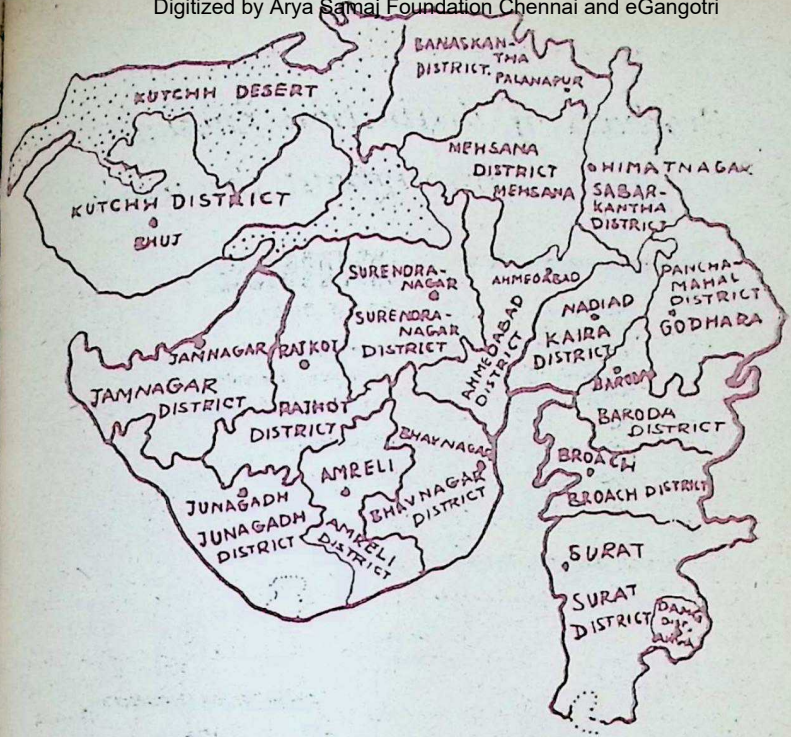

my hand bandaged and went
e.

four o'clock we went to the rail-
station. The station master, Sri
han, though informed of our
had gone to the goods yard. We
ed in search of him walking in
hot sun and ultimately found
. He was apologetic, but did not
ess me very much. We came back
he station, went to inspect the
en where, as soon as we entered,
arm of flies rushed towards us.
umber of servants were lying full
th, one of them over a table which
a white table-cloth on. The kit-
was not in good condition. We
he retiring rooms as well. In com-
on to Ahmedabad station, these

are quite good and spacious. Twelve beds are provided for the passengers.

Whenever a train stops outside the station, generally there is a pilferage of coal and food-stuff by the *goondas*, probably residing in the vicinity. Surat is a big station.

Thereafter we went to the Surat Stree Mandal where the president, Vasumati Thakore, and other members of the Committee met us. We went round the premises and saw the good work that they were doing. They run sewing and cutting classes and a few small handicrafts. This Mandal seems to be quite popular amongst women.

From here we went to a public meeting held in the Mahila Club. It

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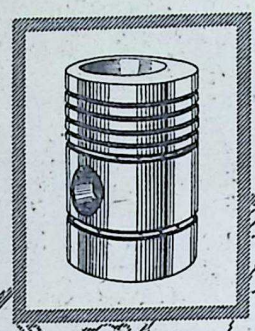

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organised under the joint auspices of three different associations—India Women's Conference, the Mandal and the Mahila Club. subject for the day given to me 'the unhealthy trends in motion ures'. After speaking on the sub- again I stressed the point of ting a Food Council and growing tables. I met a number of old nds whom I had not seen for years, as Jyotsnabehn Shukla, Jaya- behn Pathakji and several others. The next morning we started for ar at 7.05 and reached there by . Smt. Vimalabehn Siddharth met at the station. Vimalabehn is an R.C.S., London; has travelled ely in Europe and America and is happily married to Sri Sid- rth, one of the directors of the l Products. The husband and wife a happy couple, modern and yet so ultra modern in the present e. From Bulsar station we went the Atul Products Guest House, miles away from Bulsar. The Guest se is quite modern, American in truction and comfort. At about en o'clock we went to the Atul tory which is a modern factory ducing colours, chemicals and biotic products. The factories are designed and air-conditioned. To them is an education by itself. reafter we drove through the Atul ny which is covering a very big . The management has put up a d on the Purna river which looks a beautiful lake. In the Atul com- nd about forty thousand different eties of trees are planted which coming up very well. This is an nce of what a progressive indus- trialist can do, not only erecting factories, but planting trees too. This makes the surroundings more human and less factorylike. The whole landscape was pretty. At about 3 o'clock we went and saw Lederle factory run by an American company in collaboration with the Atul Products. This factory is using the materials supplied by the Atuls for making tablets and different ointments.

From here we went to Bhialdwalla nursery in Bulsar where Sri Dalal met us. He showed us round the nursery. Here mangoes of many varieties and other plants are nursed and reared. He also showed us baby tortoises, a black rabit, a black chimpanzee, some parrots and a black dog. All these showed how fond Sri Dalal was of animals.

Our next destination was Udwada where we saw Maganlal Ghia Hindu Girls High School run by the Bombay Bhagini Samaj. Smt. Indumatibehn is the Principal of the school. Smt. Kapilabehn Mehta of Bombay has dedicated her life to this work, but at that moment she was not there. Here also I was asked to speak to the students.

Thereafter we came to the Bulsar railway station. Sri Nariman, the station master, was very courteous and helpful. According to him there were two complaints for the station which can be remedied: (1) a roof should be provided on the other platform, (2) the godown room which was very small should be enlarged. Most of the parcels were lying on the platform for want of accommodation. Sometimes there was not even walking space on the platform. The information sup-

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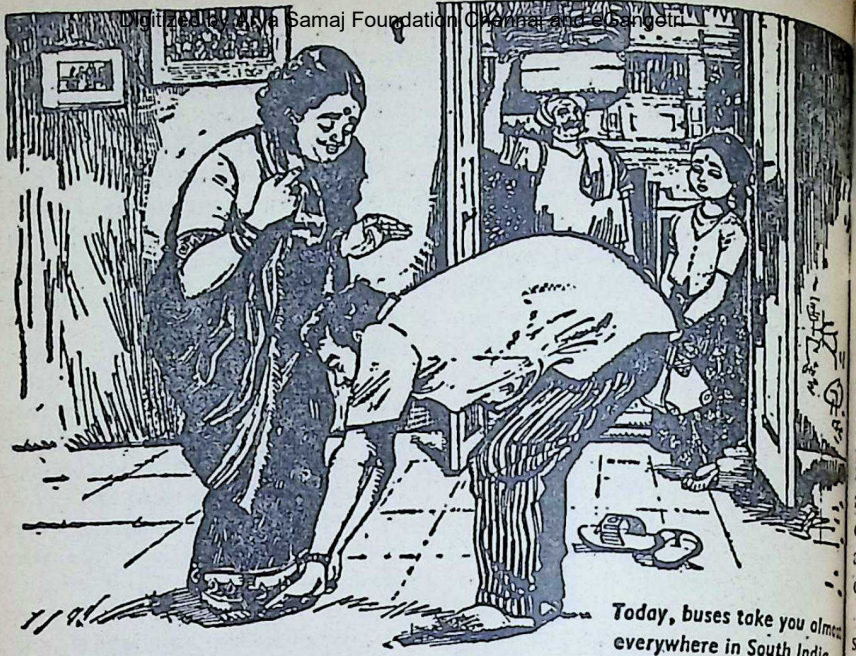

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plied by the station master is given in the railway report.

The personality of each station master was different in different places. Some appear efficient, some courteous, some good-natured and some not very pleased for what they considered to be an interference from a member of the Committee.

After seeing the station we drove to the Tithal beach, saw the Bulsar college premises and enquired about Principal K. G. Naik, a friend of ours, at his place. Unfortunately he was away. We returned to Atul and after dinner at Sri Siddharth's place, I addressed a small meeting of the officers and their wives at 9.30 p.m.

On the 24th morning at 9.15 we started for the famous Dang area about which there had been so much controversy between Gujarat and Maharashtra. Finally Dangs came to Gujarat, because its people in the local board elections voted those who favoured Gujarat in overwhelming majority.

Ahwa—the headquarters of Dang—is 60 miles from Bulsar, six miles are to be added from Bulsar to Atul. Compared to other Gujarat areas there are more trees on the roadside, in fact the whole countryside is quite pretty. After ten years it is sure to be prettier still. Dang itself is a jungle area. But the road was good.

We reached Ahwa at about quarter to eleven and went straight to Ahwa Swaraj Ashram. This Ashram is run by three brothers, Sri Dhirubhai Naik, Sri Chhotubhai Naik, and Sri Ghelubhai Naik. Chhotubhai is the leader and has married a Dang girl. Ahwa is 1700 feet above the sea level. It is a plateau where at present there are a few small houses, a Collector's office, a hospital, guest houses and a small market. We were shown a part called the sunset point which is reserved for building small bungalows. Water-works at a cost of Rs. 24 lakhs are sanctioned for the area. When this place is developed, it will be a small Matheran.

In fact the three brothers are very active, enterprising and hard-working. They were undeterred by dangers and threats. It is they who have made this place as it is today and put Dang on the map of India. They have identified themselves with the people completely, have solved many of their problems, undergone great hardships and are known to all people of Dang.

Ghelubhai is a graduate of the Tata School of Social Sciences. He has written a thesis on the problems of Dang and the Dang people.

Chhotubhai is a personality. He is an artist, a graduate and an expert in catching snakes, hundreds of which he has sent to the Haffkine Institute in Bombay. He is the President of the District Local Board and a prominent man in the Dang area. Dhirubhai is in charge of the Ashram. Ahwa is the centre of their activities.

Eighty boys and fifty girls reside in the Swaraj Ashram and study there. Also they are taught village crafts, such as carpentry, smithy, and weaving. All houses are of the rural type. Besides the three brothers, some teachers and other people working in different institutions stay in the colony. During our stay, it was reported that mysterious fires were breaking out in jungle areas almost every day. some-

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times spreading a thick smoke all over the hills. During the last twelve years, at least since the three brothers were staying here, no such thing had ever occurred. What was the reason for these fires? They could only guess.

We were provided with an excellent meal in the Ashram. After a little rest we went round and saw the houses of the members of the little colony called 'Kutumba Nivas'. Later I addressed a meeting of students—both boys and girls—and teachers and started back for Atul at about 5 p.m.

Our party consisted of Smt. Vimalabehn, Smt. Sarojbehn Shah, Smt. Deval Saraiya, myself and Sri Sivaram. All the way going and coming we sang many Gujarati songs which for years I had forgotten. It was a very enjoyable time. By the time we reached Atul it was about 7.30 p.m.

At dinner at Vimalabehn's place Sri Majumdar, the manager of the Atul Products, also was present. He is a personality, very enterprising and has great organising ability. Besides, he is pleasant tempered and shrewd. He is the presiding genius of the Atul Products.

All of us were quite tired but very enthusiastic about what we had seen during the day. By 10 o'clock I returned to the Guest House.

On the 25th morning our little party, including Deval Saraiya, started for Bombay by the 'Flying Rani'. During the early hours while going to the station I was very happy to exchange views with Sri Siddharth and Sri Majumdar on several subjects.

This was my journey's end for the present.

[*Concluded*]

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For some time now the therapeutic value of psychoanalysis has come to be questioned by leading psychologists of the West. The crux of the problem is whether Freud's dogma on which psychoanalytic treatment is based does not take too much for granted. Statistical and clinical data collected over the years would appear to confirm the suspicion. The present article indicates the line of argument of a leading iconoclast of the Freudian theory.

Is Psychotherapy Pure Bunk?

(By A Special Correspondent)

ARE modern psychoanalysis and psychotherapy mere abracadabra?

It would seem very much they are if we are to believe Dr. H. J. Eyck, the great experimental psychologist of London University.

In a special chapter of a new book *Handbook of Abnormal Psychology* which he himself has edited, and later in an article in the *Guardian*, he proves amidst a wealth of clinical and statistical data that the claim of modern psychiatry is unfounded.

This is his thesis in a nutshell. In neurotic disorders there is considerable "spontaneous remission", i.e., patients get better and often recover completely and permanently, without any treatment at all or with treatment, not including any form of psychotherapy. There is no positive evidence, statistical or clinical, that psychotherapy has been the exclusive or sure curing agent of this malady. He formulated this opinion twelve years ago, and has watched evidence accumulating over the years in support of it and has now returned to it with unassailable proof that psychoanalysis of any description—eclectic psychiatric treatment or non-directive psychotherapy—can have no more claim to recovery than, say, magic.

He quotes Denker reporting 500 abnormal cases of severe neurotics who were incapacitated to the extent of not being able to follow any gainful employment. None of them received psychotherapy, yet after two years 72% had recovered and after 5 years the figure rose to 90%. He

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quotes figures over a hundred years in support of this statement.

Dr. Eysenck's poser is that if there was any valid case for psychotherapy his challenge would have been accepted, which has not been, even over a single experiment if not over a range.

Dr. Eysenck's sorrow is that psychologists of the Freudian persuasion on which psychoanalytic treatment is based, refuse to let facts and technical issues come between them and the Freudian dogma. He describes Freud as 'the darling of the rhubarb of intelligentsia' 'whose system had become nothing but a sooterkin to scientific investigators' and the Freudian dogma as a 'premature crystallisation of spurious orthodoxy'.

The learned Doctor asserts that the basic premises of the Freudian cult of neurosis that anxiety, depression, compulsion, hysteria, etc. are but the outward appearance of some underlying cause; that this improperly repressed complex is responsible for the symptoms; that without the eradication of this complex it is hopeless to cure the disease; that only psychoanalysis is competent to uncover this underlying cause, extirpate the complex and produce lasting cure—are demonstrably false. He puts the Freudian case neatly out of court, among other ways by blazoning the indisputable fact of 90% of spontaneous remissions and successfully invalidates the notion of the mysterious underlying causes of neuroses.

Might it not be possible, asks Dr. Eysenck pertinently, that there is in fact, no underlying cause, no complex of any kind, no mysterious and undemonstrable entity but simply the symptoms? And might it not be that these symptoms are simply emotional and behaviourial habits, conditioned responses acquired according to the well-understood rules first laid down by Pavlov? If this were true, then the methods used for curing neuroses could be deduced from the general learning theory. According to Dr. Eysenck, experimental evidence, although not conclusive, would appear to suggest that curing neuroses by behaviourial therapy stood a decidedly more fruitful chance than any other method and certainly more than the psychoanalytic method, adopted hitherto.

Whatever that may be, Dr. Eysencks is clearly of the opinion, supported by large clinical data, that the picture of the modern psychiatrist as the all-wise, all-understanding, all-curing sage is wide of truth. But to say that he is a quack, money-grabbing charlatan would be unjust, says he, for the boot is on the other leg. The psychiatrist's tools are blunt and too few; our knowledge about mental illness is meagre. If at all any blame for this state of affairs is to be pinned on some one, says he, it is on society which has refused to explore other avenues of treatment for mental illness over the years.

Dr. Eysenck is certainly entitled to a hearing.

[We shall be happy to publish competent views on this subject.—Ed.]

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Dr. ALI AMINI

THE land of the peacock throne is on the cross-roads. The Parliament, consisting of the ajlis and the Senate, has been dis-ived and a new Prime Minister ap-inted by the King, Reza Shah Pah-i, rules the country by decree. Sans litary *coup*, the country is having pangs of rebirth.

What has caused this state of airs? Believe it or not, the most in-cuous part of the country's popula-n, namely, the school-teachers, has ought about this as-yet-bloodless volution. The fact is, they merely oved to be the proverbial last straw the camel's back!

Oppressed by the spiral of rising sts, corruption and nepotism on the mpage—at the highest, down to the west levels—they were groaning un-r their impact, on their miserable y-scales.

Early last month, therefore, five-ousand of them went on a nation-de strike and their *chelas*, out of mpathy, paraded the streets of heran, agitating for an increase in ir teachers' pay-scales. A police ajor lost his head and put a bullet o one of them, killing him and wounding three. That struck the spark. A free fight ensued between the students and the police. The riots spread which ultimately forced the resignation of Prime Minister Jafar-Emani at whose election last time the Shah was not particularly pleased, knowing that the election was rigged. On May 5, therefore, the Shah accept-ed his resignation and appointed Dr. Ali Amini in his place; promised to bring the guilty to the book and other-wise do all what he could.

Not even the Shah's worst enemies will doubt his sincerity in trying to save his country, but the odds are against him. As the new Prime Minis-ter openly stated at the outset, the treasury had been looted and the coun-try was financially bankrupt, owing to the nefarious practices of erst-while administrators. The higher echelons of the army—the backbone of the country—and persons at minis-terial level, were the worst offenders in this respect. One high security offi-cial, it is said, built a posh villa by the side of the Shah's residence itself! The military had built itself into a privileged class with its rent-free quar-ters, cost-price cars and what not.

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Elections were at the mercy of the army, which received bounties from prospective candidates to Parliament. Palace toadies had created powerful vested interests. Inflation stalked the country like a blood-thirsty tiger, mainly on account of mismanagement of funds. It is said that the U.S. had paid two years' royalty on the oil account in advance, and all that money (£ 200 million) had already been squandered! When we realise that oil is the main source of the country's revenues, and it is of the order of a £100 million a year, the magnitude of the crime will become clear. With no money for civil expenditure, discontent among the common people became widespread.

It is common knowledge that communism thrives in the backwaters of discontent. It is therefore not without significance that the Russian Prime Minister Nikita Khrushchov in his press interview to U.S. columnist Walter Lippman just before this revolution, said with the shrewd eye of a tactician, that Iran was on the verge of anarchy and it was only a matter of time for it to collapse. But one wonders if that negative prognosis was not made a trifle too soon, for his *chelas* in Iran are as far from taking over, as he is, in coming to an understanding with, say, President Kennedy!

The new Prime Minister Dr. Ali Amini's immediate task is of course to apply the broomstick vigorously and clean up the Augean stables. He has in a little over a month of office, been able to put the corrupt Generals and officials behind prison bars firmly but not vindictively. At his very first pronouncement that the coffers were empty, the thousand and odd foreign cabaret girls who entertained the gentry of Iran, have taken to flight. He will see that they do not seek re-entry. He has slashed the prices of meat and onions to a quarter of the price they were selling at. He has already done something to the teachers and has promised more. It is said that people feel more confident now and breathe more freely.

For long had Dr. Ali Amini been complaining that the two-lakh strong Iranian army was a costly luxury. Between the army and the police, the expenditure had been of the order of £ 130 million which is a very large chunk of the total revenue. Naturally, not much money was available for civil amenities. It is said he has already started applying the axe on this account, so as to make the money available for other equally important heads of expenditure. Another reform of far-reaching importance he has effected is the distribution of land among the landless.

It is pertinent to ask here, how he will find the money for all the reforms, when the coffers are empty and the oil account is overdrawn. Shrewd observers are inclined to think that the appointment of Dr. Ali Amini as the Prime Minister itself is the key to this mystery. Now Dr. Amini is a well-to-do landed aristocrat with a French education. He and his wife belong to Iran's ruling dynasty of Qajar whom the Pahlevis displaced. At 54, he is quite young for a politician. He represents the "moderate" political forces to the right of centre. He is not new to the corridors of power. He had been on

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the Mossadeq cabinet holding the economics portfolio, from which he parted in a friendly way. Earlier, he had been twice Finance Minister and Ambassador to Washington till 1957, when he quit the job due to differences of opinion. In short he is a financial expert. The presumption is, he is designed by the Shah as democracy's last trump card which in fact he is. That the Shah's judgement is correct is proved by the fact that the U.S. has already promised help with a magnificent financial offer. One consequence, however, of this development will be that Dr. Amini who has been known to be a critic of CENTO will have to revise his views thereon. Being a practical person, he might do so. The real issue however is, how long will Dr. Amini be allowed a free hand?

By his measures, Dr. Amini has already tread on the corns of vested interests who have naturally started a campaign of calumny against the new Prime Minister that he is a veiled communist. The army being another affected party, it will in all likelihood seek retribution. But it is said that by and large, the army is happy with the purge; its core is patriotic. While the Shah is reportedly reluctant to become a despot like his father, he is equally unwilling to let his country degenerate into the excesses and follies of Dr. Mossadeq. That he is cautious is evident from the fact that he has planted four of his henchmen in the key-posts of defence, finance, commerce and foreign relations in the present ministry.

But it is the National Front which is a coalition of all left of centre parties that the Shah or Dr. Amini has to reckon with ultimately. Already this party has openly expressed its ability to win the election if and when it is held which is not to be for another six months according to Dr. Amini, and take over the government. But the National Front has few experienced administrators. And finally, comes the diminutive communist Tudeh party which can hope to rule only by the folly of others.

The bane of Iran has all along been its illiteracy. Every third civil servant is said to be illiterate. Years of hardship have made the people cynical and apathetic to any reform. The measure of Dr. Amini's ability to educate his people politically will be the measure of his success. Time is the essense of things in whatever he does.

Normally politics is a thankless business, but in West Asia it can be dangerous too. To have offered his services to the country therefore in such circumstances, speaks volumes on Dr. Amini's sense of patriotism and love of democracy. He has however threatened to throw up the sponge should the necessary co-operation be not forthcoming. One hopes the Shah gives him full support, if only in enlightened self-interest, for the alternatives are gruesome.

Last month, it was reported, the Premier adapted a castaway two-month old child as his son whom he named "Khuda Dad"—gift of God—who will thus become the unexpected beneficiary of a fabulous fortune! One hopes it is a good omen.

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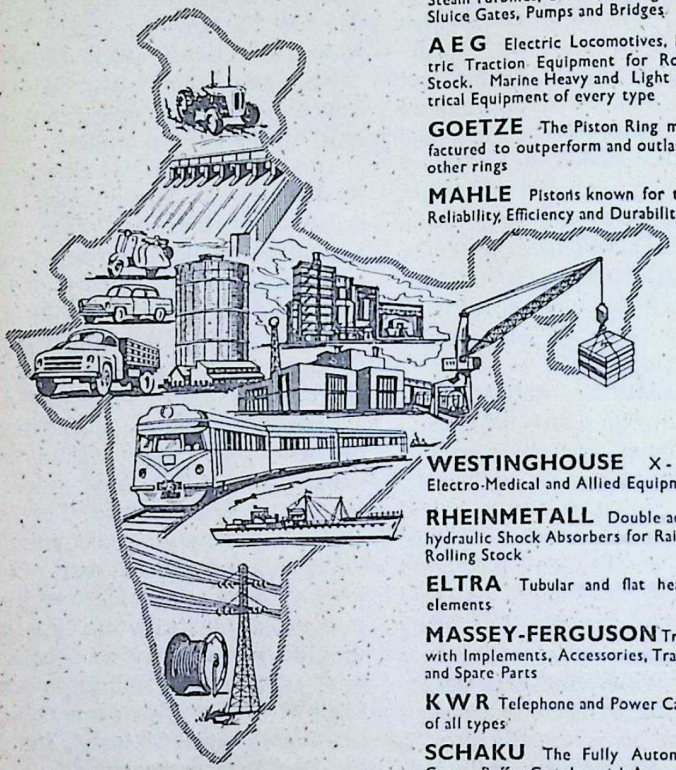

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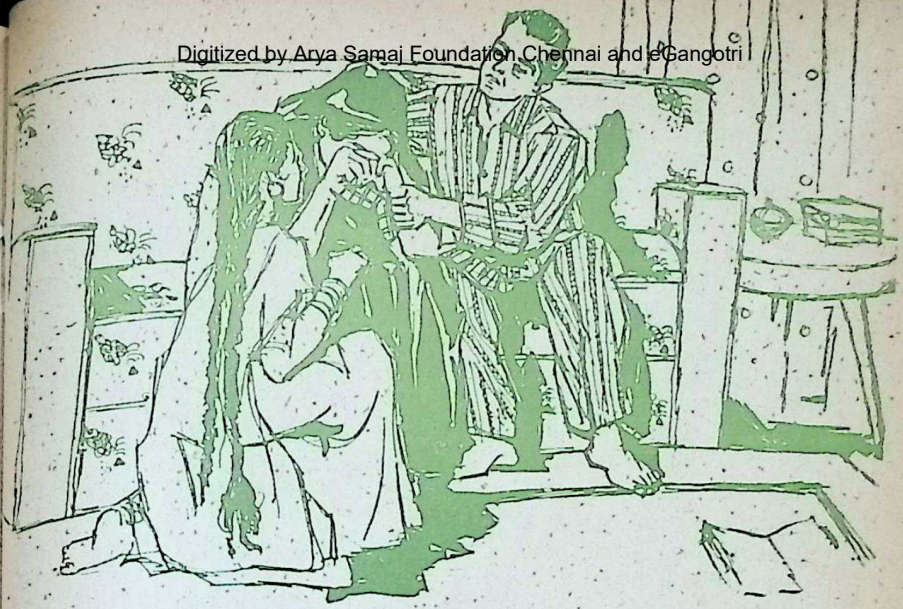

TAPASVINI

RT II

K. M. MUNSHI

49. Comrades in Service

S was his habit, after a hard day's work at the High Court, Uday, after dinner, settled n to read his briefs. He had now recovered. A zest for work was coming back and he had plunged elf into the professional work.

s usual, Rajba sat at his feet, ng against the sofa-chair in which y was seated. Sri Aurobindo's *hesis of Yoga*' was lying by her Her mind, however, appeared to fixed on something far away—thing invisible to the naked eye. another sofa-chair opposite, Majiba was seated, her legs pulled up and folded across, looking reflectively upon her children, with tears in her eyes. Then Karan, who had developed into a handsome youngster of thirteen years, bounced into the room. He had the features of his father, his fair skin was inherited from his mother Alice. He rushed towards Majiba and embraced her warmly. Nourished by her warm affection, he had forgotten his mother. 'Good night, Majiba', he said impatiently, and turning to his father, shouted in an anxious tone: 'Daddy, Majiba is crying.'

[*Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel* I.C.S. *(Retd.)*]

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Rajba and Uday immediately turned to their mother to find her wiping off her tears. 'No, my dear son, I am not crying. I had something in my eyes'.

'Good night, Majiba, good night, Daddy, good night, aunty,' said Karan as he rushed out of the room to go to bed.

Rajba immediately got up and went to Majiba, kneeled down in front of her and put an arm fondly around her. Uday also put away the brief and came and sat beside his mother on the sofa. 'Majiba, why are you unhappy? Please don't cry', said Uday in a voice full of anxiety.

'What am I to do, my son?' replied Majiba. 'When I see the two of you, I am miserable beyond words. Neither of you is yet married. Both of you go about like children lost in wilderness. To whom shall I talk about my worries?'

'Majiba, you are unnecessarily worried', said Rajba. 'I am not less happy because I am not married, and I assure you that I will marry as soon as I find someone suitable'.

'But where are you going to find someone whom you like? You have become a *sadhu*. Who is going to marry you now? Heaven knows what will happen to you, and I am more and more helpless'.

'Majiba, why are you so anxious about Raj?' asked Uday. 'Am I not here to see to her welfare? You should not worry in the least about her'.

'What help can you render?' retorted Majiba. 'You are also determined to remain unmarried. I feel equally unhappy about you'.

'Majiba, you know I am quite happy', said Uday. 'I have Raj for my companion. I have a good income. People read my novels with interest. What else do I want? I do not want to marry in haste and repent at leisure'.

Suddenly Majiba asked him: 'Are you going to wait until Sheelabehn becomes a widow?'

The brother and the sister looked at each other thunderstruck. Uday did not know what reply to give. Raj intervened by saying with a smile: 'Majiba, don't say such things. Leave everything in the hands of God'.

'That is precisely what I have done' replied Majiba. 'I have left everything in the hands of the great god Mahadevji. And I am tired of both of you. I shall only be happy when God takes me away'.

Raj stood up and embraced Majiba

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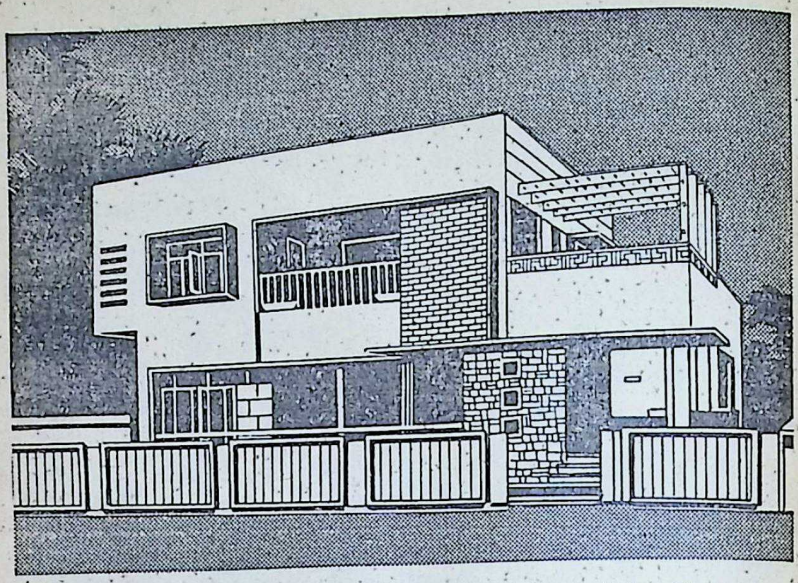

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she remarked: 'Majiba, all of us ve to divide responsibility between rselves. Each one of us will take re of the other two. I shall look ter you and Uday. Uday will take re of you and me. And you can vote yourself to Uday and me. And the three of us will jointly worry out Karan and the rest of the world. we do this, we need not depend on anyone else. And if you ever ed outside assistance, we are both dy to get married, that is, if God wills'.

'You have become a veritable eerabai', Majiba said, smiling in ite of her tears.

'In that case, I shall soon be mard to *Giridhar Nagar*, that is, God mself', replied Raj, accompanying r remarks with her invincible smile. made even Majiba smile. 'If Meera-i was able to bring down heaven earth, why can't I bring it for family?'

'Raj, Udaybhai, may I come in?' ked Sheela as she entered the room. the three felt as if somehow ajiba's worries had brought a reply. 'What a beautiful picture!' said eela with a smile. 'A mother and r children. I wish I were a painter. would have drawn this charming ne'.

'Sheelabehn, come in and sit near e, so that we can have a photograph myself with all my children', rearked Majiba, half smiling, half ying, as she got up to go away. 'I n going to put Karan to bed. He ll wants me to tuck him in. Sheelahn, please stay on for dinner'.

'Thank you. I should like to. I me with that very intention!'

'Well, then I shall give instructions accordingly'.

After Majiba left, Sheela sat down on a chair and remarked: 'Udaybhai, Mastersaheb and Jagjivan are coming to see you'.

'I suppose they will again want to talk about Bardoli', remarked Uday cynically.

'Don't speak in that tone, please. Bardoli is not a small matter. After four days, I also propose to go and live there. Mastersaheb and Jagjivan will also be going'.

'How long do you propose to stay there?' enquired Uday. His voice could not altogether hide the underlying disappointment.

'How can I say that until I go there? Everything will depend upon the work Vallabhbhai gives me'.

'I am glad you are going', said Rajba. 'You will be very glad and cheerful'.

'Well, Raj, why don't you come then?'

'Why should I? Like you, I don't become miserable when I have no work to do'.

Uday sighed as he remarked: 'Sheelabehn will come to Bombay from time to time and look us up'.

Majiba soon came out and called them in to dinner. By the time they had finished it, Bhagvandas Master and Jagjivan arrived. Bhagvandas immediately got down to business. 'Look, Udaybhai, I have come here on an important mission. You must help us in the Bardoli campaign. I have already asked Vallabhbhai and he welcomes your help'.

'But I never agreed to give it. I am busy with my practice. I am also in

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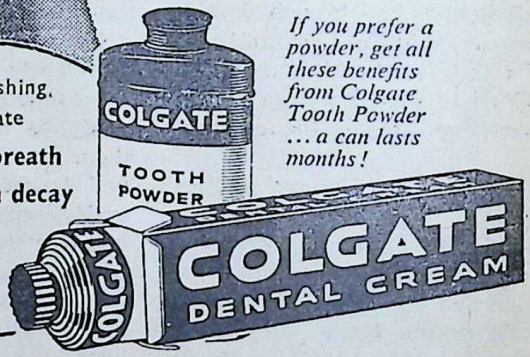

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midst of a new book I am writing. nd I don't wish to take part in litics'.

'But this is not politics. This is only land revenue matter. We have to lp the poor farmers', said Jagjivan rsuasively.

'I have never met Gandhiji, but ow a little of his ways of work. o one can say at what point he will ervene and start passive resistance', d Uday.

'My dear sir, if Gandhiji starts a tyagraha, we shall stand by his side', d Bhagvandas.

'But I don't want to join him. I ve no faith in his methods, nor do know how long such non-violence uld last. I have just recovered from ness and I am not in the least in-ned to run about all over the place'.

'Udaybhai, what Jagjivan re-s to is not a work which calls for ch running about', said Sheela.

'So you have also joined the con-racy? I am afraid Gandhiji's work n never be peaceful'.

'Listen to me', said Jagjivan in his et and determined manner. 'Val-hbhai wants someone of an inde-ndent bent of mind who can meet leaders here and prevail upon m to come to the aid of Bardoli. is is not satyagraha. It is only a paganda campaign'.

But then what is your Bombay ovincial Congress Committee do-g?'

'That is in the hands of Shukla. He uld have nothing to do with Gan-ji or Vallabhbhai,' said Bhagvan-. 'Only after a lot of persuasion has agreed to call a meeting of the workers. But I fear he will do nothing more'.

'And even if he were capable of doing anything, Vallabhbhai does not want him to do it,' said Jagjivan. 'Gandhiji also strongly feels that this campaign must be kept out of politics. That is why he wants a man of your independence'.

'You seem to need a progapanda secretary, and I am unfit for that post. I don't know how to flatter anyone, nor do I know how to get on with strangers'.

'That is the very reason why we want you', said Jagjivan. 'We wish to contact the leaders by maintaining our dignity and our independence'.

Bhagvandas looked at the two of them and turned to Sheela. 'My dear brother, please don't say 'no'. It is an important work,' he said.

'But if I undertake the work, will you help me in carrying out this responsibility?' urged Sheela.

'I am sure there is a conspiracy', remarked Uday.

'We have already decided that we must drag you along with us and you cannot escape it', remarked Jagjivan with a smile.

'Udaybhai, I shall go to Bardoli from time to time. I also know most of the leaders in Bombay. I will therefore shoulder the greater part of the responsibility. But I cannot discharge my duties without your help. I cannot write English well, nor can I make head or tail of the intricacies of land revenue', Sheela remarked persuasively.

Uday realised that behind all this persuasiveness lay a desire for his company. So long as the Bardoli

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struggle lasts, they would thus be able to work together, meet people together and share the common life which comes from a common activity. He allowed himself to surrender. 'Mastersaheb, I concede that you are successful in your efforts. It is impossible to say 'no' to Sheelabehn'.

'I know that,' said Bhagvandas smilingly.

'Well then, let us work on this basis', said Jagjivan. 'Sheelabehn comes to Bardoli every week, gets herself briefed, and when she returns to Bombay, both of you can meet whomever you think it necessary or desirable.'

'All right', said Uday with a smile. 'Instead of one Public Relations Officer, you have now two.'

'Will you come to the meeting of the Congress Committee day after tomorrow?' asked Bhagvandas.

'I will bring Uday with me', said Sheela.

'And Rajba, will you also come? We shall need your help'.

'I don't understand such things. I shall be entirely out of place', said Rajba. 'It is time for me to retire. Jai Jai', she added and took leave of all of them.

'Does Raj dislike politics?' asked Jagjivan.

'She will have nothing to do with intrigue in any shape or form', said Uday.

[To be continued]

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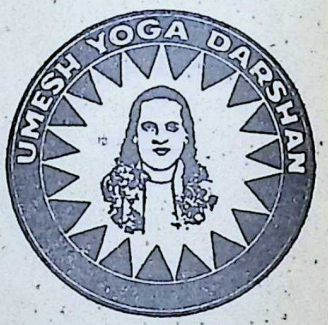

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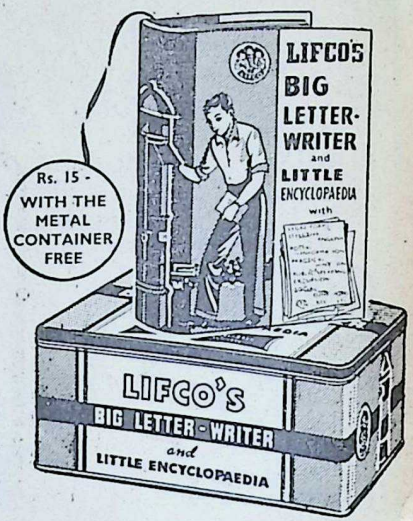

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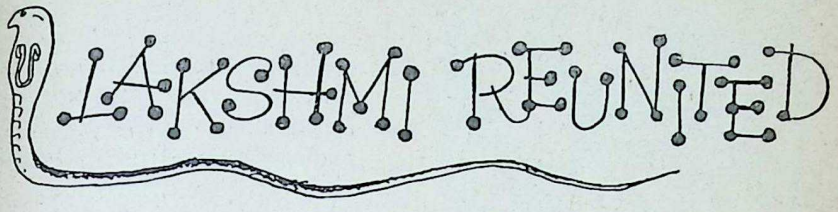

MYSTERY, explained or otherwise, is an effective psychological cover for human infirmities, at any rate, for the large masses. It has helped them down the ages in their evolution. Lakshmi owed her rehabilitation to that snake which is symbolic by the way, as a result of which, she forgot her sorrows and at the completion of nature's ten months, gave birth to a glorious boy. The snake took the form of a nurse and looked after Lakshmi during her confinement. As soon as she was fit, the snake presented her and the child with costly jewels and taking leave of the King went away.

When the child was three years old, the Prince came to Lakshmi's place one day and took his meals. While there, he looked at the child playing in a pram. The light that emanated from the child was so dazzling that it blinded his eyes for a moment. Turning away from it, he finished his meals and returned to the danseuse's residence which he had made his permanent abode.

Apparently the Prince must have spoken to the danseuse about the child; for, she sent word to Lakshmi the next day to bring her child for her to see. When the danseuse's messengers came to Lakshmi with her request, Lakshmi asked them to come on the next day. As the messengers returned with this answer, the danseuse was piqued and she reported it to the Prince in the proper manner which infuriated him. Thought he: "If I send for my son, how can she refuse to send him?" He promptly lodged a protest with his father-in-law against his wife's conduct in thus refusing to send him his son.

That night Lakshmi called the snake-King and said: "This morning the danseuse asked for my son and I have asked her messenger to come tomorrow. What shall I do?"

Replied the snake: "Your good days are before you now. Not only will your husband return to you, but the danseuse of her own accord will dispossess herself from your husband's affections. Deck your child with all ornaments and send him to your father. When the messengers come, weigh the child along with the ornaments correctly. Tell them that they

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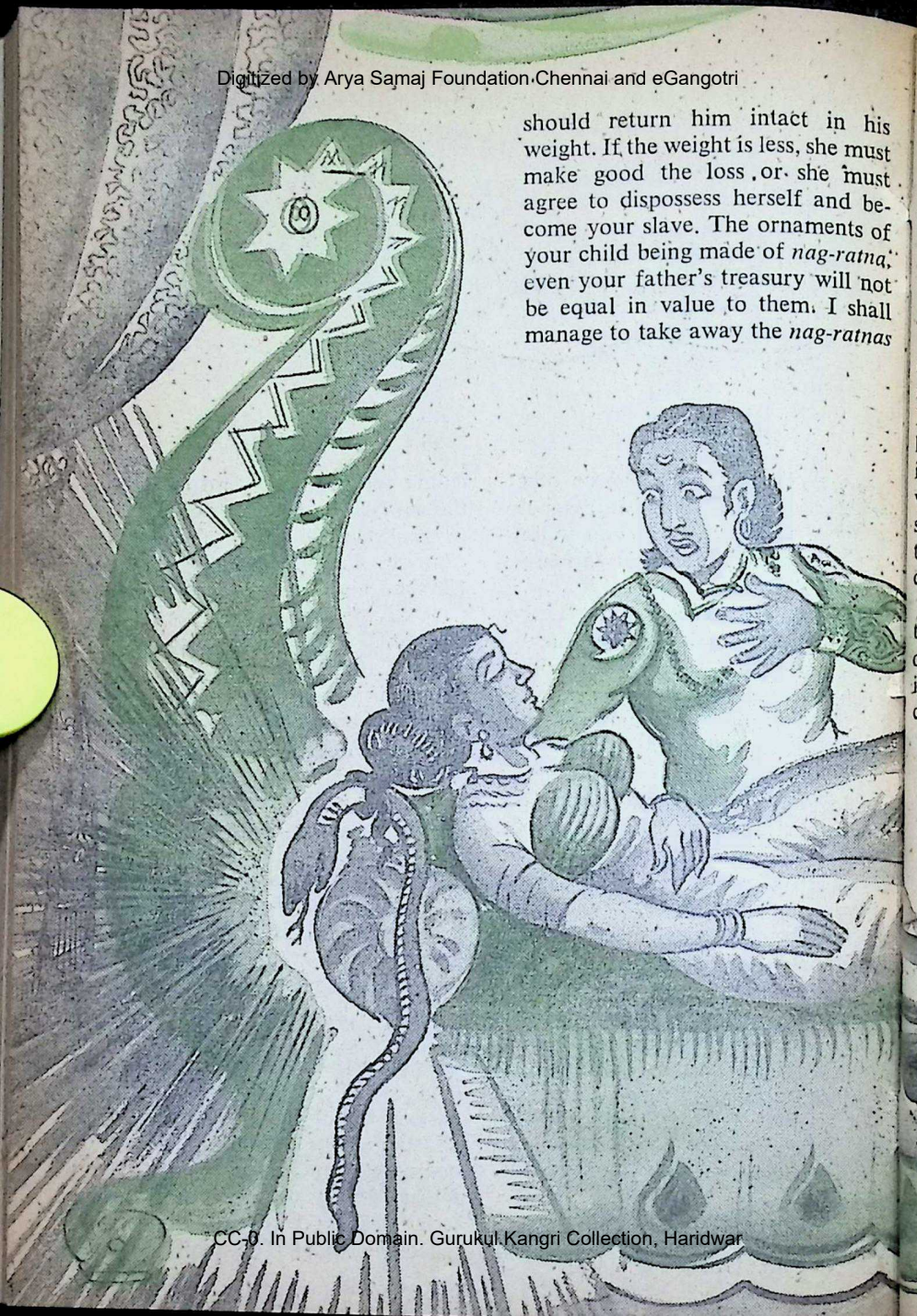
should return him intact in his weight. If the weight is less, she must make good the loss or she must agree to dispossess herself and become your slave. The ornaments of your child being made of *nag-ratna*, even your father's treasury will not be equal in value to them. I shall manage to take away the *nag-ratnas*



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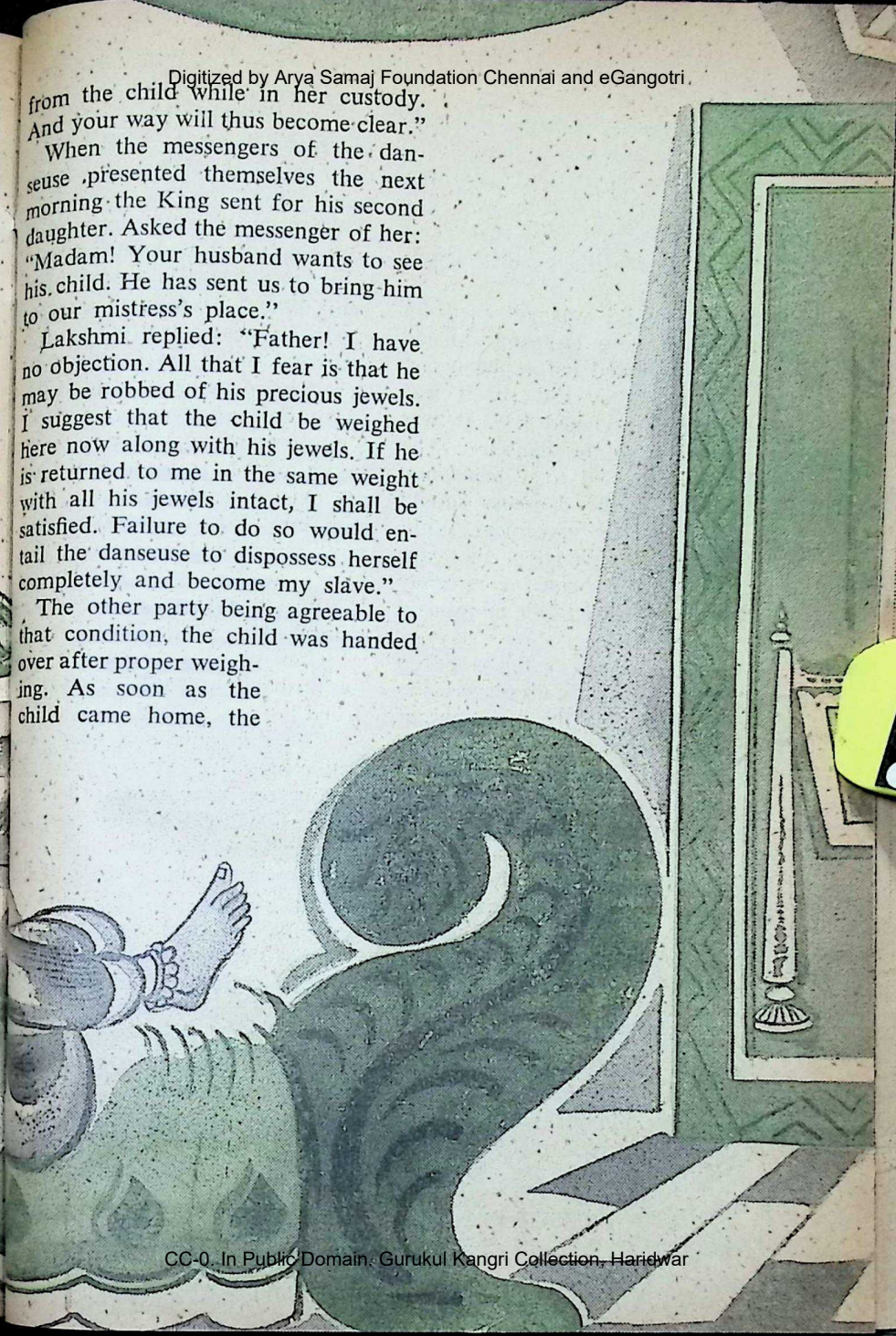
from the child while in her custody. And your way will thus become clear."

When the messengers of the danseuse presented themselves the next morning the King sent for his second daughter. Asked the messenger of her: "Madam! Your husband wants to see his child. He has sent us to bring him to our mistress's place."

Lakshmi replied: "Father! I have no objection. All that I fear is that he may be robbed of his precious jewels. I suggest that the child be weighed here now along with his jewels. If he is returned to me in the same weight with all his jewels intact, I shall be satisfied. Failure to do so would entail the danseuse to dispossess herself completely and become my slave."

The other party being agreeable to that condition, the child was handed over after proper weighing. As soon as the child came home, the



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danseuse fondled it, caressed it, played with it the whole day and kept him with her for the night too. According to plan, the snake made its way into the household at dead of night and stole away some of the costliest jewels the child wore.

When the child was returned on the following day, Lakshmi insisted that he be weighed before being accepted. When they did so, it was found that he weighed less. It was a great shock to the danseuse. The matter was reported to a *panchayat* who ruled that the danseuse should act according to the agreement. Without the least compunction, the danseuse dispossessed herself completely of all her wealth and belongings and cheerfully became Lakshmi's slave.

After this, Lakshmi's husband too had to return to Lakshmi's place. Soon she was restored in the affections of her husband while the danseuse did their bidding as a domestic slave.

In her new-found joy, Lakshmi completely forgot the snake. He became angry. He had half a mind to kill the woman for her ingratitude by biting her. But it went against his grain. To try to make love to her now, too, was revolting inasmuch as her husband had returned to her. The best way under the circumstances would be for him to commit suicide, he thought, if only in atonement for his past sins. That he decided to do by strangling himself with her own lock of hair. So, one night while she was asleep by the side of the Prince, the snake went up to her head and entering her lock of hair strangled itself to death.

When in the morning the Prince woke up, he was horrified to find a dead snake dangling from his wife's head. When he woke her up, she found her head heavy with the weight of the dead snake. As soon as she saw it, it flashed across her mind that the snake did so out of remorse and a film of tears covered her eyes. Wiping it off she said to her husband "O, this is our home-snake. We worship him. I had prayed to him for your return and had agreed to offer him *puja* on your return. Apparently it came to remind me of it but got enmeshed in my hair and died."

"I am so sorry to hear it," replied her husband. "What shall we do now?" asked he.

"There is only one way; we had better have it buried prayerfully and let our son pour some milk over the grave. That will be the best we can do now" said Lakshmi.

"All right. Let us do so", replied the Prince and had their son do the obsequial ceremonies of the snake.

From then on the Prince, Lakshmi and the child lived happily.

Finding that it was time for day break, Chaturya winked at the Princess by his side and said: "Aren't women very clever in hoodwinking their husbands?" and sent her to the palace.

[*To be continued*

In the economy of God, no effort however small, put forth in the right cause, fails of its effects.

—Anon.

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Notes & News

Tribute to Late Dr. Shakuntala Rao Shastri

(1)

The Unitarian Church of All Souls,
18th Street and Lexington Avenue,
New York 21, N.Y.
U.S.A.

May 5, 1961.

K. M. Munshi,
aratiya Vidya Bhavan,
aupatty Road,
mbay 7.

ar Dr. Munshi,

his is to inform you that our good
end, Dr. Sakuntala Rao Sastri, pas-
l away on May 5 at Flower-Fifth
enue Hospital in New York. She had
n confined to the hospital since
bruary 28 with a serious lung
ease. We had hoped for her recovery
en pneumonia set in very suddenly.
memorial service will be held for
at this church on Tuesday, May 9,
eleven o' clock in the morning. We
regret her passing very much. She
uested that I inform you of her
sing.

Sincerely,
Sd./ Walter Donald Kring
Minister.

(2)

May 9, 1961.

ar Dr. Walter Donald Kring,

our letter of May 5 to hand.

ly wife and I are so grieved to
m that Dr. Sakuntala Rao Sastri
ed away on May 5. She was like
aughter to us, a very noble soul,
struggled through extreme po-
y to live in high ideals and noble
otion to learning.

et me know if she has left any
hes behind, for as far as I know,
had cut herself off from all her
tions.

ly wife joins me in sending you
kind regards.

Yours sincerely,
Sd./ K. M. Munshi.

(3)

342 West 84th Street,
New York 24, New York.

May 19, 1961.

My dear Dr. and Mrs. Munshi,

I am so presumptuous as to direct this letter to you in the belief that you as her good friends, were truly concerned with Dr. Sakuntala Rao Sastri and in a meaningful sense, her only family.

Knowing her even for a few short years was, in many ways, a rewarding experience for which I am grateful. You will understand that it was with profound sorrow that I learned of her death and it may be of some matter to you to know that if Dr. Sastri died in a strange place in a distant land to which her courage had drawn her, she has not died unmourned.

Very sincerely yours,
Sd./ Herbert Levy.

(4)

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Chaupatty Road, Bombay 7.
India.

May 28, 1961.

Dear Mr. Herbert Levy,

Your letter of May 19 to hand. So nice of you to have written to us about our good friend, Dr. Sakuntala Rao Sastri.

She was like a daughter to us and was highly devoted to the cause for which she worked when she was with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. She was a very noble soul and had a greater sense of dedication to learning than any scholar that I have known in my life. Her decision to establish a centre of Indian culture in America, alone and unfriended though she was, was heroic in the extreme, and I will never forget the wonderful way in which you and other friends gave her every

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support and encouragement in her heroic struggle.

I remember vividly how she lived in U.S.A. when we were there in 1958. She lived on next to nothing. With difficulty she secured bare living accommodation with some friends, in return for which she did domestic work at night or early morning. Sometimes she spent the afternoons in waiting rooms. During this time of life she not only tried to run the 'East-West Institute', but edited its magazine, wrote a commentary on *Mantra Brahman*, a very difficult text, and a students' text-book on Sanskrit. She was never frustrated, never in despair and never lost her sense of mission.

When we were in New York last, I told her repeatedly to come back to India, but she was determined to carry out her mission and acknowledged with deep gratitude the help which all of you gave her.

She was a wonderful woman. She starved herself to find a little money with which to publish her books and it brought tears to my eyes when, out of her meagre savings which she had scraped together by starving herself, she bought me a present on the Father's Day. At the time she was living with us during the day. I scolded her for this wasteful expenditure and wanted to return her the present. She said to me: 'You have been to me a father. It is my little tribute to you as your daughter. I can always make a little money by doing extra work, but where am I going to get the opportunity of making my father a present?' Those words are carved in my memory, words which I will remember so long as I am alive.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,
Sd./ K. M. Munshi

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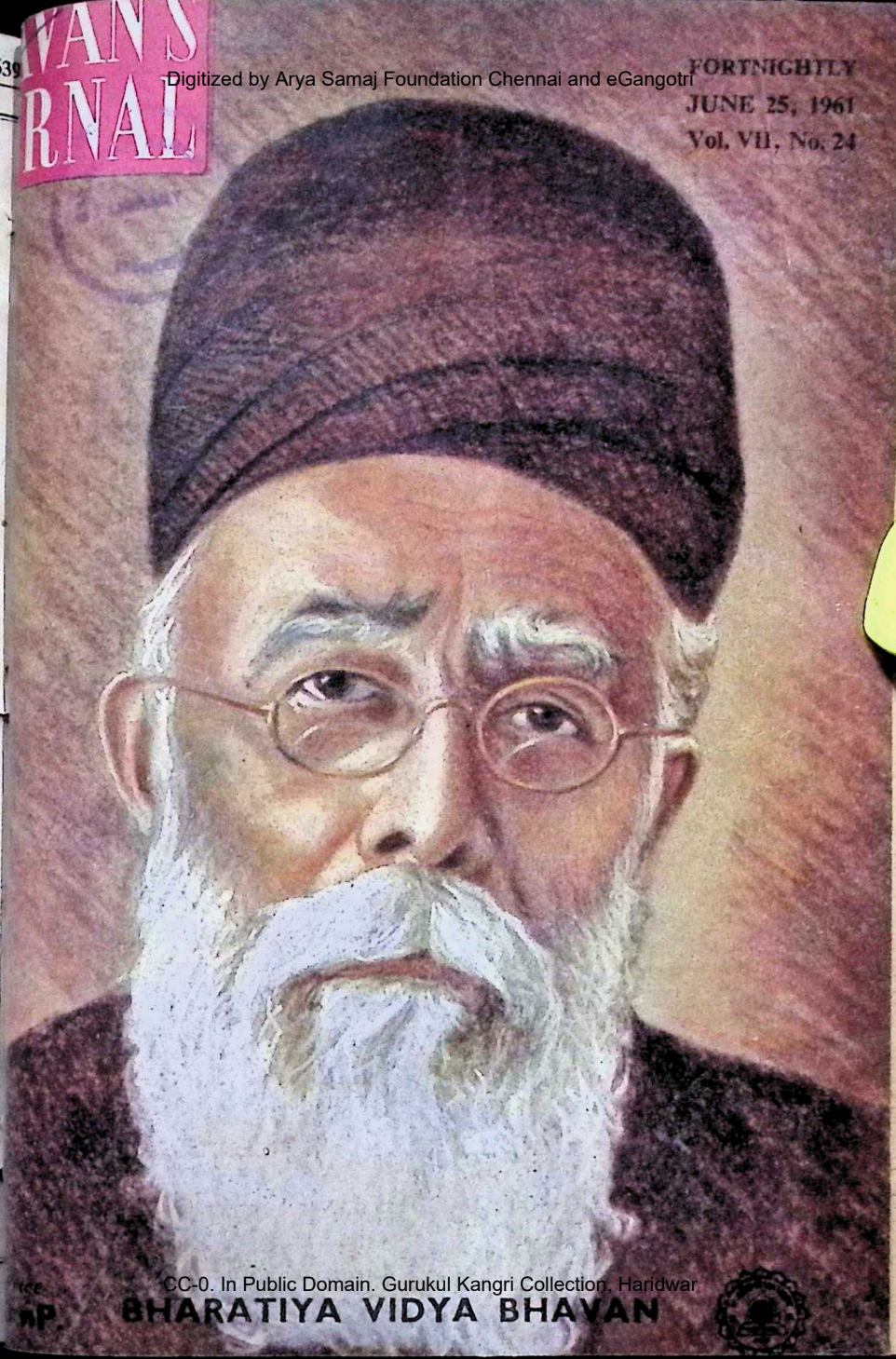
Vol. VII, No. 24



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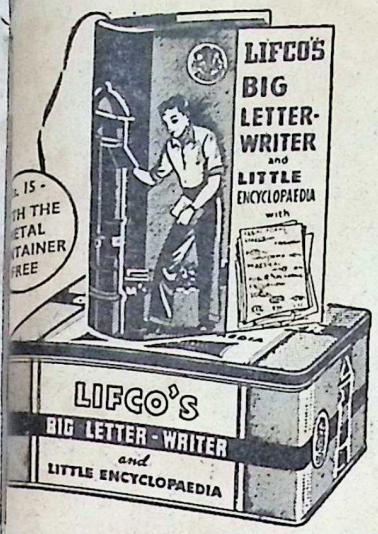

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Vol. VII, No. 24 JUNE 25, 1961

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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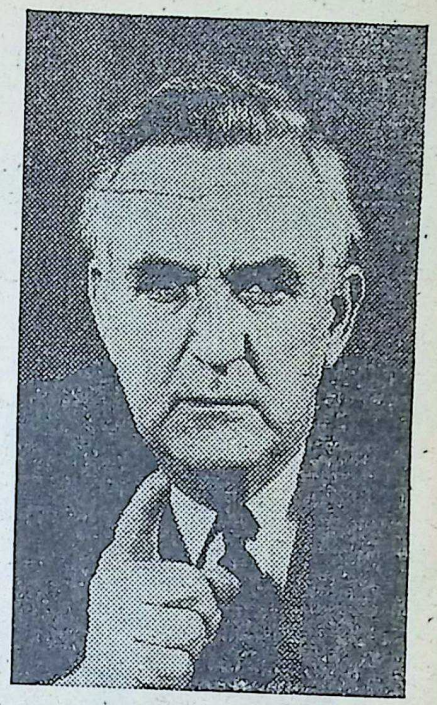

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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PRAYER FOR PERFECTION

ॐ आप्यायन्तु ममाङ्गानि वाक् प्राणश्चक्षुः श्रोत्रमथो बलमिन्द्रियाणि च सर्वाणि। सर्वं ब्रह्मोपनिषदम्। माहं ब्रह्म निराकुर्यां, मा मा ब्रह्म निराकरोदनिराकरणमस्त्वनिराकरणं मे अस्तु। तदात्मनि निरते य उपनिषत्सु धर्मास्ते मयि सन्तु ते मयि सन्तु॥

Perfected may be the parts of my body; speech, life and the eyes; even as the ears, strength, and all the senses. As the Upanishads say, all these are Brahman. May I not repudiate Brahman. May not Brahman repudiate me. May there be no repudiation. May I not repudiate it.

May all the Dharmas enjoined in the Upanishads repose in me. May they repose in me. May they repose in me.

—*Samaveda*

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 234

★ *INCREASING MORAL VACUUM*
★ *CORRUPTION AND BLACK-MARKETS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHA
BOMBAY.

JUNE 25, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN all my public life extending nearly over fifty years, I have never seen corruption so rampant and so universal as it is now. It is the prime factor in the moral vacuum which is overtaking us.

The leading men, who direct and control the Government of India, are personally clean and upright men, working for the uplift of the country according to their own light.

Pandit Nehru is fired by idealism and intense patriotism. Some others, among them, Morarji, Jagjivan Ram and Lal Bahadur Shastri, are straightforward men, deeply religious.

Now look upon this picture and upon this:

In the country which they govern, corrosion of moral values is proceeding apace. Under their influence, a technological order is being built on an increasing moral vacuum.

We build dams, steel mills, science institutes, schools and hospitals; there is submergence of moral and spiritual, values. In Public, Dumpin Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar necessary, is provided to build the body; hedonism is left free to the mind. Schools are opened to the students to read; the cult of and violence provides the rabid nals with items for them to read. leges are opened by dozens; the obsessed 'Indian Hollywood' sets emotional and behavioural patter the students. The Nasik Press w day and night to stimulate econ advance; its notes provide the dium which, through black-ma fosters universal corruption.

I will be told that I am ta a prejudiced view of things. T who say so are either out of with realities or are afraid to the truth. A cat may look at the says the proverb. But in modern dia, no honest man can look a truth and tell it bluntly if it ha to conflict with the self-compl views of the rulers. To do so, it y be heresy or high treason; unf nately, it is out of such attitude slavery is born and moral decay

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now I would be met with the challenge given to those who expose the growing moral de- if you say it, prove it in a court w.' This is a convenient trick to n people into silence. The fact when corrosion of moral and al values sets in on a large scale, proof is not possible. It is ab- to expect the beneficiaries of decay to come forward and com- icide by exposing it.

C. D. Deshmukh tried to esta- corruption in high quarters. In ature of things he had to de- upon circumstances which might o moral certainty, but on the of which no court of law could t an accused. Therefore, the say, the charges of corruption nfounded; Deshmukh is a frus- man indulging in spiteful accu- . Therefore, there is no corrup- n the land. Q.E.D.

al proof of corruption under isting law is, in most cases, im- e to obtain.

fertiliser scandal case is an e in point. Some persons con- with the transaction admitted facts to the Food Minister. committee presided over by the stice Rajyadhaksha, on the testi- recorded, held that it was a gross corruption and that the concerned should be proceed- ainst. The prosecution was ed. The Food Minister's evi- was naturally hearsay and was admissible under the Evidence ome persons who had testified the Rajyadhaksha Committee, ither not forthcoming or told a different story at the trial. After a protracted trial, if I remember right, three accused were convicted; on appeal, all but one were acquitted.

The law, as it is, is too tardy and clumsy to punish individual cases of corruption. But even if hundreds of individual cases are proved in a court of law, they cannot arrest the speedy growth of moral decay. The Central Criminal Investigation Department has been unearthing scandal after scandal, but not all the prosecutions which have been launched have had any effect on the phenomenon as a whole.

How difficult it is to expose corruption, can be seen from the recent experience of an editor in Andhra, reported in the papers. He was seriously injured by an explosive package handed to him, presumably with an intent to harm. His crime, according to the papers, was that he exposed corruption.

In this Letter, I am concerned with the phenomenon of growing moral vacuum, not with individual cases. What I write is the result of wide contacts with men and affairs, which I have the privilege to enjoy as a public man, a professional lawyer and a person who happily enjoys the confidence of a large circle of friends from different sectors of life. And as Chairman of Public Aid Committee of the Swatantra Party, I came across numerous complaints of corruption, which cannot be investigated, without official agency, and for the reason I have stated, cannot be proved in a court. Individual complaints may be exaggerated, but the picture of the general malady is out of question.

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Prevalence of a black-market is the surest indication of increasing moral decay. I will take our cinema world, the 'Indian Hollywood,' the outermost and the most glamorous fringe of our modern life. By reason of the impact of films on our collective life, its influence is most insidious and deadly. It is generally well known among circles which are connected in some way or the other with this world that cinema artistes—barring exceptions, of course—take only a small portion of their remuneration in open transactions; 50 to 80% of it have to be paid in black money. In one case, an artiste received Rs. 90,000|- in black and Rs. 10,000|- on an open receipt. Another artiste charged about Rs. 8 lakhs in black as against Rs. 1 lakh under a receipt in receipt of certain engagements. The producers of films have to find the money in black-market. The distributors have, therefore, to arrange to provide the producers with it, which is usually collected by making out bogus bills of publicity. The financiers have, therefore, to advance moneys outside the book and they charge exorbitant rate of interest.

The trade in diamonds and superluxuries flourishes on this black money. Those who have been to the homes of some of the glamour boys and girls have told me of the luxurious life which they lead, the gigantic cars in which they roll in, and the lavish parties which they throw. No one in these days of high taxation, however high his disclosed income, can live on such ostentatious luxury. Some of the *nouveau riche* patronise some members of the feminine s cies of this world. I am sure th expenditure on such artistes is shown in their tax returns.

The exchequer is thus defrauded income-tax at all levels. The Incor tax Department, which goes to no of trouble to extract the last pe from a poor businessman, is una to touch this large-scale conspira The Central Board of Revenue is impotent. It is a sign of our incre ing moral vacuum that some of offenders are held up as the embo ment of Indian culture. They are vited to respectable political gath ings in order to exhibit their char Authorities love to honour th Ministers would like to keep comp with them. A Judge, who tried a minal case against one such pers told me how difficult it was to justice from being deflected by in ence.

Take another fetid source of corr tion: illicit distillation. No one in City of Bombay finds it difficult satisfy his alcoholic needs. He only to do it through illegal chann It is well known in Bombay that every available space, in the gara of even men of high authority, il liquor is being manufactured. M of the places, where illicit liquo manufactured, are known to the w locality. In one case, dozens of ple in the neighbourhood compla that illicit liquor was being dist in an open space next to their dence. The manager of the prop mentioned it to the local police cer, he was told that if he insi on steps being taken against the b

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it would mean certain mur-
The police took steps only when
ence was brought to bear upon
from higher quarters.

the other day, the Police Commis-
er of Bombay publicly stated that
y day about 270 bootleggers are
ted by the police; that during
the police in Greater Bombay
ted 96,803 prohibition cases,
pared to 20,000 during 1950, and
e say that at least an equal num-
eluded the police.

is well known to those who are
liar with prohibition cases that
who are arrested are provided
legal assistance for the defence
interested parties. All possible
s are also made by them to win
the *panch* witnesses, whose evi-
e decides the fate of the cases.
ase an accused is convicted and
to jail, his dependants are pro-
with maintenance. If an impor-
bootlegger operating in an area
to be proceeded against, in order
aintain the police reputation, a
itute professional accused is ar-
d and the real culprit escapes.
rruption in this sphere has grown
ch terrific proportions that it has
uced well-organised, resourceful
d of gangsters. Manufacturers,
butors, financiers, gather huge
of black money out of their ne-
us trade. In some cases, the boot-
rs are known to have committed
lers. Bold indeed would be the
e man who would venture to en-
e the law against them with un-
tened rigidity. I know the effi-
y and discipline of the Bombay
e, but it will strain any man's
lity to believe that they are the
only people going about their busi-
ness, ignorant of all this happening.

●●●

Another sector in which black-mar-
ket flourishes on a large-scale is that
of 'housing adventurers.' Taking ad-
vantage of the scarcity of housing in
Bombay, an adventurer buys a plot
on the instalment system. He raises
a well-advertised, big, costly building
with advance price recovered from
people who are anxious to buy 'own-
ership flats'—a very ingenious device
to suit the adventurer's plans. In most
cases, a part of the advance has to
be paid in black money; this is
known to every one who has ever gone
to buy an ownership flat or to hire
a flat. Of course, as in all such mat-
ters, there are honest exceptions, but
it is the generality of transactions
which fosters moral decay. We now
learn from the newspapers that in
fairly large number of such cases,
'housing adventurers' have exploited
the over-anxious flat-owners by giving
them constructionally imperfect struc-
tures and title of ownerships which
may not stand the test of time....

One has only to go for house-hunt-
ing in Bombay, to be met with open
demands for part of the rent in black
money. It is not uncommon that if
a man gives vacant possession of a
3-room flat, he will receive quite a
good sum in black money.

I will deal with the other aspects of
this increasing moral vacuum in subse-
quent Letters.

Yours sincerely,

Kuldip Nayar

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. . . . The shop-keeper mentality will not pass muster before God . . . .

WHO IS A REAL BHAKTA?

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THAT day is indeed a bad day when we do not speak of the Lord—not a stormy day.

Only love for the Supreme Lord is true *bhakti*. Love for any other being, however great, is not *bhakti*.

The Supreme Lord here means Isvara, the concept of which transcends what in the West is meant by the Personal God.

He from whom this universe proceeds, in whom it rests, and to whom it returns—He is Isvara, the Eternal, the Pure, the All-Merciful, the Almighty, the Ever Free, the All-Knowing, the teacher of all teachers, the Lord, who of His own nature is inexpressible love.

Man does not manufacture God out of his own brain; but he can only see God in the light of his own capacity, and he attributes to Him the best of all he knows.

Each attribute is the whole of God, and this signifying of the whole by one quality is the metaphysical e planation of the Personal God.

Isvara is without form, yet has forms; is without qualities, yet h all qualities.

As human beings we have to see trinity of existence; God, man, ture. We cannot do otherwise.

But to the Bhakta all these phi sophical distinctions are mere i talk. He cares nothing for argumen he does not reason; he senses, he p ceives.

He wants to lose himself in p love of God.

And there have been *bhaktas* w maintain that this is more to be sired than liberation, and who sa "I do not want to be sugar; I wa to taste sugar. I want to love a enjoy the Beloved."

In Bhakti Yoga the first essential to seek God honestly and intensely.

We want everything but God, cause our ordinary desires are fulfil by the external world.

So long as our needs are confi within the limits of the physical u verse, we do not feel any need God.

It is only when we have had ha blows in our lives and are disappoi ed with everything here that we f the need for something higher; th we seek God.

Bhakti is not destructive; it teac that all our faculties may beco means to reach salvation.

We must turn them all towards G and give to Him that love which usually wasted on the fleeting obj of sense.

Bhakti differs from Western Id that Bhakti adm

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...ment of fear, no Being to be ...ed or propitiated.

...re are even Bhaktas who wor... God as their own child so that ...may remain no feeling even of ...r reverence.

...re can be no fear in true love, ... long as there is the least fear, ... cannot even begin.

...*bhakti* there is also no place for ...g or bargaining with God. The ...f asking God for anything is ...ge to a *bhakta*. He will not ...or health or wealth, or even to ... heaven.

... who wants to love God, to be ...*kta*, must make a bundle of all ...desires and leave them outside ...or and then enter.

... who wants to enter the realm ...t must make a bundle of all ...keeping' religion and cast it away ...he can pass the gates.

... not that you do not get what ...ray for; you get everything; ... is low, vulgar—a beggar's re...

...ol indeed is he who, living on ...nks of the Ganga, digs a little ...or water.

...ol indeed is the man who, com... a diamond mine, begins to ... for glass beads.

...e prayers for health and ... and material prosperity are ...*akti*. They are the lowest form ...ma.

Bhakti is a higher thing. We are striving to come into the presence of the King of kings. We cannot get there in beggar's dress. If we wanted to enter the presence of an emperor, would we be admitted in beggar's rags? Certainly not. The lackey would drive us out of the gates. This is the Emperor of emperors, and never can we come before Him in beggar's garb.

Shopkeepers never have admission there; buying and selling will not do there at all.

You read in the Bible that Jesus drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple.

So it goes without saying that the first task in becoming a *bhakta* is to give up all desires for heaven and so on.

Such a heaven would be like this place, this earth;—only a little better.

The love of the *bhakta* must be absolutely pure and unselfish, seeking nothing for itself either here or hereafter.

Giving up the ideas of pleasure and pain, gain and loss, worship God day and night; not a moment is to be spent in vain.

Giving up all other thoughts, with the whole mind day and night worship God. Thus being worshipped day and night, He reveals Himself and makes His worshippers feel His presence.

[From *Inspired Talks*]

In renouncing the sense of possession, in adopting the spirit of Vedantic renunciation lies the salvation of nations as well as of individuals. There is no other way.

—Swami Rama Tirtha

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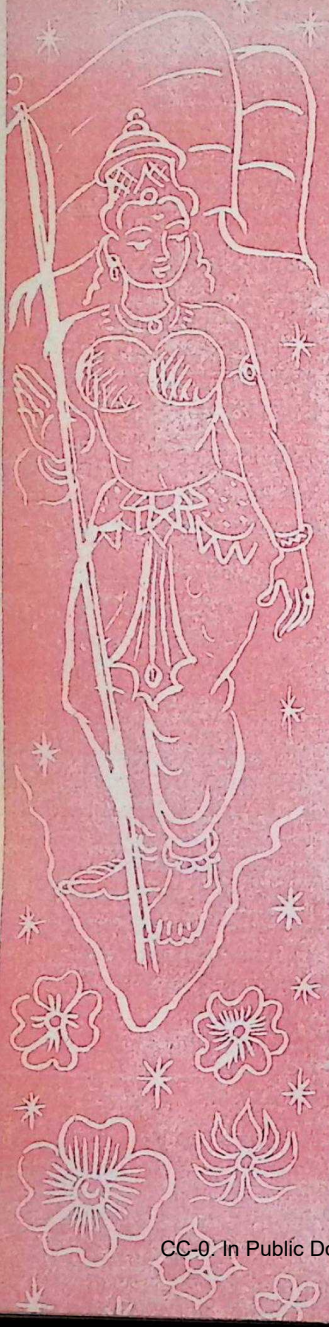

[*In the early days of our Freedom Movement, this song was the unofficial 'National Anthem' which roused the people to action from one end of the country to another. Today, June 25, the day on which Bankim Chandra Chatterjee* (1838-1894) *passed away, we pay homage to the memory of Bankim Babu.—Ed.*]

Mother, I bow to thee!
Rich with thy hurrying streams,
Bright with thy orchard gleams,
Cool with thy winds of delight,
Dark fields waving, Mother of might,
Mother free.

Glory of moonlight dreams
Over thy branches and lordly streams,
Clad in thy blossoming trees,
Mother, giver of ease,
Laughing low and sweet!
Mother, I kiss thy feet,
Speaker sweet and low!
Mother, to thee I bow.

Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands,
When the swords flash out in twice seven million hands
And seventy million voices roar[1]
Thy dreadful name from shore to shore?
With many strengths who are mighty and stored,

[1] Changed to 300 millions.

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o thee I call, Mother and Lord!
ou who savest, arise and save!
her I cry who ever her foemen drave
ck from plain and sea
d shook herself free.

ou art wisdom, thou art law,
ou our heart, our soul, our breath,
ou the love divine, the awe
our hearts that conquers death.
ine the strength that nerves the arm,
ine the beauty, thine the charm.
ery image made divine
our temples is but thine.

ou art Durga, Lady and Queen
ith her hands that strike and her swords of sheen,
ou art Lakshmi lotus-throned,
d the Muse a hundred-toned.
re and Perfect without peer,
other, lend thine ear.

ch with thy hurrying streams,
ight with thy orchard gleams,
rk of hue, O candid-fair
thy soul, with jewelled hair
d thy glorious smile divine,
veliest of all earthly lands,
owering wealth from well-stored hands!
other, mother mine!
other sweet, I bow to thee
other great and free!

r. by Sri Aurobindo]

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MOTHERLAND

॥ जननी जन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी ॥

Mother is the word which brings the deepest feeling from the soul of an Indian.

* * *

The Secret of the successful art of living lies in developing the mother's heart to whom all her children are lovely, whether big or babes.

* * *

O disrespectable Respectability! There can be no union and love in a country, so long as you keep emphasizing each other's faults.

* * *

The myriad forces in India have no resultant pressure, being nullified by being pitched one against the other. Is it not a pity? What is the reason? Because each party concentrates its attention on the faults of its neighbour.

* * *

Our personal and local Dharma must never be placed higher than the National Dharma. The keeping of right proportions only, can secure happiness.

* * *

Doing anything to promote the well-being of the Nation, is serving the cosmic powers—Devas, or Gods.

* * *

A person can never realise his unity with God, the All, except when unity with the Whole Nation throbs in every fibre of his frame.

* * *

Almost every town, stream, hill, stone or animal is personified and sanctified in India. Is it not high time now to deify the entire mother-land, and let every partial manifestation inspire us with devotion to the whole?

* * *

Let every son of India stand for the service of the whole, seeing that the whole of India is embodied in every son.

—Swami Rama Tirtha.

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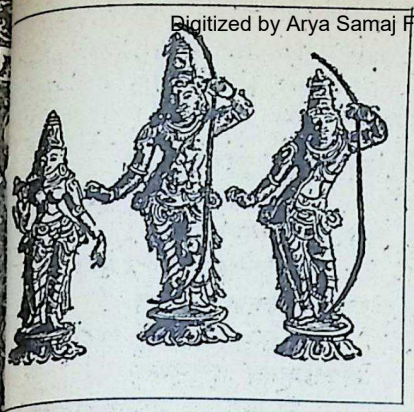

Maricha's Advice

Early in the morning Ravana rode in his chariot with a plan in his mind to the home of Maricha on the other side of the Ocean.

रीचस्तत्र मुनिवज्जटावल्कलधारकः ॥
यन् हृदि परात्मानं निर्गुणं गुणभासकम् ।

There Maricha, like a Muni, had
t on matted hair and bark-garments
d was engaged in deep contempla-
n of the attributeless Brahman who
umines nature with attributes.

ाधिविरमेऽपश्यद्रावणं गृहमागतम् ॥
त्थायचालिङ्ग्य च पूजयित्वा यथाविधि ।
ातिथ्यं सुखासीनं मारीचो वाक्यमब्रवीत् ॥
ागमनमेतत्ते रथेनैकेन रावण ।
ापर इवाभासि हृदि कार्यं विचिन्तयन् ॥
ं मे न हि गोप्यं चेत्करवाणि तव प्रियम् ।
प्यं चेद् ब्रूहि राजेन्द्र वृजिनं मां स्पृशेन्न हि॥

When his meditation was disturbed
aricha saw Ravana's arrival, rose
rriedly, embraced Ravana, worship-
d him in the proper manner, fed
m, and seating him comfortably,
ked: "By your arrival in a single
ariot, I guess you have some serious
ought in your mind which you want
accomplished. If that can be revealed, I shall be happy to do it for you, O, King, provided it is just and no sin will attach to me, a recluse, by it."

अस्ति राजा दशरथः साकेताधिपतिः किल ।
रामनामा सुतस्तस्य ज्येष्ठः सत्यपराक्रमः ॥
विवासयमास सुतं वनं वनजनप्रियम ।
भार्यया सहितं भ्रात्रा लक्ष्मणेन समन्वितम् ॥
स आस्ते विपिने घोरे पञ्चवटचाश्रमे शुभे ।
तस्य भार्या विशालाक्षी सीता लोकविमोहिनी ॥
रामो निरपराधान्मे राक्षसान् भीमविक्रमान् ।
खरं च हत्वा विपिने सुखमास्तेऽतिनिर्भयः ॥
भागिन्याः शूर्पणखाया निर्दोषायाश्च नासिकाम् ।
कर्णौ चिच्छेद दुष्टात्मा वने तिष्ठति निर्भयः॥
अतस्त्वया सहायेन गत्वा तत्प्राणवल्लभाम् ।
आनयिष्यामि विपिने रहिते राघवेण ताम् ॥

Ravana replied: "Isn't there one Dasaratha, King of Saketa? He has sent his eldest son, truthful and valiant Rama who loves Rishis, along with his wife and younger brother Lakshmana to the forest. He lives

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in the auspicious Panchavati Ashram, in the midst of the fearful forest. His wife, large-eyed Sita, is extraordinarily beautiful. This Rama, after killing all the mighty Rakshasas and Khara unprovoked, stays there undaunted. Further, he has cut off my faultless sister Shurpanakha's nose and ears and the wicked man has the audacity to stay back without fear. Therefore, I shall carry away his beloved with your help when Rama will be away.

त्वं तु मायामृगो भूत्वा ह्याश्रमादपनेष्यसि ।
रामं च लक्ष्मणं चैव तदा सीतां हराम्यहम् ॥
त्वं तु तावत्सहायं मे कृत्वा स्थास्यसि पूर्ववत् ।

"You will take the form of a fake-deer and lure Rama and Lakshmana away, when I can abduct her. After helping me this wise, you can live as before."

इत्येवं भाषमाणं तं रावणं वीक्ष्य विस्मितः ॥
केनेदमुपदिष्टं ते मूलघातकरं वचः ।
स एव शत्रुर्वध्यश्च यस्त्वन्नाशं प्रतीक्षते ॥
रामस्य पौरुषं स्मृत्वा चित्तमद्यापि रावण ।
बालोपि मां कौशिकस्य यज्ञसंरक्षणाय सः ।
आगतस्त्विषुणैकेन पातयामास सागरे ।
योजनानां शतं रामस्तदादि भयविह्वलः ।
स्मृत्वा स्मृत्वा तदेवाहं रामं पश्यामि सर्वतः ॥

Surprised by Ravana's request, Maricha replied: "Whoever has given this totally destructive advice to you? He alone is your enemy and should be killed who has given you this advice which envisages your total destruction. Even now I can well recollect Rama's prowess, O, Ravana! From the time when, as a youth, he came to protect Vishwamitra's Yagna, he, by a single arrow, felled me into the ocean, thousands of *yojanas* away, I am terror-stricken. Thinking of it again and again, I see Rama everywhere.

दण्डकेऽपि पुनरप्यहं वने
पूर्ववैरमनुचिन्तयन् हृदि ।
तीक्ष्णशृंगमृगरूपमेकदा
मादृशैर्बहुभिरावृतोऽभ्ययाम् ॥
राघवं जनकजासमन्वितं
लक्ष्मणेन सहितं त्वरान्वितः ।
आगतोऽहमथ हन्तुमुद्यतो
मां विलोक्य शरमेकमक्षिपत् ॥
तेन विद्धहृदयोऽहमुद्भ्रमन्
राक्षसेन्द्रपतितोऽस्मि सागरे ।
तत्प्रभृत्यहमिदं समाश्रितः
स्थानमूर्जितमिदं भयादितः ॥

"Harbouring this enmity, one day I was moving in Dandaka forest in the form of a deer with sharp horns in the company of other deers. Then came Raghava soon, accompanied by Sita and Lakshmana, when I attempted to kill him. Seeing me do it, he shot a single arrow which, O, King of Rakshasas, hit my heart and hurled me into the air and at last I fell into the ocean. From that time, I am living in this place for fear of him.

राममेव सततं विभावये
भीतभीत इव भोगराशितः ।
राजरत्नरमणीरथादिकं
श्रोत्रयोर्यदि गतं भयं भवेत् ॥

"Whenever I hear the words Raja, Ratna, Ramani (woman), Rathy (chariot), I am reminded of Rama and fright overtakes me. That is why I am fleeing away from pleasures like the above, and ceaselessly conjure up Rama.

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राम आगत इहेतिशङ्कया
बाह्यकार्यमपि सर्वमत्यज्यम् ।
निद्रया परिवृतो यदा स्वपे
राममेव मनसानुचिन्तयन् ॥
स्वप्नदृष्टिगतराघवं तदा
बोधितो विगतनिद्र आस्थितः ।
तद्भवानपि विमुच्य चाग्रहं
राघवं प्रति गृहं प्रयाति भोः॥
रक्ष राक्षसकुलं चिरागतं
तत्स्मृतौ सकलमेव नश्यति ।
तच्च हितं वदतो मम भाषितं
परिगृहाणं परात्मनि राघवे ॥
त्यज विरोधमति भज भक्तितः
परमकारुणिकी रघुनन्दनः ।
अहमशेषमिदं मुनिवाक्यतो–
ऽशृणवमादियुगे परमेश्वरः ॥
ब्रह्मणार्थित उवाच तं हरिः
किं तवेप्सितमहं करवाणि तत् ।
ब्रह्मणोक्त मरविन्दलोचन
त्वं प्रयाहि भुवि मानुषं वपुः ।
दशरथात्मज भावमञ्जसा
जहि रिपुं दशकन्धरं हरे ॥

Thinking that Rama has come here
lf, I have abandoned all outside
ivities. While asleep, my subcon-
ous mind always dreads Rama
ne. When I see Rama in dream,
wake up immediately. Therefore,
Ravana, you too give up spiting
ghava, and return home. Protect
ancient clan of Rakshasas. The
y thought of antagonising him will
ll disaster. I am telling these only
your good; accept them. Give
hating Raghava who is Paramat-
n. Worship him devotedly. The de-
ter of the Raghu race is exceeding-
merciful. I have heard these words
m the mouths of Rishis: In Sat-
yayuga, Brahma prayed to Hari. The latter said: "Ask me your wish and I shall fulfil it." Brahma asked: "O, Lotus-eyed Hari! Be pleased to be born in the earth as the son of Dasaratha and kill the despoiler Ravana!

अतो न मानुषो रामः साक्षान्नारायणोऽव्ययः ।
मायामानुषवेषेण वनं यातोऽनिर्भयः ॥
भूभारहरणार्थाय गच्छ तात गृहं सुखम् ।

"Therefore, Rama is no mortal; he is the incarnation of the indestructible Narayana. For lightening the burden of the earth, he has taken this deceptive human form and lives in the forest nonchalantly. Therefore, child, return home safely!"

श्रुत्वा मारीचवचनं रावणः प्रत्यभाषत ॥
परमात्मा यदा रामः प्रार्थितो ब्रह्मणा किल ।
मां हन्तुं मानुषो भूत्वा यत्नादिह समागतः ॥
करिष्यत्यचिरादेव सत्यसंकल्प ईश्वरः ।
अतोऽहं यत्नतः सीतामानेष्यामेव राघवात् ॥
वधे प्राप्ते रणे वीर ! प्राप्स्यामि परमं पदम् ।
यद्वा रामं रणे हत्वा सीतां प्राप्स्यामि निर्भयः॥
तदुत्तिष्ठ महाभाग ! विचित्रमृगरूपधृक् ।

Hearing Maricha speak thus, Ravana replied: "In as much as Paramatma Rama, prayed by Brahma, has taken human form and taken the trouble to come here, for killing me, he is certain to act up to his word very soon, being Ishwara. For that very reason, I am determined to decoy Sita from him. O valiant one! In the resulting conflict I shall attain Moksha. Should, however, I kill Rama in the skirmish, I shall obtain Sita free of all fear! Therefore, get up, O great one! And take the form of wonderful deer!

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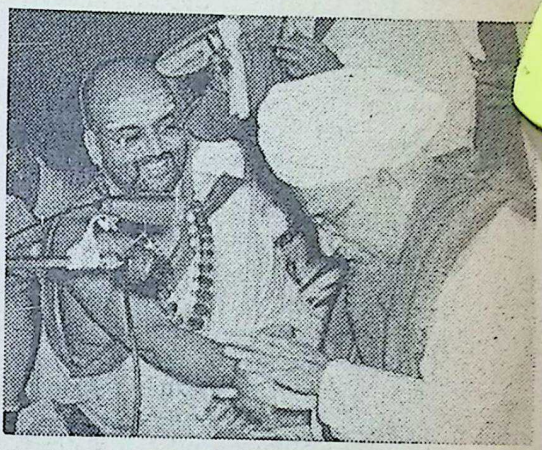
What Life has Taught me

Life is a great teacher; various experiences in life show us the way of progress; one must exert in life with full devotion and faith in Almighty God; without one's own selfrealization, nothing great can be done.

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka



His Holiness with Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

THE greatest Truth that my life has taught me is that everything in life goes on according the wishes of Almighty God; man not have dreamt anything in life, yet many things happen to which lead to the inference that happened only because of His

something good happens, it is be- e of His infinite Grace towards particular individual (Jivatman) if something untoward happens, is also because of His wish; for, out Divine wish not even a grass

hat Divine wish is no autocratic but governed by Divine prin- s, these principles being that, if ndividual lives a moral, spiritual devotional life, the Almighty is ain to show favour to him and g happiness to him, and if the in- dual lives an immoral, unspiritual undevotional life, the Almighty rtain to show disfavour to him, ing him unhappiness.

t the showing of favour or dis- favour and bringing happiness or unhappiness flow automatically, and the Almighty takes no sides; He is but the greatest Onlooker.

Such are the greatest experiences of my life.

My physical birth was in a modest Brahmin family in a far off village, and I had no dream that I would ever take *sannyas* and that too, at the young age of 15, and again, at the

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hands of the Matadhipati Sri Krishnananda Tirtha Swami coming in Dwaraka Peeth Parampara in Doorvasapuram of the Shimoga District in the Mysore State. That was due to the Grace of Almighty God. I had the good fortune of learning the Vedanta, the *Sutras,* the Upanishads, the sacred *Gita,* the Shankara and other Bhashyas, besides the *Bhagvata* and other Puranas, the Mimamsa, Nyaya, etc. Later in life, I had the good Grace of Almighty to learn different modern languages such as English, Marathi, Gujarati, Hindi and others, Telugu and Kanarese being like my mother-tongue.

The Grace of Almighty was so powerful that I could realise quite early in life that Jivatman and Paramatman were one and the same, and that realization elevated my thoughts which in turn led me into putting them into practice which has given me great solace of mind and heart. All these have convinced me that the study of the Vedas, Vedangas and such other scriptural texts are as essential to the uplift of man as breathing of pure air. Even if one does not get an opportunity in life to study all of them, opportunities should always be sought to study parts or some of them, or at least, hear them from the mouths of learned scholars. If *shravan* is once made, it will bring *manan* and that will lead to *nididhyasan.*

Man is endowed with hands, feet, brain and so many parts and cells of body that he might make use of them; these gifts by the Almighty show that a man has to exert with these means and that no result accrues without exertion. Good actions bring out good results and bad actions bring out bad, i.e., unhappy, unfavourable results. The Law of action and reaction, i.e., of Karma is there. कपूय चरणाः कपूयां योनिमापद्यन्ते, रमणीय चरणाः रमणीयां योनिमापद्यन्ते ।। (Upanishad).

Good results always follow good actions; but even then, one should always understand that that too is due for the most part to *Daiva-kripa.* If that is not there, then, even such results would not follow, and there would be a number of unseen handicaps.

After taking *sannyas* and after becoming the Matadhipati of the Math of Krishnananda Tirth Maharaj of Mulbagal Math of Dwaraka Peeth Parampara in Doorvasapuram in Mysore State and after having studied the sacred lore as stated above, I was invited to accept the pontificate of Shree Sharda Peeth at Dwarka in 1945. At that time I was only 26 years of age. There was no attempt or *purushartha* on my part for attaining to that exalted spiritual seat of Bhagvan Adya Shankaracharya Maharaj; it was all due to the Divine Grace shown to me by that Divine Blissful परब्रह्म (Parabrahma) Who rules this whole universe. Even the *buddhi* of that acceptance was also generated by that Divine Grace; because, even if there was invitation, if that Divine Power had not granted that *buddhi* for acceptance at that time, I would not have attained to that position and to all future consequential higher spiritual and earthly attainments which I got in my life.

There was a long-standing dispute

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garding succession to the Sharda eeth in Judicial Courts, and God or- ained that all that should be set at st soon after my installation to that eeth; there was no effort in that, n my part, but I understand that it as all destined by all-powerful Al- ighty that the dispute should end at at time and that soon, the followers the Peeth should have Darshan of nagvan Shri Chandramaulishwar— e Shiv Linga dedicated to the Peetha the Great Adi Shankaracharya aharaj—whose Darshan had been nied outside Dakor on account of e orders of the Courts.

It was again the Divine Grace of lmighty God that, after being in- alled as the Peetadhipati of that eeth, I could come in contact with e great sons of India, such as Man- iya Shri Babu Rajendraprasad, ri Jawaharlal Nehru, Dharmachar- s, learned Pandits and others.

In my religious and spiritual tours India for *Dharmopadesa* as Pitha- ipati, I had the good Grace of ivine Power in visiting many holy ces, deep forests, rivers, mountains, d, watching the modes and habits of e life of so many divergent classes of ople in their religious, spiritual and rldly life; I could preach to nume- us people the sacred lore for bene- ing themselves, their relations, ends and others. All that, I am sure, due to Divine Grace.

As part of my activities, I had the ivine Grace, again in making pil- images to all the twelve Jyotirlingas, e seven Puris, the four Dharma- hams, and the Holy Himalayan aks like Badrinarayana, Amarnath, amunotri, Gangotri, Kedarnath, Pashupatinath, Manas Sarovar and Mount Kailas in Tibet. The Almighty's Grace was experienced by me while ascending the mountainous hills of Sheshanaga Lake after having a bath in it. I was in the company of three attendants only, without any horses or Dandis, and there came a heavy downpour of rain which made the road and the hill-stones very slippery; it became impossible to move on and I would have met with very dange- rous hardships, but I halted and de- voutly prayed to Almighty God. The prayers were heard and within five minutes, the rain stopped; the road and stones having become dry, we proceeded. There came to me the rea- lisation then that if we are sincerely devoted to God, He makes all our path in life easy and this is an abso- lute truth. He is both *bhayakrit* and *bhayanashan* भयकृत् भयनाशन: (Vishnu Sahasranama).

Several such experiences were met with in my pilgrimages to different places in the Himalayas. On account of the Good Grace of Lord Shree Shankara, even robbers and thieves did not harm nor injure me, nor take away our belongings though they crossed our path with deadly wea- pons in hand: अरक्षितं तिष्ठति दैवरक्षि- तम्।

On the top of Mount Kailas, I had the most enchanting Darshan, in com- pany of some others, of Lord Shree Shankara and two Ganas (Persons) performing *pradakshina* of Shree Shankara! How can that be without the Grace of Almighty? I firmly be- lieve that that Grace flows upon one if one is righteous in life and faith

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and devoted to that powerful Omniscience and all-pervading Paramatman, in the best way possible, according to one's understanding of what righteous life he should lead and what faith and devotion he should have.

From the time I was installed on the Sharda Peeth, I had an ambition to renovate the Peeth which was intended by the Great Adi Shankaracharya to become a great seat of learning. In that direction, it has been possible to found the Sharda Peeth Vidya Sabha and through it, an Arts College, an Indological Research Institute and a good library, a museum, etc.* The public has supported these generously and other institutions are to follow. This shows that there has been an abundance of the Grace of the Almighty God in allowing me to achieve these objects.

The present-day education fails in imparting and inculcating in the minds of students the Absolute Truth of the Existence of the One Almighty Power which guides and controls the destinies of people, and if that Truth be inculcated in their minds and hearts, they would desist from the evils like indiscipline and other undesirable activities.

The great lesson that life has taught me is the truth contained in the immortal words of the *Bhagavad Gita*, viz. कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन; but in order to achieve the desired results, it has taught me a further lesson that:

यत्र योगेश्वरः कृष्णो यत्र पार्थो धनुर्धरः।
तत्र श्री र्विजयो भूतिर्ध्रुवा नीति मतिर्मम॥

i.e., success in life, whether in social, religious, moral or earthly matters, is always due to the constant keeping in mind of the presence of Almighty God who rules the destinies of men and, in order to receive His grace, one should follow His rules of life, viz. Dharma, and then exert himself without ego, and with full submission and devotion to His will. A man should exert himself to do his work with full resignation to the Will of God for fruits and results thereof. Just as Lord Sri Krishna says in *Bhagvad Gita*: (मामनुस्मर युध्य च), one must perform his duties in life with God above.

* These were inaugurated by the Hon. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, the learned Vice-President of India on 20th March 1961 in a week-long grand function at Dwarka.

OUR FRONT COVER

June 30 is hallowed by the passing away (in 1917) of the Grand Old Man of India, Dadabhoy Naoroji, one of our earliest Freedom Fighters of whom G. K. Gokhale said "the foremost Indian of our time, the man without self and without stain, our aged chief who bears in his head the snow of years but carries the fire of youth".

There is a particular appositeness in recalling his memory at the present moment when disruption threatens to undo all the sacrifices of men like him.

I cannot recall a single instance when, at the eleventh hour, God had forsaken me.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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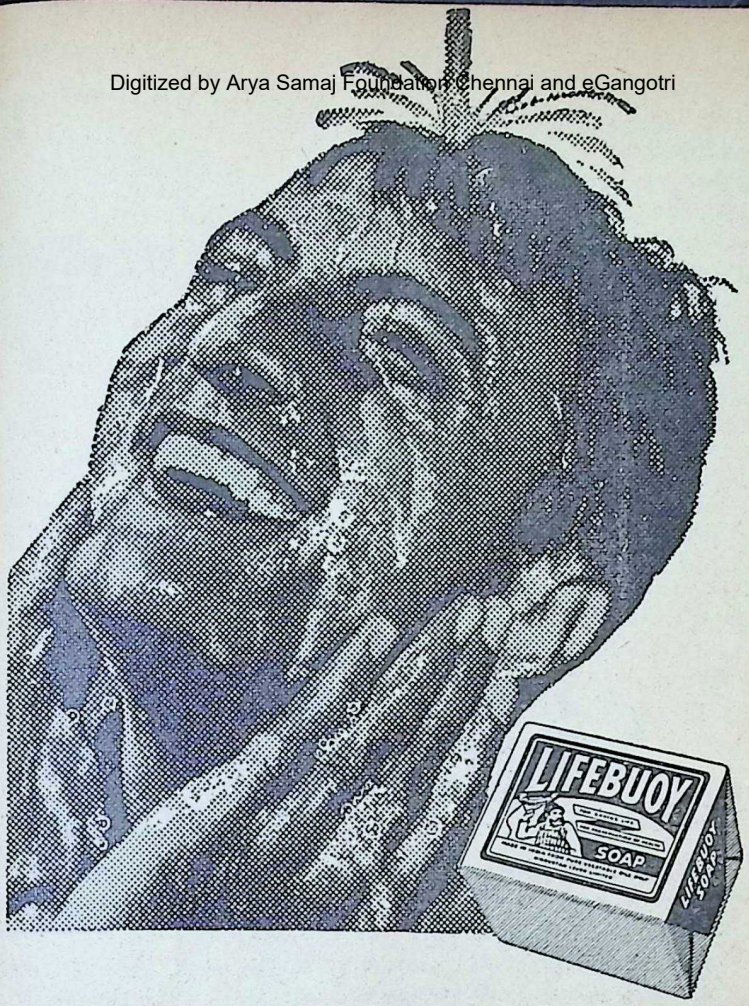

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THE ADI GRANTH

Dr. Arnold Toynbee

THE *Adi Granth* is remarkable for several reasons.

Of all known religious scriptures, this book is the most highly generated. It means more to Sikhs han even the *Quran* means to Mus-ms, the *Bible* to Christians, and the orah to Jews. The *Adi Granth* is e Sikhs' perpetual *guru* (spiritual uide). It was formally invested with is function by the last in the series the human *gurus* that began with e founder of the Sikh religion, anak.

Perhaps Nanak himself would have odestly disclaimed the title of under.' He might have preferred to y that he was merely inging to light, and thering together, the rdinal religious truths d precepts that had en scattered, in ex-cit form or implicitly, rough the religious acies of a number forerunners of his. or Nanak the funda-ntal truth was that, a human being, the proach to God lies through self-abnegation; and this is indeed the chief message of most of the higher religions that have made their appearance up-to-date.

Nearly all the higher religions that count in the world today—in fact, all of them except Zoroastrianism—have originated in one or other of two regions: India and South-West Asia.

The Indian and the Judaic religions are notoriously different in spirit; and, where they have met, they have sometimes behaved like oil and vinegar. Their principal meeting-ground has been India, where Islam has impinged on Hinduism violently.

On the whole, the story of the relations between these two great religions on Indian ground has been an unhappy tale of mutual misunderstanding and hostility.

Yet, on both sides of this religious barrier, there has been a minority of discerning spirits who have seen that, at bottom, Hinduism and Islam are each an expression of the same fundamental religious truth, and that these two expressions are therefore reconcilable with each other and are of supreme value when brought into harmony.

The Sikh religion might be described, not inaccurately, as a vision of this Hindu-Muslim common ground.

To have discovered and embraced the deep harmony underlying the historic Hindu-Muslim discord has been a noble spiritual triumph; and Sikhs may well be proud of their religion's ethos

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and origin.

This religion is the creation of ex-Hindu religious inquirers who adopted monotheism and rejected caste under the inspiration of Islam.

The greater part of the *Adi Granth* consists of hymns written by Nanak and the *gurus* who succeeded him until the succession of human *gurus* was closed in favour of their holy book.

But the *Adi Granth* is a catholic anthology. It also includes hymns written by earlier Indian seers in whom Nanak and his successors recognized kindred spirits; and some of these contributors to the Granth are Hindus, while others are Muslims.

Their writings have found a place in the *Adi Granth* because the compilers of it held, and this surely with good reason, that these seers were Sikhs in fact, though they lived and wrote before the Sikh religion took institutional form.

They were Sikhs because they brought out and emphasized the universal spiritual truth contained in their respective religious traditions; and these truths belong to all ages and to all faiths.

Mankind's religious futures may be obscure; yet one thing can be foreseen: the living higher religions are

Guru Nanak

going to influence each other more than ever before, in these days of increasing communication between all parts of the world and all branches of the human race.

In this coming religious debate, the Sikh religion, and its scriptures the *Adi Granth*, will have something of special value to say to the rest of the world.

This religion is itself a monument of creative spiritual intercourse between two traditional religions whose relations have otherwise not been happy.

This is a good augury.

[*Courtesy*: UNESCO]

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

As a herdsman guardeth and keepeth watch over his cattle, so God day and night cherisheth and guardeth man and keepeth him in happiness.

—Guru Nanak.

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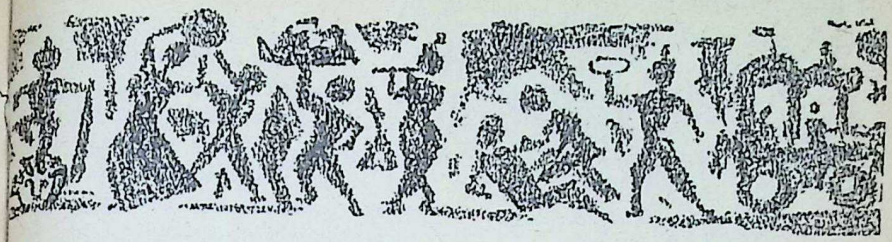

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

24. Rukmini on war-path

THE kings were holding their consultation in a small terrace on the roof of the palace. They re not aware that in an adjacent c two young women sat, their ears ed to the closed trapdoor which ned on the terrace.

One was Princess Suvrata, the wife Rukmi, who somehow had begun entertain the suspicion that there something fishy in the version of Gomantak adventure as given to by her husband. She, with a iosity natural to women, was anus to learn the truth about the nting party which had left with h hopes and returned with empty nds.

Her sister-in-law Rukmini, on ocions hostile to her, had joined her this conspiratorial eavesdropping. er Krishna had left for the Sahya untains, she had spent days and hts in anxiety on his account. Since Jarasandha, Rukmi and others had gone in search of Krishna, she had had distressing visions of her brother killing this dream prince of hers. She had therefore prayed for the safety of Krishna and vowed all kinds of observances if her brother and his friends failed in their adventure. So when she heard the story of the Gomantak adventure given by Rukmi, she was happy that Krishna was alive, but sorely disappointed that he should owe his life to her brother and his friends. She knew that her brother hated Krishna and would not let him go free out of generosity. So she could not reconcile herself to her brother's vaunted claim to generous deeds. Something, she felt, had happened—she could not say what—which everyone was trying to hide. And in her clever way, she had made up with Suvrata in an attempt to discover what it was.

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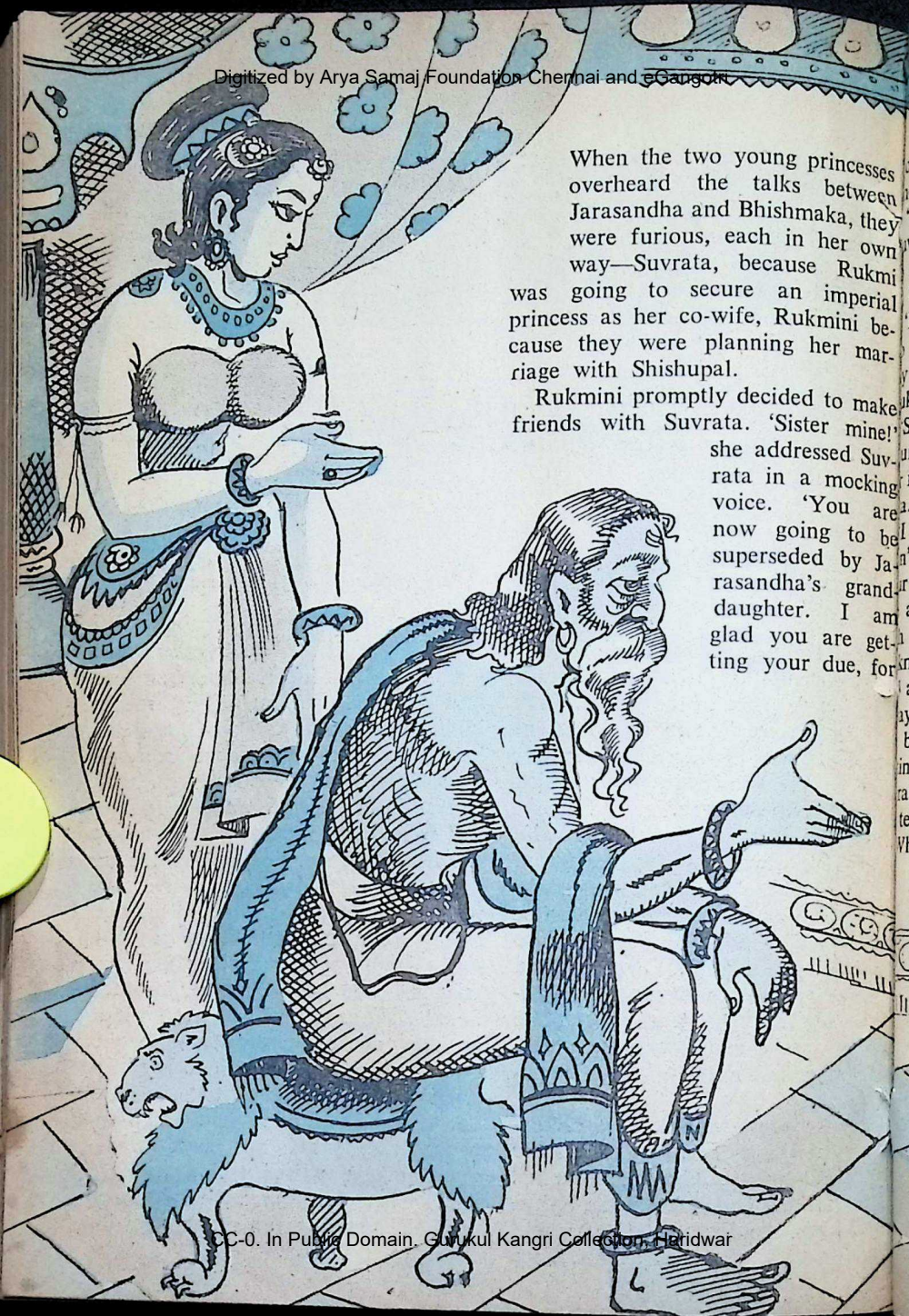

When the two young princesses overheard the talks between Jarasandha and Bhishmaka, they were furious, each in her own way—Suvrata, because Rukmi was going to secure an imperial princess as her co-wife, Rukmini because they were planning her marriage with Shishupal.

Rukmini promptly decided to make friends with Suvrata. 'Sister mine!' she addressed Suvrata in a mocking voice. 'You are now going to be superseded by Jarasandha's granddaughter. I am glad you are getting your due, for

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ou always quarrelled with
e. She won't!'
'Don't talk to me!' replied
vrata angrily, bursting in-
tears. 'Why did I not die
birth?'
'Don't you see, sister, that you are
longer as young as you were? And
brother wants a younger wife,'
kmini said.
Shut up, you wicked girl. Neither
ur brother nor you had any love
me at any time, I know,' said Suv-
a.
I love you immensely, but you
n't let me be
r friend. You
always angry
me,' said
mini.
am not. You
ys provoke
by your im-
inence,' said
rata, wiping
tears.
What can I

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MADHU

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do? I have to defend myself against you,' said Rukmini with a swift transition to cordiality. 'You always side with Rukmi against me.'

'You are wrong. I have always prevented your brother from being nasty to you. But you know his temper,' said Suvrata with bitterness.

'I know, I know, dear sister,' said Rukmini, watching the changing mood of Suvrata closely. 'But for you, Rukmi would have made my life miserable. Don't worry, after all we are so like each other.'

'Oh, I am most miserable,' said Suvrata in a choking voice.

'We shall see how my brother supersedes you for that Magadhan girl. What an uncouth wife she would make! They are all barbarians—these Magadhans. I think Rukmi does not deserve so nice a wife like you,' said Rukmini, affection beaming in her eyes and smiles.

'You can't stop your brother from marrying the *chakravarti's* granddaughter. He is so ambitious,' said Suvrata in despair.

'Don't lose heart. We will find some way,' said Rukmini, trying to look very judicious. She had already formed a plan and was seeking an ally.

'No way is going to be found, I am sure. Your brother will never miss an opportunity to be an emperor's son-in-law,' said Suvrata bitterly.

'Ah, I have it. He will only be married to the princess of Magadha if Shishupal marries me. If he does not, you won't have a co-wife,' said Rukmini.

'Won't you like to be the queen of Chedi?' exclaimed Suvrata.

'I would do anything to make you

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happy, dear sister,' said Rukmini, embracing Suvrata with seeming affection. 'Let me think out a plan.'

'You are wonderful, Rukmini. I was foolish ever to think you were my enemy,' said Suvrata.

●●●

One thought, however, rankled in Rukmini's mind. She was happy that Krishna had not been killed, but very very unhappy that he should have owed his life to her brother and his friends. She sighed: men were so disappointing and Krishna was no exception, she thought.

The next day when, as usual, she went to pay her respects to her grandfather Kaishik, she was surprised to find a stranger talking confidentially to him. On seeing her, old Kaishik smiled affectionately and waved her to come close to him. The handsome young man bowed to her with folded hands.

'Rukmini, my child, do you know this young man?' Kaishik asked her. She shook her head.

'He is Acharya Shvetaketu, the disciple of Guru Sandipani and a friend of Prince Anuvinda of Avanti,' said Kaishik.

'Yes!' she said indifferently.

'He is a friend of Uddhava,' Kaishik said slyly and added—'and of Krishna Vasudeva.'

'Oh!' Rukmini was all attention now.

'He comes from Karvirpur—and is sent by Krishna,' said Kaishik.

'How is he?' she could not help asking. The old man laughed outright and shook a warning finger. 'It is not right for a young unmarried princess of Vidarbha to show such interest in a young cowherd,' he said.

'Don't tease me, grandfather. Let me hear all about him,' said Rukmini.

Shvetaketu then told her of Krishna's life in Gomantak; how he and Balaram had dealt with the princes; how Jarasandha owed his life to Krishna and Damagosh; how Shrigalava had been killed, the *acharyas* and himself set free and the affairs of Karvirpur settled; how he himself had been sent by Krishna to inform Kaishik about it.

It was a tale of epic heroism and glorious triumph. Rukmini heard it with wide-eyed admiration. Her heart sang anthems of victory. Her hero, as she had felt all along, was a god, and when she heard how he had tamed the ferocious Shaibya, tears of joy welled forth from her large and beautiful eyes.

'I have heard nothing like this in fable or epic. And ha-ha-ha,' laughed old Kaishik. 'The invincible Jarasandha running for his life before two unaided boys! My child, it is a great day for Aryavarta. Thirty years of Jarasandha, all spent in building an empire, all gone in a day! Before you were born, Rukmini, Jarasandha destroyed our army and reduced us to vassalage. That is why I gave up my throne to your father. Today I am avenged. I am inclined to believe, like Uddhava, that Krishna is a god.'

'I will never forget how he tamed Shaibya. He is a god, not like my Shrigalava Vaasudeva—a real god, though he knows it not,' said Shvetaketu.

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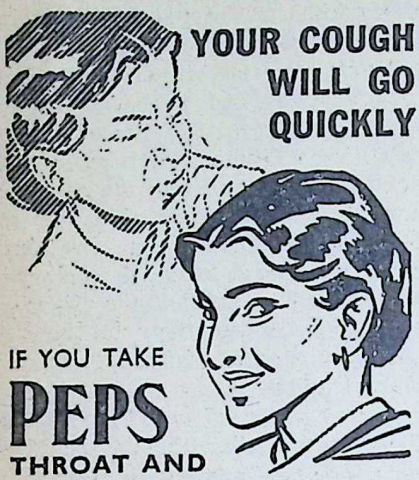

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'I wish he were a king or a prince instead,' said Rukmini with a half-suppressed sigh.

'So that he can be invited to your *swayamvara,*' said Kaishik with a laugh. 'My child, don't dream of cowherd boys,' he added seriously. 'You are a princess and can wed only a prince.'

Rukmini's face fell. She suppressed a sigh and changed the conversation. 'Acharya, tell me once again how Vasudeva dealt with Rukmi. I am going to tell him all about it,' she added.

Rukmini was in a waking dream. She saw the dark blue young warrior overcoming Rukmi; intervening to save Jarasandha; destroying Shrigalava Vaasudeva; releasing the learned *acharyas;* adopting Shaibya as a sister. She envied Shaibya. She herself had scarcely spoken to him. She had never been greeted with the bewitching smile, of which every one spoke with such affection. And yet she saw him day and night.

But he was a cowherd boy, at best a chief's son. She was a princess. However wonderful he was, she was a king's daughter. Never could she dream of wedding the dark blue young hero. She was destined for Shishupal, Chedi's prince. They would hold a *swayamvara;* only kings and princes would be invited; then Jarasandha would pre-arrange the drama. Shishupal would perform some feat; others would not compete or straightaway acknowledge defeat. He would be acclaimed the winner, and would carry her away as if she was a beautiful mare bought in the market.

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I wish I were not born a princess, but just a cowherdess,' she thought.

○○○

Jarasandha and other princes left for their homes, but Shvetaketu stayed behind. Kaishik wanted the young chieftain of Vidarbha to be trained in arms by Acharya Shvetaketu, the disciple of the great Sandipani. Both Bhishmaka and Rukmi liked the idea and Shvetaketu agreed to start an *ashram* in Kundinpur.

Rukmini now introduced Acharya Shvetaketu to Suvrata, now a great friend of hers. Shvetaketu related to them both the way Krishna had dealt with Rukmi and Jarasandha. Both could have been dead but for Krishna, he said.

Suvrata could not restrain herself any longer. Once when Rukmi was preening himself by retelling the story for the hundredth time, she bluntly told him that he was telling a lie and that in fact they owed their lives to Krishna. Then followed a domestic storm, Suvrata lashing out at her husband for being ungrateful to Krishna and going to wed Jarasandha's granddaughter. The storm ended on the husband and wife not being on speaking terms for days.

Then the great news came—through travellers, pilgrims, wandering *sadhus*, Brahmans invited from place to place for rituals, messengers of kings coming to and from different kings, some from the retainers of those who had participated in Gomantak episode. A hero Vaasudeva had risen; had rescued the oppressed Yadavas; tamed the wild *garuds;* commanded the ocean to save Gomantak hill; made the invincible Jarasandha to flee before him; vanquished Shrigalava Vaasudeva and rescued the *acharyas* from 'hell'!

The news carried from mouth to mouth, magnified and infused with miraculous elements, swept through hamlets, settlements and towns like wild fire. In a hundred forms, it travelled to Kundinpur through persons who told and re-told the story of the discomfiture of their prince Rukmi. And in Kundinpur's royal palace, Rukmini was mad with joy.

Her heart was now set not on a hero, not even on a king, but was now lost to a god. As she insisted on Shvetaketu telling her all that he knew or had heard about Krishna again and again, she discovered that the hero of her dreams was loved by his friends as their life.

Rukmini cursed her parentage; she wished she had not been born a princess. Then like Trivakra, she would have flung herself at his feet and become a goddess herself. 'Oh, why was I not born a cowherdess?' she would often mutter to herself, and gaze at the cows in the cowshed attached to the palace as if asking them how one can be a cowherd's bride.

○○○

Rukmi proceeded to Chedi on a visit to Shishupal. Rukmini knew that he had gone there to fix up her wedding. On his return, courtiers, attended by officers, proceeded to the courts of selected kings to invite them to attend the *swayamvara* of king Bhishmaka's daughter to be held in the month in which the full-moon would

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be associated with the constellation of Mrigshirsha.

Then in the clever brain of Rukmini was formed a plan as bold and ingenious as ever a woman conceived. After her brother returned to Kundinpur, she denounced him in the presence of her father and selected courtiers. She called him a coward, charged him with being a stooge of Jarasandha, described his intention to wed the Magadhan princess by bartering his sister to the Chedi prince. She stormed; she upbraided; she shed copious tears; she converted herself into a walking volcano, slapping attendants without reason. She threatened to commit suicide if Rukmi attempted to marry her to Shishupal.

Ultimately she held consultations with Shvetaketu and locked herself up in a solitary part of the palace, refusing to see anyone. All the time the refrain continued in her mind. 'I have to be a cowherdess and a goddess both. How? Oh, how?'

A few days later, Acharya Shvetaketu left for Mathura on the pretext of fixing his own marriage with the princess of Karvirpur, Shaibya, to whom, he alleged, he was betrothed. It was a half-truth, for the beautiful Shaibya was never out of his mind and he had, in his heart, pledged himself to her.

The domestic affairs of the royal family soon became known to the whole town and then to the countryside. A gossip ran that Rukmi wanted to wed the grand-daughter of emperor Jarasandha by forcing his sister to marry Shishupal; that as Rukmini was not willing, he had locked her up in the palace. Naturally there was indignation among the people at this outrageous conduct of the brother, for Jarasandha was not popular among the people of Vidarbha. Not all the protestations of Rukmi and the courtiers specially instructed, could convince the people that there was no truth in the gossip.

[*To be continued*]

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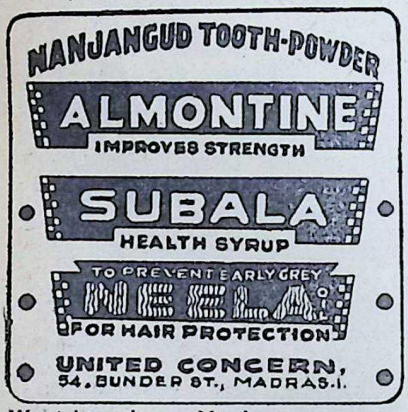

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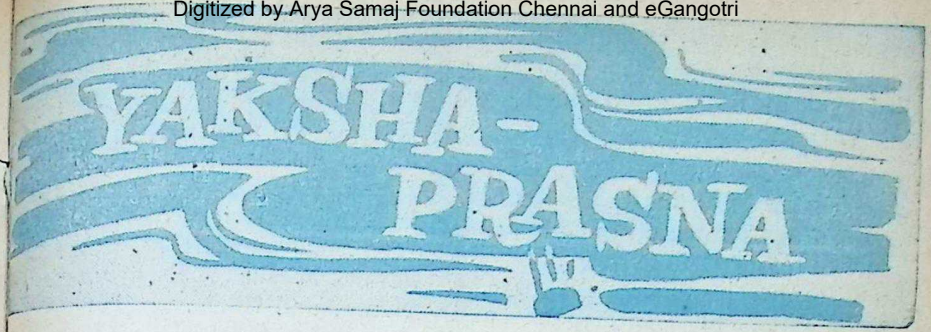

13

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE further questions of the Yaksha are as follows:

पण्डितः पुमान ज्ञेयः नास्तिकः कश्च
च्यते। को मूर्खः कश्च कामस्स्यात् को मत्सर
न स्मृतः॥

Which man should be regarded as
rned?
Who is said to be a Nasthika (or
eist)?
Who is a fool? What is desire? What
envy?

Dharmaputra's answers for these
estions are as follows:

ज्ञः पण्डितो ज्ञेयः नास्तिको मूर्ख उच्यते।
नः संसारहेतुश्च हृत्तापो मत्सरस्मृतः॥

One who knows Dharma is known
learned.
The atheist is called a fool.
Desire is the source of Samsara or
le of birth and death.
Affliction of the heart is said to be
y.

t may be noted that five questions
asked and Dharmaputra gives four
wers. For the questions who is an
eist and who is a fool, a common

answer is given to both of them, namely, that atheists are fools. That is, for the question 'who is an atheist?' the answer of Dharmaputra is a 'fool', and for the question 'who is a fool?' the answer is an 'atheist.'

The import of the answer of Dharmaputra is that the words fool and atheist are synonymous. They convey the same meaning. The expression Nasthika has a special connotation in Sanskrit. It is derived by adding the *thaddhita pratyaya* suffix **ठक** to the word **नास्ति.** Nasthi means 'does not exist.' Naturally the question arises: what does not exist? The *Siddhanta Koumudi* in its commentary says 'the **परलोक** or the world beyond does not exist.' The *pratyaya* is added to denote the person's opinion or conviction. Hence there is a special *sutra* of Panini for the derivation of the word **नास्तिकः अस्ति नास्ति दिष्टं मतिः** In the sense of a person's belief or conviction that there is a world above this world is used. Therefore he who

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believes in a world above is called an *astika,* आस्तिक. He who believes that this material world alone exists and there is no higher region is called a *nasthika* नास्तिक in Sanskrit.

It follows also that he does not believe in the existence of the Supreme Spirit or God. So a *nasthika* may be said to be, in modern language, a materialist and Dharmaputra also says that materialist is a fool: i.e., one who is quite ignorant of the reality behind the Universe. Naturally therefore he considers that a fool is a person who does not believe in the existence of God or a higher world as he does not possess that supreme knowledge, namely, the knowledge of God or the reality behind the Universe.

Yudhishthira explains what is desire in philosophic language as *vasana* वासना. Every thought or desire produces an impression in the mind and the frequent yearning for the object of the desire intensifies it till it becomes so great that it remains a lasting impression even after death. It follows the soul when it incarnates in a fresh body and then these impressions lie imbedded in a subconscious level and become fresh sources of action for the individual in this fresh body. In that state they are said to be *vasanas.* Therefore it is that Dharmaputra says that *Kama* is the source for the cycle of birth and death.

Dharmaputra also explains the psychology of envy. When a person is afflicted in heart on seeing the good fortune of another, such a feeling is called envy. According to Dharmaputra it is really a ताप or affliction of the heart. That is why the Yogasutra enjoins the regular practice of करुणा, मुदिता and मैत्री or compassion, joy and friendship so as to avoid the least trace of envy. And this principle of Yogasutra is further explained in the Srimad Bhagavata in the famous *upadesa* of Narada and Uddhava:

गुणाधिकान् मुदंलिप्सेत् अनुक्रोशं गुणाधमात्।
मैत्रीं समानादन्विच्छेत् न तापैरभिभूयते॥

Seeing a person of higher qualities one must experience joy. Seeing another of inferior quality, one must show compassion and towards persons of the same quality one must cultivate friendship. In this way one will never be affected by *tapa* or affliction.

The next questions of the Yaksha:

कोऽहंकार इति प्रोक्तः कश्चधर्मः प्रकीर्तितः
किं तत् दैवं परं प्रोक्तं किंतत् पैशुन्यमुच्यते।

What is said to be अहंकार *egoity?*

What is known as conceit?

What is said to be the supreme divine nature?

What is back-biting or slandering?

Dharmaputra answered as follows:

महाऽज्ञानमहंकारः दम्भो धर्मध्वजोच्छ्रयः।
दैवं दानफलं प्रोक्तं पैशुन्यं परदूषणम्॥

The highest ignorance is egoity.

The flying aloft of the flag of Dharma is conceit.

Divine nature is the result of dan or charity.

Talking evil of others is पैशुन्य *Paisunya.*

[*To be continued*]

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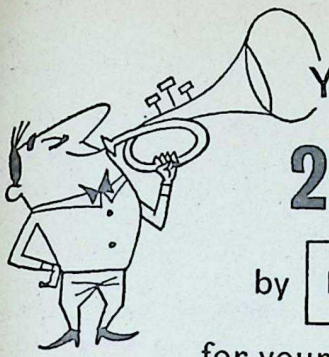

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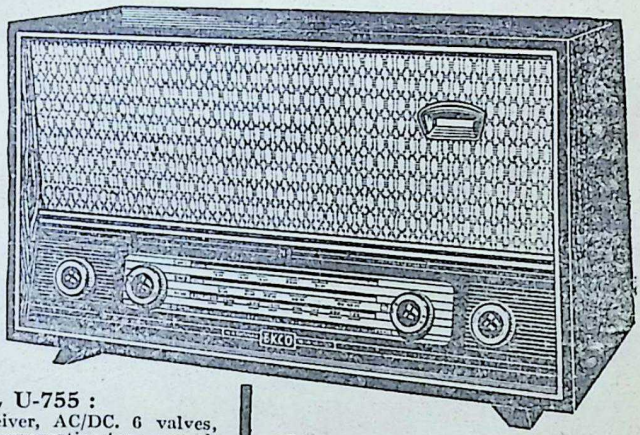

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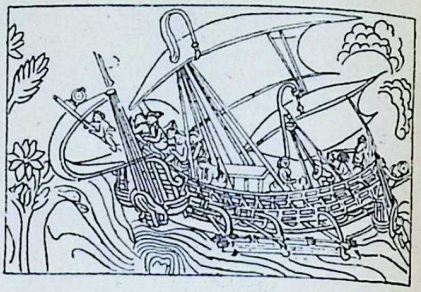

R. V. Ramdas

द्विषो नो विश्वतो मुखाति नावेव पारय।
स नः सिन्धुमिव नावयाति पर्वा स्वस्तये॥
(*Rigveda*, I—91-7, 8)

"Dost Thou whose countenance is turned to all sides send our adversaries to the opposite shores: do thou convey us in a ship across the sea for our welfare."

SO prayed the Aryans of the Rigvedic period to the Almighty. We have references of ship-building and sea-voyages in the texts of the *Rigveda*, the Epics, *Brihata-Katha*, *Katha-Sarita-Sagara*, *Jataka-Katha*, etc. and in other Sanskrit and Prakrit literature. The carvings of Indian ships and sea-voyages at Ajanta, the entrance gate of the Sanchi Stupa and even in the distant temples of Borobudur in Java depict the glories of the conquests of the Indians on the seas.

It must be made clear that the idea that the Hindus had some kind of religious objection to voyages across the sea is a later conception. The people of North India, who were little acquainted with the sea did not dream of a naval power or of ruling lands across the sea. In Kalidasa's *Raghuvamsa* we come across their conception of territories to be conquered by an ideal king. Kalidasa describes the ideal king of Raghu dynasty as "Asamudra Kshitiesanam", rulers whose territories extended to the shores of the sea. But this was not true in case of the rulers of the south. The Kalingas, the Cholas and the Pandyas had a great maritime tradition and they had established their sway over islands across the Indian Ocean.

However, there is much controversy as to whether Indians built ships for military operations during the Vedic period. Prof. Dikshitar, the author of *War in Ancient India*, is of the opinion that ships for warfare existed on a modest scale even in the Rigvedic period. We have a passage in *Rigveda*, which mentions of a

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naval expedition on which Tugra, the Rishi-king, sent his son Bhujyu against some of his enemies in the distant islands. Bhujyu is shipwrecked by a storm with all his followers on the ocean, "where there is no support, no rest for foot or hand," from which he is rescued by the twin brothers, the Ashvins, in their hundred-oared galley. (*Rigveda,* I-116-3).

Befitting to the glorious naval traditions, the Indian navy has "Ashvin" as the naval crest for the Rescue Squad (रुग्ण विभाग). 'शं नो वरुणः' is the emblem (ब्रीद वाक्य) of our navy. Varuna is our Sea-God and is depicted as having full knowledge of the ocean routes along which vessels sail: i.e. वेदा यो वीनां पदमंतरिक्षेण पतताम् । वेद नावः समुद्रियः । (*Rigveda* I-25-7).

In *Manusmriti,* we have the following reference which mentions that naval warfare was included among the methods of war:

स्यंदनाश्वै समेयुद्धचेदनूपे नौ द्विपैस्तथा।
वृक्षगुल्मावृते चापैरसिचर्मायुधैः स्थले॥
(7-192)

"The king should fight on level ground with chariots and horses, in watery regions with boats and elephants, in forests abounding in trees and thickets with archers and on place free from unevenness, stores, etc., with soldiers fighting with shields, swords and lances."

We have definite evidences which prove that the Mauryas built and commanded a navy. Megasthenes refers to a board of Admiralty, as one of the six boards, which made up the war-office of Emperor Chandragupta Maurya.

The naval department of the Mauryas seems to be well-organised. It was placed under an officer called Navadhyaksha. He was authorised to destroy the ships of pirates, ships bound for enemy's country illegally crossing its limits as also the ships violating the harbour rules. The *Arthashastra* of Kautilya warns further that the traffic on rivers should be closed during night so that we should not be attacked by the enemy.

Several inscriptions of the Guptas prove that they continued the naval traditions of the Mauryas.

The rulers of South India who exercised a sway over islands across the sea often proclaimed themselves as maritime dignities. The Andhra kings called themselves as Tri-Samudradhipati, while the Zamorins of Calicut as the sovereigns of the mountains and the sea. These were no vain boasts. Since the beginning of the first century A.D., the Indians had established their colonies in Malaya, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Bali islands. From the fifth century to the tenth century, the Malacca Straits were commanded by a great naval power, known as the Shri Vijaya Empire. The might of this power was challenged in 1007 A.D. by the powerful Chola king, Rajendra Chola, who established the Chola power on the Malaya Peninsula.

The rulers in Western India were used to naval practices. On the authority of Ptolemy we have it that the Andhrabhrityas employed navy to levy tribute from the merchantmen that plied between the coast of India and Egypt.

That the early Andhras had a fleet

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of their own is also borne out by the evidence of coins. The coins belonging to the reign of Palamayi and Yajna Shri bear the figure of the two-masted ship. These coins are supposed to be issued to commemorate a naval victory, as this was the very period of the first colonization of Java, Sumatra and other islands in the Pacific.

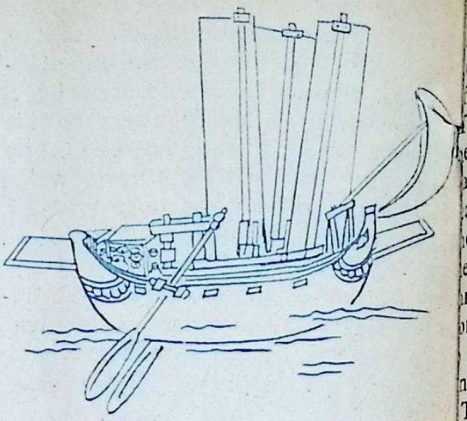
Gautami Balashri has mentioned Gautamiputra as Tri-Samudrapitatoyavahanah in the inscription near Nasik. This indeed indicates the sway that the Satavahanas had over the sea.

From the Aihole inscription of Pulakesin II, it appears that his fleet played an important part in the subjugation of the Konkan. With a fleet of hundred ships, he attacked Puri, the capital of the Mauryas of Konkan, and achieved glorious victory.

अपरजलधेर्लक्ष्मीं यस्मिन्पुरीममितप्रभे।
मदागजाकारैर्नावां शतैरेव मृदनति ।।

The Vijayanagara Empire which had as many as three hundred ports had a powerful fleet. The Emperors of Vijayanagara employed their fleet in freeing the Konkan from the Muslim yoke. The Goa Viragala of Harihara II, having a representation of galley carved on it, bears testimony to this event. Their naval commander was styled as Navigadaprabhu.

Thus we have a naval and maritime tradition of the people of the West Coast of India. The sea occupies a place of great importance in their social and religious customs also. Thus the sea-faring and sea-trading people as well as the communities who depend on the sea for their live-



lihood, from ancient times to this day celebrate the Coconut Day or the Narali Poornima as it is called in the regional language as the sea-worshipping day. On this day the sea is worshipped and coconuts are offered to the Sea-God. On this day the rainy season is supposed to come to a close. Thenceforward voyages in the sea are resumed. The Sea-God Varuna is prayed for safe journey and prosperity in trade.

The Ancient Indian navigators excelled in the art of ship-building. The *Yuktikalpataru* of Bhoja classifies ships into different categories, such as those useful for inland navigation, for ocean voyages, for carrying goods and carrying passengers. Bhoja classifies these ships into Sarvamandira, Madhyamandira and Agramandira according to the situation of the cabins on the ships. The ships of Agramandira type were utilised for the warfare.

अग्रतो मंदिरं यस्य सा ज्ञेया त्वग्रमंदिरा ।
[illegible] काले घनात्यये ॥

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The ancient ship-builders had a od knowledge of the materials as ell as the varieties and properties wood, which went into the making ships. The Vriksha Ayurveda (or e science of plant, life, Botany) ssifies wood under four different ads—Brahmana, Kshatriya, Vaishya d Shudra on the characteristics of eir being light or heavy, soft or rd. On these characteristics, instruc-ns are issued as to the sort of wood be used for ships intended for in-nd voyages and oceanic voyages etc. The instructions imparted by Bhoja, e author of *Yuktikalpataru*, regard-g the construction of ships are worth ticing. He lays down that the planks the bottoms of the sea-going vessels ould in no case be joined together iron. Bhoja warns that in that case iron, under the influence of mag-tic rocks in the ocean, may lead the destruction of such vessels.

सिन्धुगाह्यार्हति लोहबन्धं तल्लोहकातैर्ह्रियते हि लोहम्।
यद्यते तेन जलेषु नौका गुणेन बन्धं निजगाद भोजः॥

Marco Polo, the twelfth-century veller, informs us that the planks the ships were joined together by special procedure. He writes,

"The ships are all double-planked. ese are caulked together with kum both within and without. They uncoated with pitch.....but the ttoms are smeared over with the lowing preparations. The people take lick-lime and hemp, which later they t small and with these when pound-together they mix oil from a certain e, making a whole kind of unguent ich retains its viscous properties re firmly and is a better material n pitch."

TO READERS

The article "Humanity is My Goal" by Sri J. Krishnamurti, which appeared in this Journal dated May 14, 1961, was extracted from the author's book "Life in Freedom" (1928) published by Krishnamurti Writings Inc., Madras-28.—Ed.

The Indian sailors used Matsya-Yantra (Fish-Machine) or Mariner's Compass as it is called today. A fish-shaped needle was kept floating in a vessel full of oil or water and it pointed to the North, perhaps by magnetic quality.

The Hindu period in the Indian Ocean is marked by free trade and navigation. There was no interference of any kind and trade was open to ships of all nations. Abdur Razak notes this fact. There was no question of exercising sovereignty or supremacy over the ocean and controlling the trade thereby.

We indeed are the successors to this glorious tradition. It is necessary to study as to why we lost this tradition. We realise that India, which could not protect herself against the foreigners was conquered from Kashmir to Kanya Kumari by the Muslim invaders. She naturally lost touch with her far-off colonies in the Far East. The Cholas destroyed the power of the Shilendra, but before they could replace the same, they succumbed to the superior naval power of the Europeans. We must learn a lesson from this history and contribute our mite for building a powerful navy for Free India.

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Since receipt of the Special Correspondent's article on Psychotherapy appearing in our last issue, a letter appeared in the Guardian, *explaining some intricate points in Behaviour Therapy. We are publishing an extract from it here for the benefit of our readers with grateful acknowledgement to the* Guardian.—Ed.

A Note on BEHAVIOUR THERAPY

THE theoretical analysis of neurosis upon which this (behaviour) approach to therapy is based does not imply that a symptom arises without a cause and is maintained "in and of itself."

On the contrary, it is postulated that neurotic symptoms are learned reactions which develop according to the normal laws of learning when individuals, particularly those of a certain genetic constitution, are exposed to certain types of experience.

Neurotic symptoms are considered to differ from other related learned reactions only in their persistence when they cease to serve an adaptive function or even become mal-adaptive.

In this context it is reasonable to limit the concept of neurosis to its symptomatic manifestations without reference to an underlying psychic entity.

However, it is important to recognise that two types of learned reaction are involved.

Emotional responses, such as the tendency to become anxious in certain situations, are first established and

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These then become the motivational substratum favouring the development of the more peripheral manifestations of neurosis such as tics, tremors, &c.

Both are learned behavioural responses and, as such, are symptoms of the neurosis but their division may parallel the Freudian distinction between the underlying neurosis and its symptoms.

Indeed, this type of theory comes close to psychoanalytic theory at many points but there remain several important points of difference, especially concerning the dynamic importance attached to unconscious aspects of behaviour.

These theoretical differences lead to important differences in therapeutic procedure and thus make therapy a testing ground for theory.

This is the scientific value of behaviour therapy at the present time is, whatever the therapeutic shortcomings of psycho-analysis and other forms of psycho-therapy, behaviour therapy is certainly not a proven alternative and is probably not even developed to the stage at which it could be routinely applied.

H. GWYNNE JONES,
Senior Lecturer in Psychology, The University, London.

Man is an infinite circle whose circumference is nowhere, but the centre is located in one spot; and God is an infinite circle whose circumference is nowhere, but whose centre is everywhere.

—Swami Vivekananda.

Late Dr. KRISHNAN

The passing away of Dr. K. S. Krishnan, Director of the National Physical Laboratories, on the 14th of this month is a great national loss. As the Rashtrapati has said in his tribute, Dr. Krishnan was not merely an eminent scientist but a great lover of art and literature too.

Born on December 4, 1898 in Ramnad District of the Madras State, he came under the influence of Dr. C. V. Raman early in life, with whom he collaborated in the formulation of what is known as the RAMAN EFFECT. For a time he was Reader in the Dacca University doing research and later on joined the Indian Association for the Advancement of Science after the departure of Dr. Raman from Calcutta.

His original contributions to physics have won him international fame. Among his foreign honours may be mentioned the Fellowship of the Royal Society of Science of U.K. and the Foreign Associateship of the National Academy of Sciences of the U.S. The British Government in India had benighted him. Our Indian Government have conferred the PADMA BHUSHAN and lately a National Professorship on him. Dr. Krishnan wore his honours, which were legion, lightly. What distinguished him, however, was his humanity and humility which are the result of deep spiritual conviction. Friendship to him was something sacred and transcended social considerations.

His scientific preoccupations did not prevent him from acquiring and cultivating an abiding interest in literature, particularly of his mother-tongue Tamil, and of course Sanskrit in which he had considerable proficiency. In a word, his was an integrated personality, in the proper sense.

Men like him are immortal.

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He is a coward who would borrow
A charm against the present sorrow
From the vague Future's promise of delight.

* * *

Reason should stand at the helm, though the wayward breezes of feeling must puff the sails. Nature has hinted at this, by setting the eyes higher than the heart.

* * *

It always comes easier to us to comprehend why we receive than why we pay.

* * *

If women fulfilled their divine errand there would be no need of reforming societies.

* * *

They who love are but one step from Heaven.

* * *

Brain is always to be bought, but passion never comes to market.

* * *

It is of less consequence where a man buys his tools than what use he makes of them.

* * *

There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds.

* * *

It is a bad sign when a man is skilled in apologies.

* * *

Resolution is the youngest and dearest daughter of Destiny, and may win from her fond mother almost any favour she chooses to ask, though in very wantonness.

* * *

The world always judges a man by his little faults, which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses perhaps once in a lifetime.

* * *

Incredulity robs us of many pleasures, and gives us nothing in return. It is well to distrust what we hear to make us think worse of a man, and to accept a story's pleasantness as *prima facie* evidence of its truth.

* * *

One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers.

J. R. LOWELL

Sparks from Great Minds

The intellect has only one failing; it has no conscience.

* * *

Poverty is the only seasoner of felicity.

* * *

Earth is no longer the fine work of art it was, for nothing is left to the imagination.

* * *

To make one object, in outward or inward nature, more holy to a single heart is reward enough for a life.

* * *

The intellect can never be great, save in pupilage to the heart.

* * *

Selfishness always builds a thick roof over head, to cut off the heavenward gaze of the spirit.

* * *

To try to be independent is to acknowledge our slavery.

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Mahakavi

G. SANKARA KURUP

ANYBODY who sees Sri Sankara Kurup will be impressed by his keen, intelligent eyes, his shock of white hair, and his thoughtful look. Clad in simple *dhoti*, shirt and *angavastra*, he is a thoroughbred literary man in appearance, and his oval face, broad forehead and bespectacled eyes show him as a man of penetrating intellect. It is an unforgettable experience for one to hear his talk in measured and calculated words, full of purpose—amiable, gentle and serious at the same time.

G—as Sri Kurup is popularly known, started his career as a teacher—a profession which afforded him abundant opportunities for developing his poetic talents. By sheer virtue of his literary eminence, Sri Kurup came to adorn a place which is worthy of him, namely the Malayalam Chair of the Maharajah's College, Ernakulam, which he now occupies with great distinction for the last several years. In recognition of his merit, the Government of India have appointed him as All-India Radio's Sahitya Salahakar in the State. A man of varied talents—poet, playwright and mystic philosopher—Mahakavi Sankara Kurup completed his 60th year last month.

Poet Kurup comes in the direct line of the lofty poets of modern Kerala —Kumaran Asan, Ullur and Vallathol whose memory the people of Kerala will cherish for all time with pious regard. Sri Kurup embodies in his poems the great sentiments of Asan, the forceful expression of Ullur and the delicate spontaneity of Vallathol. His poems are strikingly representative of the glorious culture and traditions of Kerala. The spirit of Kerala breathes through him, even as he follows the great poets of all time and of all nations in their broad outlook on life, dissociated from parochial interests and narrow nationalism.

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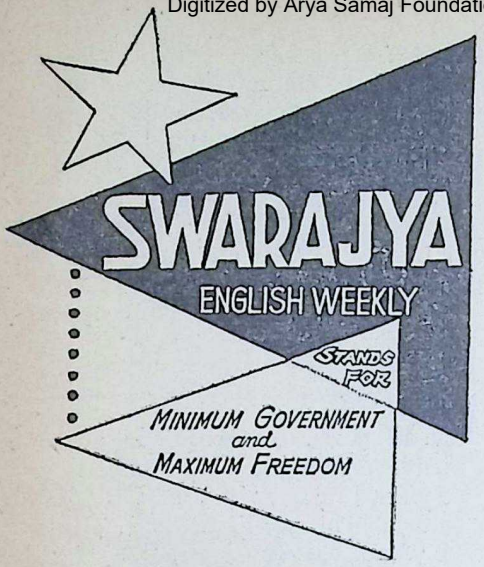

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What may, if at all, be regarded as a handicap to his poetic progress is the limited scope of expression in his mother-tongue which naturally imposed itself upon him every now and then to check his soaring heights.

G., like other great poets of the past, lisped in numbers even as a child. As a youth he wrote poems of remarkable quality, but remained comparatively unknown for several years even in that part of the country where his own tongue is spoken. But his modern ideas and their imaginative expressions soon brought him to the limelight of poetic fame.

Seriousness of sentiment, moderate and chiselled expression, good shape and completeness he recognises as the unfailing signs of good poetry. In his poems, one never finds inadequate explanations or long and tedious descriptions. He moves easily from ideas to ideas and soars into newer and newer regions of imagination, unknown to others.

Two aspects of poetry have revolutionised the development of world's literature in modern times. They are mysticism and symbolism. Sri Kurup is a mystic in the true sense. In many of his poems we see him under the influence of a mystic power. He seems to confront and realise the great unknown and is aware of the value of symbolism as a great and effective poetic technique. Poems like *Sakshatakaram, Anveshanam* and *Nisageetam* contain good examples of the mystic element in his poetry.

While having abundant faith in what all is good and healthy in our ancient culture, Sri Kurup is never unaware of the revolutionary progress of the

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orld. But he has no faith in those o discard the past and clamour for topean ideals. His poems are realis-, rooted firmly in the soil and civi-ation of this country, and he looks stfully into the future with great pes and solicitude of mind.

His poetry does not deal with events at float like bubbles on the surface society. His language is never com-onplace and he does not want to be "people's poet". His thoughts pene-te deeply into the fundamental pro-ems of life and he explores the real lues of it with the dispassionate and quisitive spirit of a true visionary.

Sri Kurup is a patriot of the Gan-ian tradition. Many of his poems e permeated with the spirit of nationalism. Above all, he is a philo-sopher and humanist, one who is en-gaged in an incessant search after what is true and permanent in life.

His contribution to the develop-ment of Malayalam literature is in-valuable. He has done a great deal for the growth of Malayalam lan-guage through his own literary efforts and also by translating world-renown-ed works of Tagore and Omar Khay-yam, and made it take a worthy place in the literary treasure of our mother-land.

Kerala and Keralites living in differ-ent parts of India and the world re-cently celebrated the Mahakavi's *Sashtyabdapoorti*—60th birthday—with great eclat. May he live the Vedic span of a hundred years!

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

by **Mahatma Gandhi**

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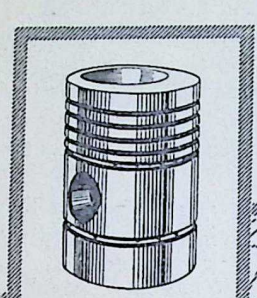

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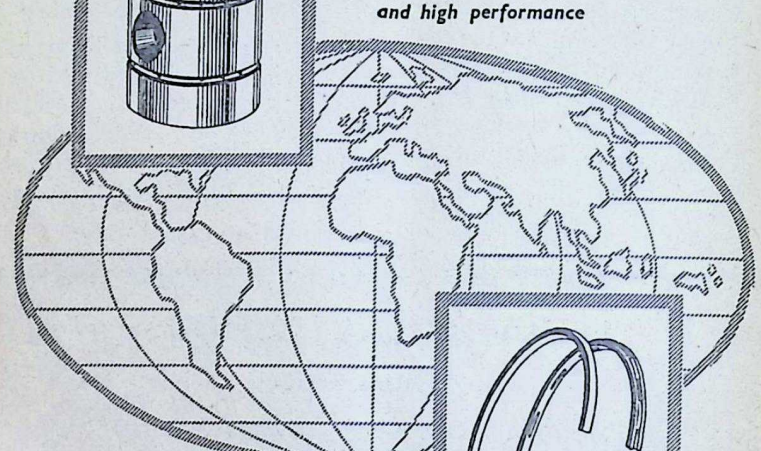

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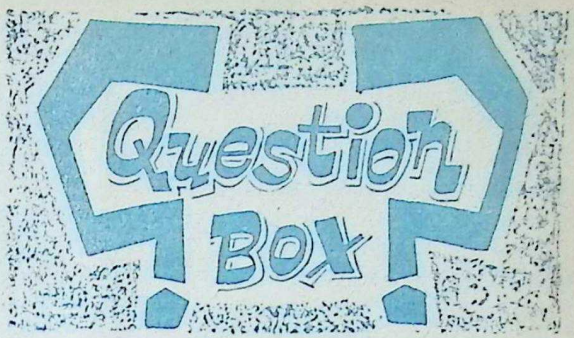

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

906

Sri K. S. Balakrishnan, Hassan, Mysore State.

Q: *For a common man like me which is the first step to attain perfection in life?*

A: Pray, gather strength, and try to be perfect in every little thing you do. Remember the God's message: *Yogah karmasu kaushalam*: 'Yoga is perfection in action.'

907

Sri K. Dhanpal, Mukpal, A.P.

Q: *How to control and kill evil desires?*

A: Study the lives of those who have noble desires; think in terms of noble aspirations. Read the *Ramayana* and the *Gita*. And pray for strength to resist evil.

8 90

Sri S. Adivappa, Shahapur.

Q: *Which do you think of the ten incarnations of Lord Vishnu is the greatest and why?*

A: Sri Krishna, for he by his actions and teachings affirmed life, and by his *Gita* showed the path to self-fulfilment.

909

Sri G. G. Sundaram Aiyar, Madras-18.

Q: *Do you know of any institution working on Dr. Louis Kuhne's theory of "Healing without drugs or operations", i.e., by the nature cure method. I would like to cure my abdominal complaint by that system.*

A: There are quite a few nature cure clinics in Bombay. I dare say there must be some in Madras. Swami Kuvalayanand's Kaivalyadham in Bombay and Lonavla, teaches Hatha Yoga as therapeutics. But don't be a faddist. Try to study your body and adjust your habits to its requirements.

910

Sri Srinivas Murthy, Bellary.

Q: *On what does human life depend—*

(*a*) *on the fruits of previous birth or*

(*b*) *on the actions of the current birth* (Jathaka)?

A: The *samskara* of the previous birth determines the basic elements of your temperament and

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native aptitudes. But in this life, you are free, by self-discipline or grace, to purify and direct them in appropriate channels.

911

Ava Chatterjee, Uttarpara.

Q: How to gather sufficient strength to withstand big sorrows?

A: Sorrows come to test our strength. You can pass through the test by prayer and developing faith in God. He looks after us. The Lord hath said *Yoga kshemam vahamyham*: 'I carry the burden of people's welfare.'

912

Sri M. Muni Krishnappa, Mysore.

Q: If life is a delusion, what is the purpose of being born into it? What fruits can we expect to reap out of it?

A: Life is not a delusion. It is a reality. But when you have transmuted your animal instincts, attachment, wrath and fear into truth, love and beauty and learn to live in the spirit, you will find that what you in your ignorance thought was not the real life.

913

Sri N. Y. Varma, Adilabad.

Q: One girl remembered all the events of her last birth but gradually she started forgetting. How can you account for this?

A: I have seen cases of children remembering their past birth in their early inference. But with more intimate touch with life their memory was lost. Possibly distractions of life destroy the sensitiveness of pre-natal memory.

914

Sri T. Joseph Raju, Bellary.

Q: Since God obviously knows the destiny of each of his creation, why should he confront us with temptations in the middle?

A: God has given us the freedom to rise to Him by facing temptations or to fall by surrendering to them. The struggle to rise above temptations is the way to reach Him.

915

Sri P. Sivagnanasubramanian, Ceylon.

Q: Do you consider vegetarianism a vital part of Hindu religion?

A: Compassion for all living things is a basic concept in Hinduism and vegetarianism fosters it.

Sri T. S. Sridhar, Bangalore.

Q: Why does God permit the existence of harmful living beings like snakes and disease-carrying insects, in spite of the goodness attributed to him?

A: God is not a special protector of men alone. The law of evolution is a part of the Cosmic Law, according to which He manifests himself through matter, life, animals and human beings, so that higher spiritual beings are evolved. In the course of this evolution every animal or a human being preys upon those who are weaker. This struggle only stops when man begins to live in the Spirit.

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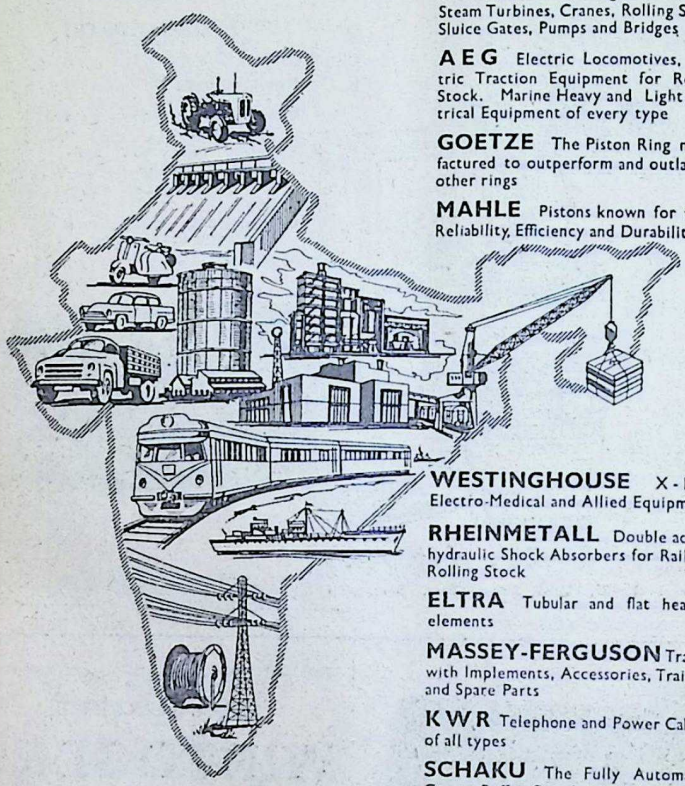

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TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, (Retd.) I.C.S.

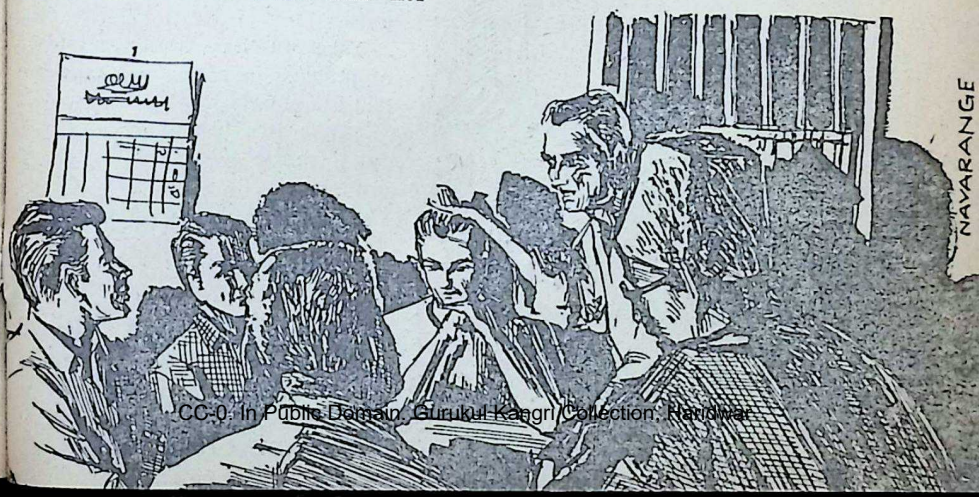
50. Politbureau's Directive

RAVI TRIPATHI was not sure at what precise point of time he began to be dissatisfied with his life. He only became conscious of it on his way back to Matheran.

During the past few years he had found both pleasure and satisfaction from his love affair with Mona. She was full of fun and with it all careful with money. For hours at a stretch they had discussed the teachings of Marx and Lenin and their devotion to the Marxian teachings was so great that they had succeeded in convincing themselves that they were really and truly in love with each other. Even the spare bony figure of Mona had become attractive to Ravi and her companionship had been a source of inspiration. Her organisational competence had helped him to achieve striking success in the tasks assigned to him by the Communist Party. All these aroused an abiding enthusiasm in him, satisfied his vanity and hunger for power.

The contacts in Matheran brought back to his mind the memories of his old days, memories of Dadaji, his grandfather; of Sheela's nursing of himself; of the humble but uplifting atmosphere of the Radhakrishna Pathshala.

With an effort of the imagination,



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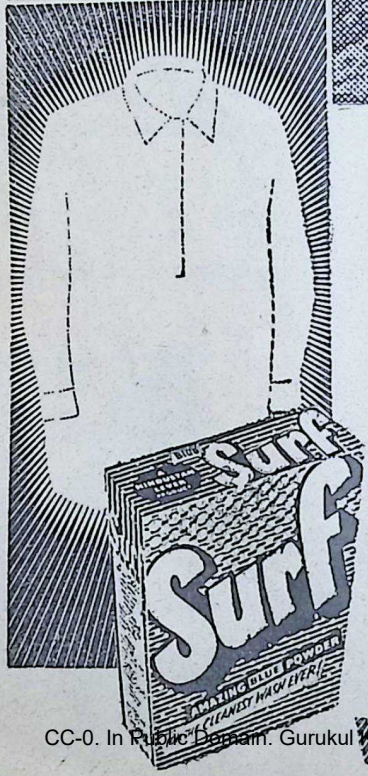
SURF IN THE MODERN HOME ...



'THE SORT OF CHANGE I LOOK FOR . . .'

says social worker
Mrs NOREEN AMOLIK of Bombay

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he brought before his mind the memory of Radharaman's beautiful home in which he had lived—large and well-planned rooms, expensive and beautiful furniture, everything clean and tidy. There was something more, a certain harmony, an indefinable charm, an impress of good taste —all due to Sheelabehn. He felt that that was how people should live. In the wretched tenement in which he was living, there was nothing attractive, nothing that could satisfy his hunger for beauty.

He knew the economic theories of Marx by heart. Everybody should get everything. However, it was unrealistic to conceive of a world in which everybody could have all the things he wanted. Even if all the things which everybody required were available, there would not be enough money to buy them; and if everybody had the money, not everyone would have the taste to discriminate between the beautiful and the ugly. This was a highly perturbing thought.

Immediately on their return from Matheran, Mona went straight to the office, while he returned to their rooms. His thoughts followed one on the top of the other. "I have a hunger for beauty. I can never really be happy unless that hunger is quenched. But if the fight for making the world free from poverty and filth brought no beauty with it where was the fun?" The world he lived in thus appeared all of a sudden intolerable. To hold meetings of Committees at all hours of the day and night in smelly rooms; to deliver lectures at public meetings held in the vicinity of filthy drainage pipes and flowing gutters; to live in crowded and dirty tenements, and eat ill-cooked, tasteless and unclean food; to feel that one has achieved something great through intrigue by creating factions, organising strikes, promoting violence and getting the better of the police—all these satisfied his hunger for power. But was such power worthwhile, he asked himself.

Dadaji's personality came back vividly to his mind. Dadaji, though poor and penniless, was untouched by sordidness, for his was a life founded on ideals and ancient truths. There was about him an atmosphere of indefinable peace. In spite of this inspiring example, he, Ravi had chosen a life of discontent and fruitless striving.

So far he had concentrated on a determined pursuit of power, but after so many years of effort, what had it brought him? Day after day he moved audiences by his violent speeches; brought out flamboyant circulars and advertisements; got workers—whether they liked it or not —to go on strikes; organised the wives of the workers to abuse the owners of the mills and factories; challenged the police to keep them at bay. Was it not chasing a mirage?

What was the meaning of such empty power? His objective of becoming a member of the Politbureau was far away. But even the Politbureau had no real power and influence; it only obeyed the orders received from Soviet Russia. Was this the power he hankered after?

On the other hand, Dadaji had real power. He did not care for people; they came and sat at his feet to learn.

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He sought no pleasure and therefore was dependent upon none. People came to him and gave him whatever he wanted, not out of fear, but out of devotion and respect. Was it not real power? Did not real power rest in the ability to attract such respect and devotion? For a few days Ravi, lost in such thoughts, was very agitated, but he took great care to see that Mona did not sense it. He was afraid that if she knew what was troubling him, she might be angered.

One day, in January 1928, Mona conveyed to him the directive that he should present himself before the Politbureau. Formerly, whenever he received such instructions, he used to be delighted, for he felt that it was a recognition of his work. Today the order struck him as symbolic of his dependence.

In a dark room, in an old tenement in Parel, five men were seated. One of them was his old leader Sanyal, but years of undergound life had made him fat and flabby. To avoid recognition by the police, he had dressed himself in a torn *achkan* and an old fez cap. Mathurakar looked exactly the same as before; lean of body, with large eyes and sunken cheeks, he looked like an absconding murderer. Ravi knew the names of the other three, but he was not sure who was who.

"Comrade, do sit down," said Sanyal as he saw Ravi. Ravi found a seat in front of Sanyal on a rickety iron chair. "You have done very good work so far. We have, therefore, decided to entrust to you a task of much greater responsibility. Mathurakar will explain it to you in detail."

"Listen," said Mathurakar. "You know that Gandhi proposes to start a campaign of non-payment of taxes in Bardoli. You also know that the task of organising the campaign has been given to that Vallabhbhai of Ahmedabad."

"Yes, so I have heard," replied Ravi.

"These people are going to fail in their effort. They would only create dissatisfaction and unrest, but the British will not yield. There will be arrests and firing." Mathurakar spoke as if he was stating unquestionable facts.

"Yes, certainly." Ravi was not sure as to what was the approach of the Politbureau to this question and decided to speak as little as possible.

"Comrade, here then is your opportunity," concluded Mathurakar. "You are a Gujarati. Therefore, you will be able to get yourself accepted by the agitators in Bardoli."

"But with what object?"

"The Communist Party has acquired considerable hold over industrial workers. But we have made no effort to organize the peasants. As you know, it is necessary to organize the peasants in the interest of the Party. Here is our opportunity. Gandhi's non-violence is sure to collapse; no one is going to listen to him. As soon as there is violence, police and army will take over. If at that time we have available to us an underground organization, we would have no difficulty in securing an upperhand among the peasants. All this nonsense of *satyagraha* having collapsed, we shall give weapons to the peasants and our cells will then take charge of the vil-

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ges and establish soviets. Do you nderstand?" concluded Mathurakar.
"I have prepared a thesis on the bject. You might study it," said one the three persons he did not know. Here it is. You might return it to Mathurakar with your comments in e margin. It will help you to under- and how to organize the movement." avi accepted the finger-soiled manu- ript with thanks.
"Comrade Chudgar," said Sanyal. t will be your responsibility to esta- ish Communism in Bardoli. The rty will give you whatever money d men you require. From now on- rds it will be for you to start en- lling Gujarati comrades."
"But I have done no work among e farmers so far. Let me go to Bar- li first. Then I will let you know at I can do," said Ravi.
"No, no. Not that way," said Ma- rakar. "I shall give you from my ice whatever literature we have out Bardoli. By the way, do you ow any member of the Congress mmittee in Bombay?"
Ravi knew that Bhagwandas Master, old teacher, was a leading mem- of the Congress Committee in mbay, but did not think it advis- e to say anything about him. "I not know anyone well, but I can myself introduced to someone," said.
"Day after tomorrow, there is go- to be a meeting of the Congress rkers in the Congress House," said thurakar. "They are considering w best to make the Bardoli move- nt a success. You must go there l if possible get yourself taken up an enthusiastic worker."

"It is a difficult proposition. However, what am I to do thereafter?"
"What you have to do is to acquire the confidence of the leading Congress workers," said Mathurakar. "It is essential before you go to Bardoli that you should acquire a firm foothold in the Bombay Congress. Once you are in it, we shall come in one after the other. We shall then decide what to do at the proper time."
Ravi smiled a little at these leaders of the Politbureau who were treating him as an inexperienced novice. He quietly replied: "What you want me to do is to play the role of the Trojan horse. I know it is our normal tactics."
"Yes, yes, that is quite right," said Sanyal bursting into a laugh. "You are our Trojan horse. Make yourself so welcome to the Congressmen that they will take you into their fortress, as the Trojans did with the wooden horse of the Greeks. Then we shall come from the horse and destroy Troy."
"As soon as there is an outburst of violence, we shall take over the control of the movement from Gandhi's hands. Then there will be no difficulty in making the farmers do what we want," said Mathurakar.
"Do you think all this is so very easy?" asked Ravi.
"Of course, completely easy and simple," said Mathurakar with great enthusiasm. "I have just come from Ahmedabad. There is not much stuff left in Gandhi. Vallabhbhai is most unpopular; he has lost his hold over the Municipality. There is great dissatisfaction even amongst the Congress workers. Our men will do their

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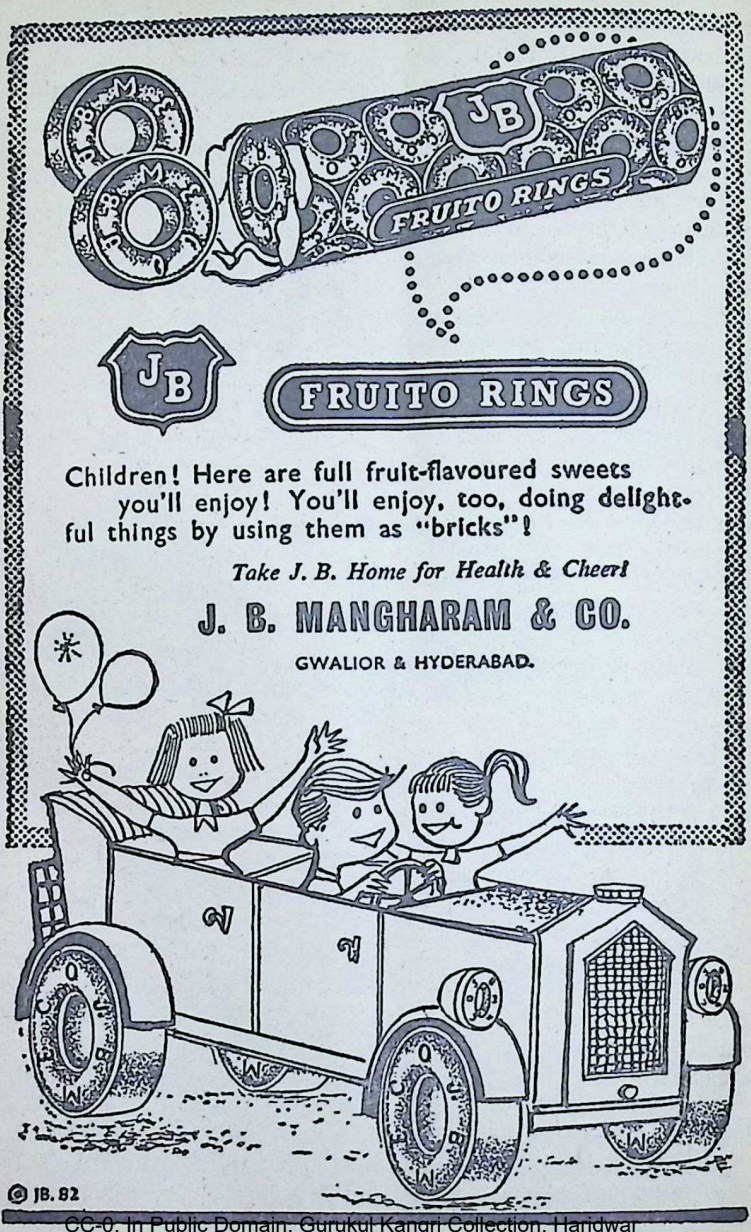

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best to increase this dissatisfaction among the workers in Broach, Godhra and Surat. They are preparing the ground for us. It will be for the Party to build upon that foundation."

Ravi had already made up his mind to accept this responsibility, but he felt that it would add to his importance if he feigned some reluctance. "This is a task beyond my capacity. Let me think over the whole thing for a few days. Let me study the thesis and the papers. In the meantime, I will get in touch with some Congressmen whom I know. I shall also pay a visit to Bardoli so that I can make an estimate of what we require. Then I will submit my report to the Politbureau."

Just as he was leaving, a thought occurred to him and he returned to the room which he had just left.

"Well," enquired Sanyal.

"I hope you will be able to relieve me of my present duties. If I am to continue with my present work of organizing strikes here, it will be difficult for me to prepare for the activities in Bardoli."

"Quite right", said Sanyal. "Mathurakar, you had better arrange to take off Comrade Chudgar from all his other duties and let him concentrate on Bardoli. Mona will also bring the money to you. But see to it that you are not extravagant."

"If I am short of money, I will try to raise something myself. Have you any objection?" enquired Ravi.

"No, no, not the least bit. But let me have a regular report. Mona knows where I live. She will see to it that I receive your report", said Sanyal.

"One more thing." Ravi's mind was working in great speed. It had just occurred to him how to win over Bhagwandas. "If you permit me to change my name, it will make it easier for me to do this work satisfactorily. I must have a name which will not arouse suspicion in the minds of the bourgeoisie Congressmen. These men respect truth and I know quite a bit about how to make best use of their credulity," said Ravi.

All the five members amused and laughed aloud. "I must say you are a wonderful chap, Chudgar," said one of the three unknown members.

[To be continued]

In no period of human history has there been such an epidemic of moral perversity, such a universal churning up of jealousy, greed, hatred and mutual suspicion. Every people, weak or strong, is constantly indulging in a violent dream of rendering itself thoroughly hurtful to others.

To-day, more than ever before in our history, the aid of spiritual power is needed.

— Gurdev Tagore.

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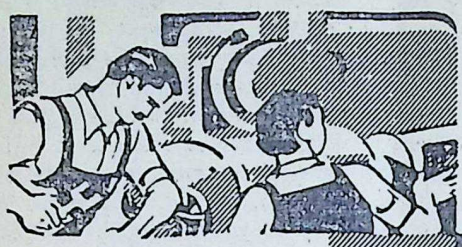

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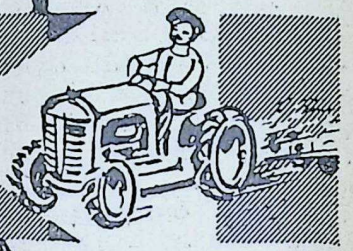

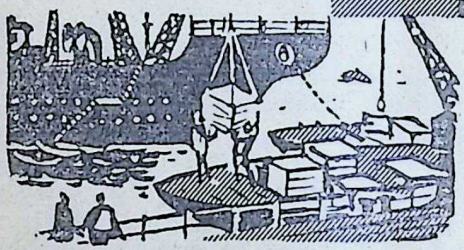

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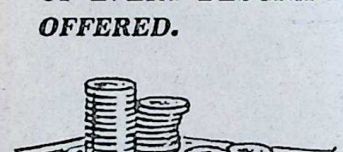

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MANJURA ON TEST

WHEN the Brahmin-pilgrim asked Ganga-mata how Garuda who was on a par with the *vas*, famous in all the three worlds, d who once achieved a victory over vendra and above all, was the hicle of Maha Vishnu had the humiion to bear a human on his ulder, Ganga-mata replied: "My ! The *sastras* say that no plant ws without a seed and every effect a cause. Listen to the answer to r question." And she continued.

You remember that King Man- was, in a former birth, a beetle went on a pilgrimage to Kashi a bird caught him on the way and him? According to the rule ना राष्ट्रकृतं पापं'—the King is ansable to the sins of his subjects— the law of master and servant, ruda being the king of birds had expiate for the above sins by carry- Manjura. I think I have answered your doubts thus far satisfactorily, en't I?"

King Manjura replied: "O purifier the three worlds! The more of *rmic* stories I hear from your red mouth, the more I want to hear her. If I do not try your patience, please be kind enough to tell me the rest of the noble life of Manjura!" And with a smiling face Ganga-mata told him as follows:

Even after sending his father's soul to higher and higher planes, King Manjura continued to perform austere penance. This naturally brought back to Indra his former fear, namely, that Manjura might supersede him in his Indra-hood by his *tapas*. He therefore decided on another plan of action.

Accordingly he appeared before Manjura in the form of a Brahmin accompanied by a Kshatriya, a Vaishya, a Shudra and a very beautiful-looking woman—seeking his verdict on a complicated issue.

Said the Brahmin to Manjura who asked them the purpose of their visit: "This woman is a danseuse ; that man is a Kshatriya ; the next man is a Vaishya and, the third man a Shudra. Now, all four of us keep this woman as our common spouse ; she is equally well disposed towards all of us and we too love her equally. We are not jealous of one another.

"However, one day, this woman wanting to test our love, asked each of us what he would do to her in the

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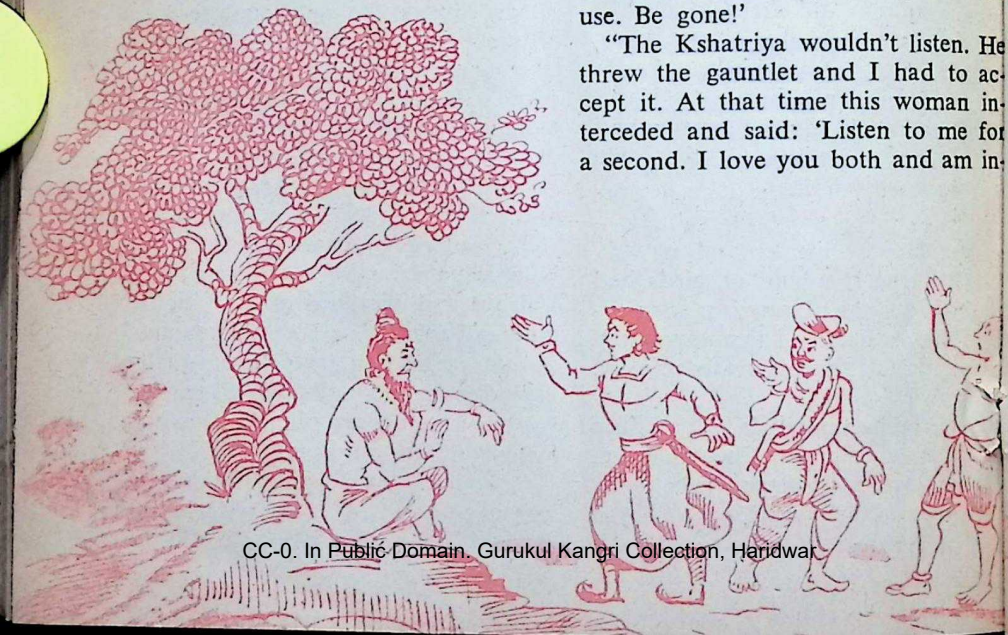
event of her death. I said I would cremate her according to Brahmin rites and consign her ashes to the holy Ganga. The Kshatriya said he would commit *sati* with her. The Vaishya said he would spend enormous money by way of *danas* and *dharmas* to emancipate her soul. The Shudra said he would fetch sandalwood from the forest on his head and help cremate her with them. That was years back.

"When in course of time she did die, each of us did his part as promised; but, when I went to consign her ashes to holy Ganga, Ganga-mata appeared before me and asked: 'Is it proper for you, a Brahmin, to consign the ashes of a Shudra woman?' I related to her my past life, and the promises we made to her. I explained that I was only fulfilling a promise in what I did. After hearing my story, Ganga-mata disappeared. As I consigned the ashes, the lovely form of my spouse came before my mind's eye and tears flowed from my physical eyes. When the ashes touched holy Ganga, however, a miracle happened. This dead woman came back to life in the full bloom of her youth! Ganga-mata was apparently moved by my tale and she wanted to help me. Even as the woman appeared, the Kshatriya friend who died with her, too, came back to life. But when, on seeing her, I fondly laid my hands on her, wanting to embrace her, the Kshatriya thundered: 'Don't touch her! Don't you know that I made the capital sacrifice of my own life for her sake and that sacrifice alone has brought back her life and mine too? I alone have the right to have her, not you!' "

"I retorted: 'You are wrong; because of my holy incantations and *samskaras* has she come back to life! You have absolutely no right to her use. Be gone!'

"The Kshatriya wouldn't listen. He threw the gauntlet and I had to accept it. At that time this woman interceded and said: 'Listen to me for a second. I love you both and am in-



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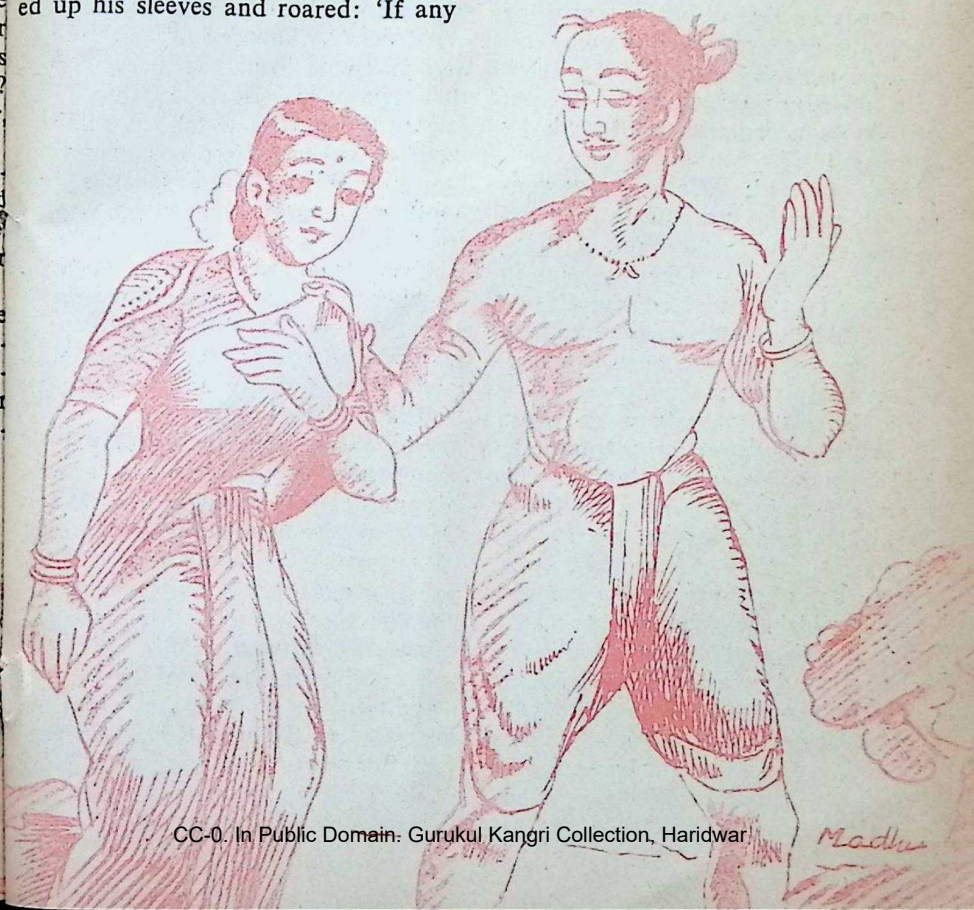
debted to both of you equally. Do not quarrel. Let us go to our village and seek the verdict of the learned on this issue'. Accepting her plea, we three walked to our village. As soon as we reached, we saw the Vaishya saying 'Was it not for her emancipation that I threw away hard-earned money like water?' and the Shudra telling 'O, what great trouble I took on her account by cutting down sandal trees and carrying them on my head to the cremation ground!' and each claiming her as his own.

"On seeing this, the Kshatriya rolled up his sleeves and roared: 'If any one of you come near her, be assured your life will not be yours; she belongs to me alone who has made the supreme sacrifice for her sake!' A scuffle ensued among the four of us which however was stopped by the villagers who took us before a *panchayat* who, when they heard the nature of the complaint, felt it beyond their power to solve. They said a great Rajarshi was doing penance here who could decide the case properly. And so we are here. O great King! You



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have listened to our story. Please be kind enough to adjudicate in the right manner and tell us who should have her!"

Manjura replied: "Look, first of all you must promise me that all four of you will abide by my decision. Secondly, I may tell you that only one among you can have the woman, or else you would out of jealousy cut each other's throat. Promise me that you would act up to my advice and I shall adjudicate and not otherwise."

Said they: "O noble King! The ancients have said that one should not feel sorry on two counts: on growing old and when one fails in a suit. You are greatly versed in legal lore and we are confident you would mete out justice. We promise we shall abide by your verdict."

Manjura said: "We are now concerned with this woman only as she is now i.e., after her rebirth. O Brahmin! By your consigning her ashes in the holy Ganga, she has been able to attain rebirth. In this respect, you become her father and as such, you cannot possibly marry your own daughter. Now this Kshatriya is reborn along with the woman. Whatever he had been in his former body, in his present birth, he is clearly a brother to her. Therefore he cannot marry her. About this Vaishya, he has spent large sums of money during her cremation which have helped her to be reborn. This entitles him to become her son. And now who remains? Our Shudra friend has provided her with food, clothes and other attentions while she was alive and burnt her at her death. This is really the work of a husband. And now he rightfully becomes her husband. This is the finding of natural laws."

On this, the Shudra rose, smiled, laid his hands on her and led her aside in a dignified manner, thus registering his claim.

But the other three, torn by jealousy started fretting and fuming. Railed they: "This man calls himself a Rajarshi! Is this the way of adjudication? We have handed over a garland of *manikya* into the hands of a monkey in placing this case before him. How heartless of him to have done this! After all he is a forest bird and knows the lives of beasts alone. What does he know of urban customs and manners! Well has it been said that one who smears an ounce of sacred ash carries a ton of foolishness in his head. Here is a man who has given his own life for her and another who has spent all his wealth for her. A third has actually brought her back from the frontiers of Yama's kingdom. Look at the King's aesthetic sense, to have handed her over to a man who carried her the loads of firewood! He is verily a prince among fools!"

Not being able to contain their disappointment they cursed King Manjura as follows. Said the Brahmin 'May you become burnt on account of a woman'; said the Kshatriya 'May you become a brother to your wife'; and the Vaishya said: 'May you become a son to your wife!'

The Shudra who won the woman could not bear to hear the curses being rolled on the aged King. He therefore intervened and said: "O slaves of lust! How dare you curse a per-

(continued on page 76)
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AMRITAVALLI

IT was the tenth night and it was the turn of the younger Princess to keep Chaturya's company. As usual she had come attired most alluringly for the occasion. When it was clear that she could contain her passion no more, Chaturya who did not lose his sense of mission even for a second, switched on to his favourite game of story-telling. And he told her the following story to which she listened with rapt attention.

There was a city by name Mandala over which King Vilasa ruled. Both he and his Minister did not have any issues for a long time. After due propitiation, each of them got a son. They were given the kind of education most suited to them and in time they became adepts in the royal arts. And above all, the two youngsters took to each other well.

As it happened, the King's son was not only charming to look at, but also had a nobility of character that far outshone other embellishments. Unlike him, however, the Minister's son was *tamasic* by nature as well as disposition. What was worse, courage was significantly absent from him, so much so the Minister-father felt greatly annoyed with himself for producing a son so unlike himself.

Finding that the country as at that time, had little use for them, the two youngsters thought of spending their youthful time usefully by employing themselves in some adventurous pursuit, so that they could not merely make a name for themselves, but gain first-hand experience of life too. Getting the assent of their parents the two youngsters set out on their best steeds, carrying necessary funds to expend on the journey.

For long did they travel, crossing hills, dales and dense forests till they reached the capital of Kalinga. There they sought the home of an old worldly-wise woman where they sought board and lodge for themselves and their horses at a cost of one gold coin per day.

On the fourth day, they entered into a conversation with the landlady

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whom they asked: "Mother! Is there anything particular that we can see or hear in this city which is of more than passing interest?"

Replied she: "Yes my sons, I can tell you of something of extraordinary interest. The King's daughter, Amritavalli, had some time back gone out to a bathing pool along with her attendants. She is extremely good-looking by the way. Well, strange to say, as she was bathing, a mysterious elephant appeared there and decoyed her into his ambush which, later on, proved to be impenetrable. Its hideout, they say, is a four-tiered delta, each of which is guarded by packs of wolves, jackals, tigers and elephants respectively. Consequently, the King has announced that anyone who rescues his daughter from the den will be given her hand in marriage besides a half of his Kingdom."

The youngsters thought this was ideal grist for their mill; at any rate the King's son thought so. Between them they decided to have a go at this rescue operation and with it, win fame and glory. Finishing

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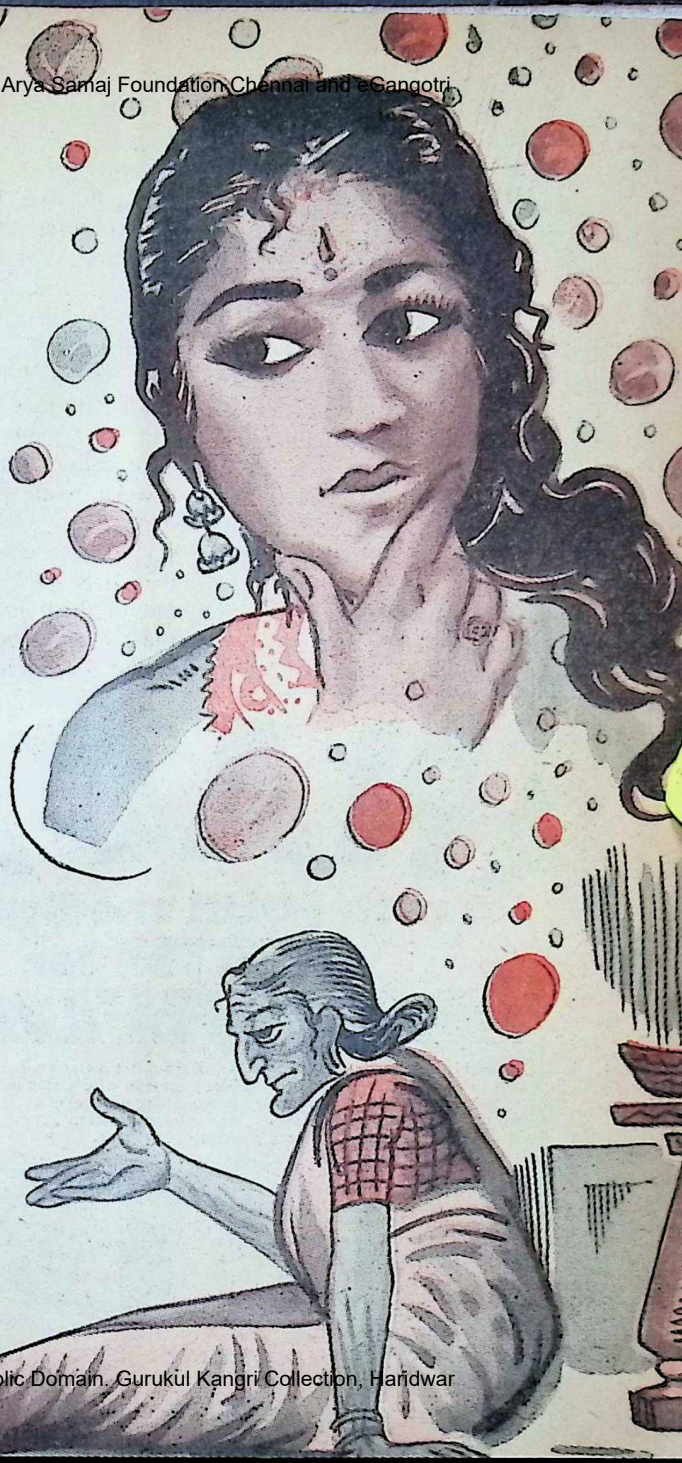
their meals quickly, they put on their best dress and rode to the King's durbar.

The King received them, heard their offer and willingly gave them permission to go upon that quest, reassuring them that he would be as good as his words, so far as his part of the contract was concerned. The King gave them a map whereon he marked the place where his daughter had been ambushed and also the den.

The two youngsters sped on relentlessly into the dense forest for a long time, till at last the topography showed that they were nearing the first tier. No sooner had they known it, than a host of wolves which had been alerted by the prancing hooves of the steeds, converged on them raising a cloud of dust. This sudden onslaught literally dumbfounded the Minister's son who could simply look



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on, as his motor nerves refused to function. Soon the pack fell on them and started tearing and biting them. Even then, the Minister's son could not think of doing something to protect himself!

Knowing as he did his friend, the Prince whacked the other on the back and crying 'Bravo!' whipped his sword round and all about him so dexterously that the heads of hundreds of wolves fell down as though in a string. Soon he succeeded in hewing and hacking the pack, and the sky reverberated with the howls of the wounded wolves which ran for life.

Prodding his dumbfounded friend, the Prince entered the second tier which was guarded by jackals. When those ferocious looking animals blew fire through their nostrils and snarled infernally, the Minister's son literally fell down from his mount in a swoon. Laughing inwardly, the Prince wielded his sword with greater speed and succeeded in slaying most of the animals while the rest took to flight. It was getting dark. So, the Prince got down from his horse, awoke his friend and after assuaging his fears, the two went into a neighbouring village for a wash, grub and a restful night.

As they wended their way, they saw a tiger caught in the marsh. As they tried to ignore it, the tiger called out to them imploringly: "Sirs! I am the King of tigers and by a misfortune caught in this mess for eight days now.

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If you don't help me out, I shall most surely die, for no one comes this way. Please save me and I shall be eternally indebted to you."

The two friends looked at each other dubiously and finally the Prince addressed it: "O Tiger! Even the Vedas say, do not help the wild animal lest it should harm you. I shall however help you if you promise me on oath that you won't harm us!"

The tiger did so and between them the two friends pulled the tiger out of the marsh by climbing on a tree whose branches had arched over the quagmire. The tiger expressed its gratefulness to them when the Prince asked the tiger: "You can do me a favour right now. You know that the Princess of Kalinga has been ambushed and one of the tiers in that hideout is guarded by tigers. Now, could you ask your subjects the tigers that do duty there, to forsake their post? I shall be obliged."

The tiger not only agreed but added, "Should, at any time, you are in difficulty and need my help, think of me and I shall stand before you. I have that much power."

The tiger was as good as its word. It went to the den and talked to the tiger-guards: "Listen! You are foolish to stand at your post, knowing the fate of the jackals and wolves which have been despatched to the other world by the brave Prince. Please therefore allow discretion to become the better part of your valour and make yourselves, all of you, scarce, right now or it will be too late before the Prince is on the scene. Be gone!" And all the tigers left their post.

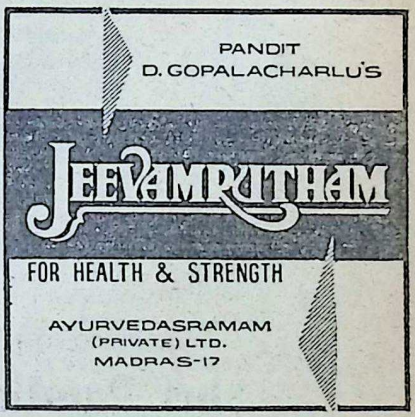
After a restful night at the village, the Prince asked the Minister's son to stay back and went alone to the den.

Agreeably surprised to find the third tier unguarded, he entered the fourth, guarded by elephants. The Prince plunged into their midst and wielding his sword with lightning rapidity hacked elephant after elephant so grievously that they could no more menace or ban his passage.

As he proceeded ahead, he saw at the back of a cave, the huge form of the elephant-King sprawled over and deeply snoring. Without delaying for a minute, he ran towards it and cleft its head asunder by a single flash of his sword. The elephant died instantaneously.

When the Prince wiped his forehead whom should he see but the Princess, looking glorious like the full moon?

[To be continued]



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BHOJARAJEEYAM—*Contd.*

son whom you have accepted as your *guru* inasmuch as you have sought his verdict? This is really the greatest betrayal. The King is innocent; he is justice incarnate. What harm has he done you to merit this treatment? May all your curses leave him and be clamped upon me who is the beneficiary in this case!"

At this stage King Manjura intervened and said: "It has been said that one should not adjudicate on the merits of people who are prisoners of lust, hate, anger, alcoholic drinks and wickedness. This injunction applies to me more than others because I am a *tapaswin* and I am expected to be indifferent to heat and cold, gold and pebble, joy and sorrow and yet I interested myself in your story and agreed to adjudicate. This sin of transgression will not leave me. Further, you agreed to accept my verdict whatever it was and that made me pronounce one. What is the use of blaming you? It is all my misfortune. Now, one request; if you feel you can take back your curses, do it; or else please walk away."

[*To be continued*]

Life's rugged mountainside is white with many an angel tent.—Anon.

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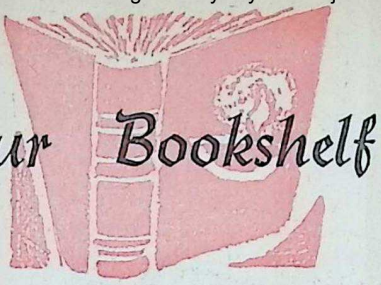

ESSENTIAL UNITY OF ALL RELIGIONS. By Dr. Bhagavan Das. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 904 + 102. Price: Rs. 7.50 nP.

THE volume under review is the sixth edition of the book. The distinguished author in collaboration with Dr. Annie Besant translated the *Bhagavad Gita* into English and wrote a lucid commentary on it. He has to his credit a dozen volumes on the different aspects of Indian culture. Some of his prominent works are *Science of Emotions, Science of the Sacred Word, Science of Peace,* etc. He has always served the cause of peace and preached the possibility of an universal religion. He has dived deep into the scriptures of the different religions and mastered their essentials. With massive scholarship and mastery in the different languages, he has succeeded in setting before us the identity or *wide area of agreement* between the different religions in the world. One who reads this delightful huge book will emerge out of his fanaticism. He will no more say that his religion alone is in the possession of the exclusive Truth of eternal wisdom and others are in absolute folly.

The study of comparative religion has yielded the same fruit. Whitehead observes: "There are no whole truths; all truths are half-truths. It is trying to treat them as whole truths that plays the devil". Symmachus, in his controversy with St. Ambrose, observes 'The heart of so great a mystery cannot even be reached by following one road only'. To-day humanity will be greatly enriched if the followers of the different religions achieve justness in dealing with points of view which are not theirs and learn from one another. The prophets and sages of all religions have proclaimed the ideal of world-community, and we are to-day having the factors and forces necessary for implementing it, thanks to the advance of science and technology. We lack the will to do it. Our wills are still unregenerate and defiant. The points on which religions agree are more numerous than those on which they differ.

The different religious doctrines are but the dialects of the same language of the Spirit. They are different human attempts to reach the ultimate Reality. Unto every people God sent a messenger to teach them the nature of ultimate Reality. They are as many ways to God as there are souls. What we need is this positive tolerance, that we are not the only religion that possess the complete and the whole truth. We should avoid fanaticism and not become ambitious for our formulæ, texts, and for our prophets and organizations. Simone Weill writes: "God is love and nothing else. Everything else including theological dogmas and the unconditional and global adherence to all that the church has taught and will teach, which St. Thomas calls faith, is not faith but social idolatry". Every truth by whomsoever it is spoken is of the Holy Spirit. The book is divided into seven chapters along with several subsections in it. *The Way of Knowledge, The Way of Devotion* and *The Way of Works* are discussed in great detail in three long chapters. The way to peace on earth and the role of educationist is discussed in two chapters. The volume abounds in wise sayings from all religions. It is a veritable treasure-house of spiritual wisdom. It is a book of reference and also the daily prayer-book for all.

The authorities of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan have done an excellent service to religion in general and Hinduism in particular in having republished the book in an excellent form. It is a book that is to be read and possessed by all.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

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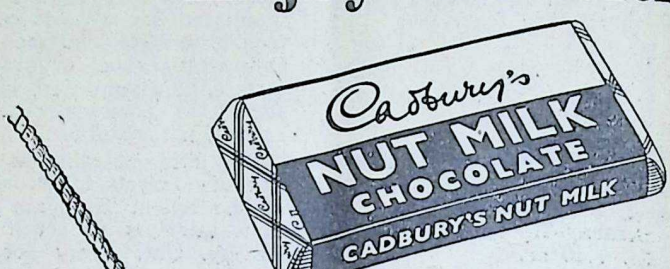

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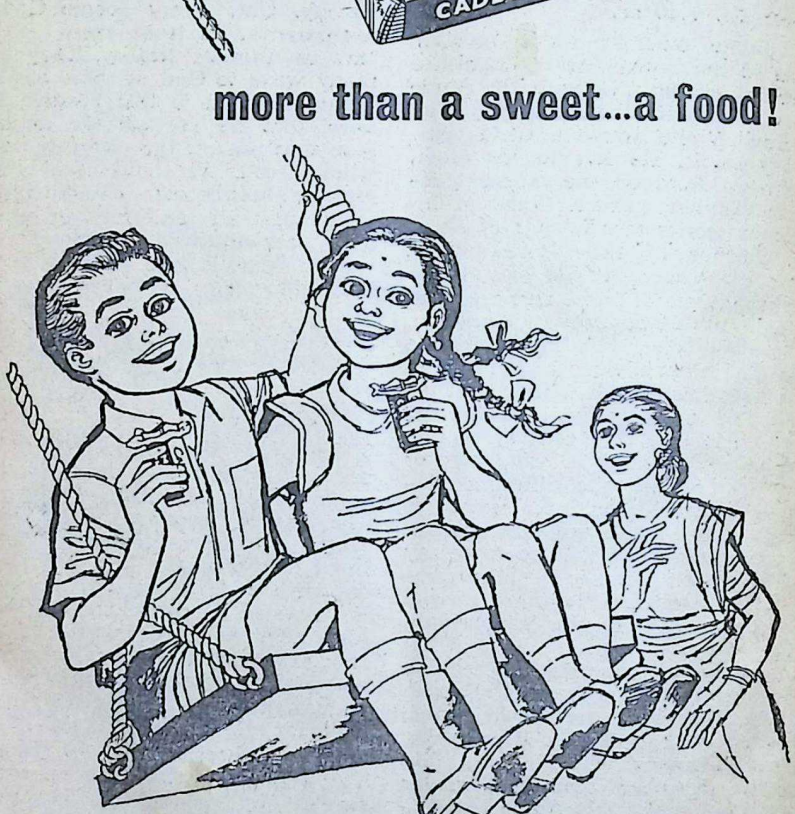

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THE UPANISHADS, Gateways of Knowledge. By M. P. Pandit. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. pp. 174. Price: Rs. 6.

THE UPANISHADS are the concluding portions of the Vedas. They represent the quintessence of India's spiritual heritage. The Spanish writer Mascaro described them as the "Himalayas of the Soul". All the different schools of Vedanta are, to use a phrase of Whitehead, a series of footnotes to the Upanishads. The Upanishads have elicited from Schopenhauer, Max-Muller, Paul Deussen and others such encomium that no other scripture has done. There is an everlastingness about the thoughts of the Upanishads.

The special merit of the volume under review is the clear and sustained presentation of Sri Aurobindo's interpretation of the Upanishads. Sri Aurobindo did not carefully choose only those extracts that are clear. He held the view that there is no antagonism between the Vedas and the Upanishads, which some modern scholars find and contend. He sees one continuous message and culture in them. He looks upon the Vedas as a unity. He does not differentiate the different parts of the Vedas and assign graded importance to them. This has enabled Sri Aurobindo to present an integrated account of the Vedas as a result of his *tapasya.* Ramanuja and Madhva also have upheld such a view. Sri Kapali Sastri, the distinguished scholar-disciple of Sri Aurobindo, corroborates the view in his unique Sanskrit commentary of the Vedas.

Sri M. P. Pandit with his great devotion to the master coupled with a clear discernment of the problems, has stated and ably defended Sri Aurobindo's views against the attack of recent western scholarship. Sri Aurobindo's integral view of the Upanishads removes from our mind the feeling that there are passages in the Upanishads which are trivial, tedious and unmeaning. The Upanishads are excellent manuals of Sadhana besides being spiritual visions. The fashionable view of some scholars that "the Vedas are liturgies of primitive people yet in the infancy of development, and the Puranas and Tantras posterior to the Upanishads, decaying overgrowths of myth, mummery, and magic" are refuted with reasoned arguments.

It is impossible to bring to the eye of the reader in a short review the excellence of Sri M. P. Pandit's exposition. It is an invaluable addition to the important literature on the criticism of the Upanishads in English.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

SALIVATI NEWSLETTER, Special Number, May 1961. Edited & Published by N. Salivati, C-2, Industrial Building, Churchgate, Bombay-1. Price: Rs. 5.

"NO plan, however brilliantly drawn, can be successfully implemented and worked or its pace quickened, unless the people of the country take keen interest in and actively support it. One of the best methods of gathering the enthusiastic support of the public is to give them periodically unbiassed and dispassionate accounts of the progress made," writes the Editor in his preface to this magnificently produced volume under review. One must say that to a large extent the Editor has succeeded in focusing the attention of readers on the shape of things in our country. Divided into four sections,—economics, politics, statewise reviews and statistical section—there are some 25 contributions by eminent writers and thinkers both from this country and outside. In the opening article the Editor explains with the help of statistics, how our planned targets have fared in practice. The Editor has indicated the achievements and shortfalls of targets and offered suggestions for future guidance. He has done well in pointing out that the enthusiasm of the vast populace of this country has not been sufficiently harnessed to the needs of the situation. Among other contributors, Sanyasri M. Ganapati, lately General Manager of the West-

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ern Railway, A. D. Shroff, N. Dandekar, Pravinchandra V. Gandhi are worth mentioning. The article on "The Electronic Center of the Banco di Roma" makes very interesting reading. In the politics section, there are articles on President Kennedy, and another on disarmament which will pay reading. Beautifully printed and produced, this volume is a must for all industrial or economic-minded readers of this country and elsewhere.

—*V. A. K.*

TELUGU

AMARA GAADHALU. pp. 80. 75 nP. *WONDERS IN LITERATURE.* pp. 155. Rs. 2.50. THE SERPENT. pp. 89. Re. 1. Published by Jayaniketan, Madras-7.

THE AUTHOR truly observes that Alexander's life is an instructive Mahakavya to be held up to the admiration of our youngsters. The life and message of the Greek hero is spread over 34 inspiring anecdotes of his exemplary life. Animal anecdotes regarding the elephant, dog, fox, cat, mouse, cow, bullock, goat, ram, horse and monkey and donkey as culled from various literary sources, particularly their habits as crystallised in the various proverbs, are collected in the second book. As the author truly remarks "The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs which are full of common sense, short and salt." Such a novel treatment is continued with regard to our sacred serpent lore.

Mallampalli Somasekhara Sharma, the noted Andhra Indologist, introducing the book remarks that the uncivilised hilly Nagas tribes like their fellow tribes, the Garudas, Vanaras, Rakshasas and Asuras, were devoted to Buddhism in the beginning and mentions that they have pervaded all through our literature, art and archaeology as these snake sculptures dominate Amravati and Nagarjunkonda. The benevolence of the serpent and its Lord Subrahmanya is fully brought out in the stories which are beautifully rounded up with Subrahmanya Ashtothara Namavali and Subrahmanya Karavalambana Stotram. We heartily echo the wish of the writer of the Foreword that the young versatile author's literary efforts will receive the choicest blessings of Lord Subrahmanyeshwara.

The books can be easily recommended for use in the Lower Secondary Forms.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

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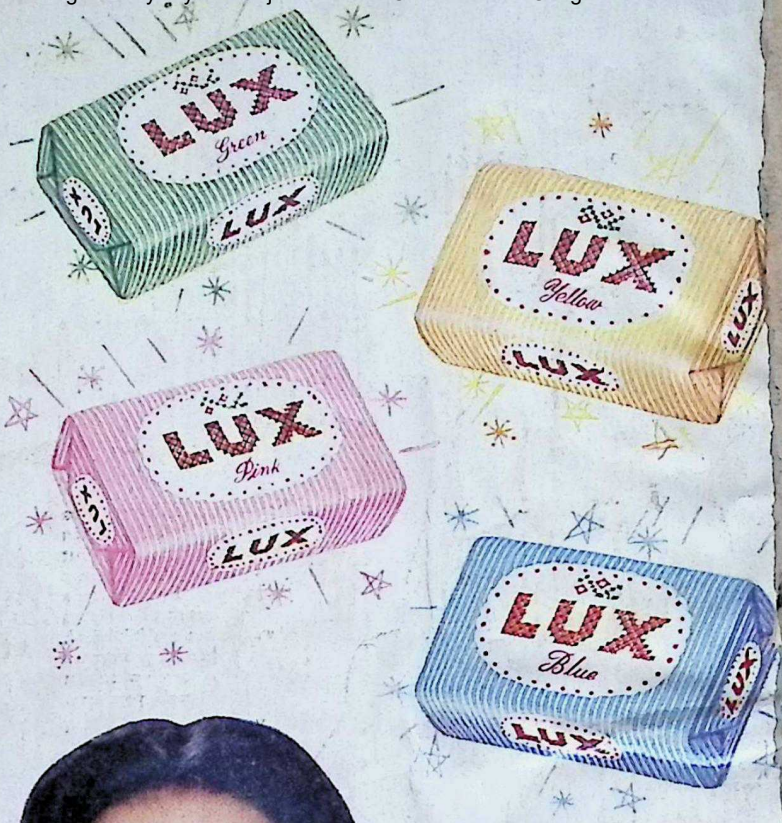

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says Waheeda Rehman

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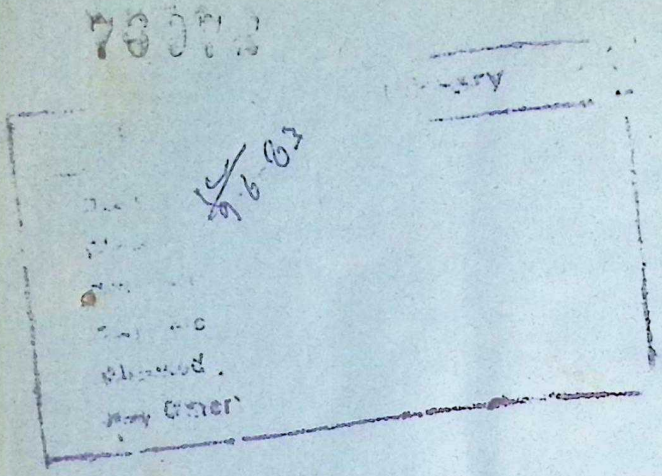

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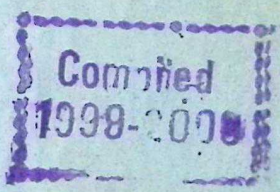

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